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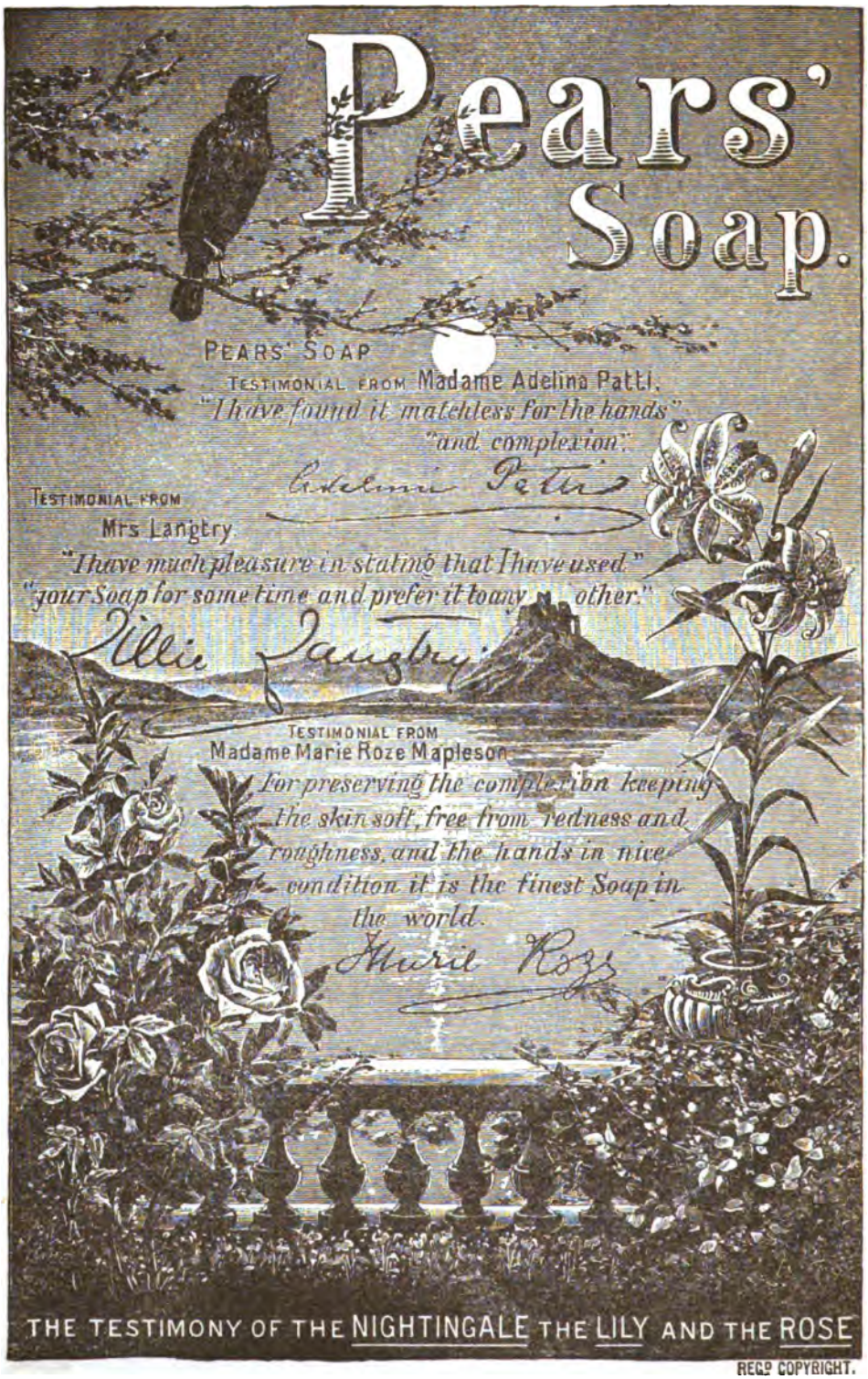

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SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF SERVICE IN THE CAVALRY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

AT the earnest solicitation of my many military friends, I have thrown together some reminiscences of my personal experience as a cavalryman during the late War of the Rebellion. Though my four years of campaigning began with a three months' tour of tramping with the "dough-boys" under General Patterson in the spring and early summer of 1861, the latter was only a prolonged picnic. Two days before I was mustered out of the Ninth Pennsylvania Infantry I enrolled myself in the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, and soon discovered that I was more fitted for riding a horse than for trudging through the slush and mud with a heavy "Harper's Ferry" musket on my shoulder.

I will pass over the tedious instructions of the school of the trooper, mounted and dismounted, and begin my reminiscences as a full-fledged Yankee cavalryman.

The First Pennsylvania Cavalry, which originally belonged to the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, began its experience as a fighting regiment in a skirmish and charge near Dranesville, Virginia, on November 26, 1861, and, strange to relate, the first man killed was our assistant surgeon, Dr. Alexander. The regiment's first experience of heavy firing was in the battle of Dranesville, on December 20. This engagement was fought by a brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, commanded by General E. O. C. Ord, my regiment supporting Eastman's battery. The enemy had the same number of regiments and guns that we had, and their commanding officer was General J. E. B.

Stuart, but Ord outgeneraled him and gave us the victory, the rebels retreating from the field.

The campaign of the spring of 1862 showed what some, at least, of the cavalry did before General Hooker offered his liberal reward for a "dead cavalryman."[1] Those who served in the Army of the Potomac will remember that from the fall of 1861 to the summer of 1862 the cavalry were for the most part scattered about and used as escorts, strikers, dog-robbers, and orderlies for all the generals and their numerous staff officers from the highest in rank down to the second lieutenants. The cavalry force under General George D. Bayard, then colonel of my regiment, consisting of the First New Jersey, Second New York, and First Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiments, was the first brigade organized in that branch of the service in the United States army. The campaign began with easy marches to Catlett's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and scouting to Warrenton and Rappahannock Station.

On the morning of the 17th of April we left Catlett's Station and moved in the direction of Falmouth. In this movement we were supported by a brigade of infantry commanded by General Augur. On the morning of the 18th, about three o'clock, we charged upon the heights of Falmouth, drove the enemy from their position, and captured the quaint old town, but we were unable to save the bridge spanning the river, as the enemy had set fire to the end on the Fredericksburg side. This was my first experience in a mounted charge of any consequence. In this engagement I was acting as assistant adjutant-general for Bayard, with the rank of first lieutenant. The success of our cavalry engagement gave Bayard his star and promoted me to the rank of captain and the command of a squadron.

After a tour of scouting and picketing along the Rappahannock River south of Fredericksburg, we were assigned to General McDowell's corps of observation, which was composed of three divisions of infantry,—McCall's, Shields's, and King's. The operations of this corps were intended to serve either as a protection to the city of Washington or as a reinforcement to McClellan on the Peninsula.

About June 1 the cavalry took the advance on the telegraph road leading towards Richmond, and reached the forks of a road near Han-

[1] In this connection it may be well to quote the following extract from an article in the *Century Magazine* of May, 1888, by Colonel William F. Fox, entitled "The Chances of being hit in Battle": "The muster-out rolls of the various mounted commands show that there were ten thousand five hundred and ninety-six 'dead cavalrymen' who were killed in action during the war, of whom six hundred and seventy-one were officers, the proportionate loss of officers being greater than in the infantry."

over Court-House, to which place McClellan's patrols came. While we who were in the advance-guard were congratulating ourselves upon getting under the right wing of McClellan's army without a fight, our hopes were suddenly blasted by the following order sent to "Capt. Hamp. Thomas, Commanding Advance-Guard: Sir,—You will return with your command as rapidly as possible. Don't blow your horses if you can help it. Cross over to Falmouth and receive further instructions. (Signed) G. D. B., B. G."

When we reached Fredericksburg we noticed considerable excitement. General Shields's division had gone, the First New Jersey and First Pennsylvania Cavalry and four companies of the "Bucktails" were on the march northward, and the balance of our brigade of cavalry was left with King's and McCall's divisions. Upon reporting to General Bayard, we learned the cause of all this rapid marching. The authorities at Washington had become frightened at Stonewall Jackson's movement against General Banks, who was in the Shenandoah Valley. This scattering of General McDowell's strong corps was fatal to General McClellan's plans while he was on the Peninsula.

Then commenced one of the wildest marches I ever experienced. Day and night we marched through heavy rain-storms, over the mountains and swimming swollen streams. The last ten miles were made in one hour and twenty minutes, and we lost several horses foundered after crossing the Shenandoah River. We reached Strasburg, in the valley, on June 7, just in time to cut off the rear of Jackson's army. We had a running fight all the way up the valley until we reached Harrisonburg, where we had a very severe engagement,—our two regiments of cavalry and the four companies of "Bucktails" against a division of rebel infantry. The First New Jersey Cavalry lost its colonel and several officers captured, and the "Bucktails," Colonel Kane and Captain Fred. Taylor captured. The rebels lost heavily in killed and wounded, among the former being General Turner Ashby.. General Fremont's command, which had crossed over from the Kanawha Valley, joined us at Harrisonburg the next day, when we moved towards Port Republic. Here Fremont's men had a very sharp engagement at Cross Keys on June 8. Our cavalry were only lookers-on in this fight, but Jackson succeeded in checking our forces with his rear-guard, while the head of his column crossed the bridge at Port Republic, driving away Shields's advance, which had passed up the Luray Valley expecting to cut him off. They were too late, however, in reaching that point, for Jackson had slipped away and moved his men down to Richmond by rail, taking the same position which we were to have taken on McClellan's right flank. The result was the change of base, with all its hard fighting, hard marching, and heavy losses, to the James River at Harrison's Landing.

We then began a long and weary march down the valley, over rivers and mountains, to the vicinity of Culpeper Court-House. On our arrival there came the order for General Bayard's cavalry to report to the head-quarters of the Army of Northern Virginia, J. Pope commanding, with head-quarters in the saddle. It took twenty wagons to haul that saddle! We were assigned to picket and scouting duty, our lines stretching from Raccoon Ford to Barnett's Ford, on the Rapidan, a distance of fifteen miles. On the night of August 8 our pickets were driven in a short distance from the river, and on the morning of the 9th commenced what is known as the battle of Cedar Mountain. In that engagement General Bayard showed the finest order of generalship. With four regiments of cavalry he held Jackson's whole command of eighteen thousand men at bay from 4 A.M. until 4 P.M. This movement of Bayard's was made in echelons of squadrons, single-rank formation, and gave the idea to the enemy that we had about ten thousand men in his front. The men of Crawford's and Hartsuff's brigades will bear witness to the tenacity with which our cavalry held on until they came to our relief.

To relate an incident of what cavalrymen could do before a reward was offered for a dead one: During the afternoon a battery of four guns belonging to General Banks's command was left in a very exposed position. In front of these guns was an open field, and on the other side some woods in which a brigade of rebel infantry had formed in regimental front, four lines deep, and was moving out to capture the battery. General Banks asked General Bayard if the guns could be saved. Bayard, taking in the situation, ordered Major Falls, of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, to charge his battalion upon the enemy's infantry. The charge was made, but only one company succeeded in reaching the enemy. Some men of the company passed through the lines and returned, while the balance of the battalion was repulsed before reaching the open field. The captain of the company was wounded in five places, the second lieutenant killed,—in fact, the company came near being wiped out of existence; and when the first lieutenant, Warren L. Holbrook, came to rally the remnant of his company he found but a corporal's guard. Knowing the modesty of that gallant officer, I take the liberty of mentioning his name. Eighty-eight horses were left dead on the field. The celebrated charge of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry at Chancellorsville is familiar to all; but this charge of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry even excelled that in boldness, for when the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry made its charge it was in column of fours and in the woods, and it came upon the enemy unexpectedly. But the First Pennsylvania cavalrymen at Cedar Mountain saw what was in their front: a clear, open field and death staring them in the face,—cannon in front of them and cannon to the left of them,—and theirs was a feat at arms

not unlike the charge of the Earl of Cardigan and his six hundred, made immortal by Tennyson.[2]

We remained in the vicinity of the battle-ground of Cedar Mountain, taking up our old positions, until the 18th of August, when the great game of chess between Lee and Pope commenced, Lee trying to capture Washington before McClellan could transport his troops from the Peninsula to the defense of our capital, while we were trying to close the gaps in the mountains. Our cavalry did some sharp fighting during this backward movement of Pope's. But there was no opportunity for us to attack the enemy's cavalry in mass until we arrived, on the 20th, on the open plains to the south of Rappahannock Station. Here Bayard formed his squadrons for a general attack. The enemy advanced a brigade of cavalry upon us, and they were met by the First New Jersey, First Pennsylvania, First Rhode Island, and Second New York Cavalry Regiments, with sabres drawn. We drove them back to Culpeper, and this check of their cavalry caused their infantry columns to halt and go into position, while we moved leisurely back, giving our infantry and trains time to cross the several fords of the Rappahannock River.

A few nights afterwards there was a terrific storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. It was impossible to recognize a person an arm's length away, and yet we received orders to move rapidly up the river road to Sulphur Springs, and thence by way of Warrenton to Thoroughfare Gap. The storm, however, delayed us until the next morning, when we resumed our march, and reached Thoroughfare Gap on the evening of August 26, but too late by one hour, for Jackson had slipped through ahead of us. We captured about six hundred of his stragglers and a very important dispatch from Longstreet to him, informing him that he would be through early next morning. This information was sent to head-quarters, and General Rickett's division was sent to our support. Bayard's cavalry kept Longstreet's corps back for six hours, and they were no doubt long ones to Jackson, who was then at Manassas.

On the morning of August 28 my regiment took position between Bull Run bridge and Groveton. Being in the advance with my squadron, I was ordered to deploy as skirmishers and develop the enemy, who were soon found, for they opened a battery upon me, and this was, I think, the beginning of the great battle of Second Bull Run. My squadron remained in this position all that day, with instructions to

[2] The charge of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry was made historical by General Pleasonton's official report after the battle of Chancellorsville. Reports like that sometimes cover up a multitude of blunders and give credit only to those who are killed. They also sometimes make great newspaper generals of their authors, and the millions who read the newspapers at home thus get their impressions as to who are the great fighters at the front.

keep a sharp lookout on Jackson's right and report results to General Reynolds. My squadron at this time numbered ninety-five men, all armed with carbines, revolvers, and sabres.

General Bayard received orders that evening to mass his cavalry on the open ground to the left of the Gainesville pike and prepare for a grand charge and night attack on Jackson's right flank. Bayard, knowing that my men were familiar with that flank, sent me orders to retire quietly and report to him at the Burnt Chimneys, near the Bull Run bridge. This having been done, we were taken along the flank of the brigade to the head of the column and were told what we were expected to do,—to lead the charge and strike directly for the enemy's artillery, destroy its usefulness, if possible, and come out at the point where we had been picketing during the day, while Bayard was to lead the brigade in person down the right and left centres of the main lines. The signal for this charge was to be three artillery shots over our heads at intervals of one minute each, and when the third shot was fired I was to move at a walk to within a short distance of the rebel skirmish line, then hurl my squadron in column of platoons upon the enemy, sweeping along their extreme right. Imagine the thoughts that passed through my mind,—home, mother, sisters, brothers, and sweetheart all jumbled in my head at once. The suspense was awful! The men were admonished to follow their leader, and if he should fall to continue on and carry out his orders. The first shot was fired; then came a long delay. Wondering what could be the cause of this, I rose in my saddle, looked to the rear, and found that all the supports had retired and that we had been left alone. Suddenly Bayard rode up to me and, with choked voice, said, "Thank God, you are saved! The orders have been countermanded, and you can take up your old position over on the left." I must acknowledge that tears trickled down my cheeks while I was on the way to my old position. What would have been the result had this charge been made? Directly in our front, as we discovered next day, was a deep gully or washout, though Bayard had been assured that it was a clear, open field. Here would have been another "sunken road" as at Waterloo, and perhaps another Victor Hugo writing of the charge, while we poor souls would have been hurled to death, trampled beneath the hoofs of the horses of those who followed us.

On the afternoon of the last day of the battle of Second Bull Run I observed that the enemy were massing a large body of troops in front of our extreme left, and I sent several verbal messages to that effect by trustworthy non-commissioned officers to General Bayard, who was near General Pope. I began sending these messages between three and four o'clock, and my last one was to inform him that the enemy had placed four batteries of artillery in position, that I had counted twenty-eight sets of colors, that more troops were moving into position,

and that if the enemy made an attack, they would strike the Pennsylvania Reserves on the left and rear. When the sergeant who carried this message returned, he told me that General Pope remarked to General Bayard, "Oh, that officer don't know his business. He don't know what he is talking about. Tell the fool that those people he sees are General Porter's men forming on the right of the enemy." I felt very much annoyed at this, and I don't deny that I used some very strong language about my superior officer, though most of it was done mentally. However, I rode rapidly over to General Reynolds, informed him of the fact, and persuaded him to come and see for himself. One glance was sufficient for him. He dashed back to his division and changed front to the left to meet the attack. Those who were in the Pennsylvania Reserves at that time can testify that the movement to the left was hardly finished when the heavy column I had again and again reported burst upon them, crushing their left back upon and through our artillery, leaving the guns in the hands of the enemy. I have often wondered *who* was the fool,—the general or the captain.

My squadron rode along the flank of this charging column of the enemy, and expended nearly all of its carbine ammunition upon it. They paid no more attention to us, however, than if we were so many gnats flying in the air. In my opinion the final repulse of the enemy was chiefly due to a small brigade of regular infantry. It seemed to me that every line that came in their front was wiped out. Their firing was done with coolness and precision; their commanding officer had them well in hand. It was a scene well worthy of the pencil of an artist; but we did not have that kind of people with us when such opportunities occurred. I crossed the Bull Run bridge with these regulars between sundown and dark. At that time the enemy seemed to be retiring very rapidly, as though they were retreating from the field. I thought at the time that we should have been pursuing them instead of retiring. But orders had to be obeyed.

I joined my regiment next morning near Centreville, my squadron having been held for picket duty that night near the bridge.

General Bayard and I had several conversations afterwards about what I have stated. He always cautioned me to be careful in my language about what I knew, as doubtless there would be an investigation concerning the battle, and he wanted me to corroborate him in case he should be called upon to testify before a court of inquiry. But the brave soldier was called to a higher court before his testimony could be taken, and until now I have remained silent upon the subject.

After the battle our cavalry brigade retired to the defenses of Washington, and remained there for six weeks, when we again took up the line of march, joining McClellan's army (which had recrossed the Potomac

after Antietam) between the Bull Run Mountains and the Blue Ridge. We continued on in the advance, skirmishing and charging daily, and never halted until we arrived at Rappahannock Station, on a cold, stormy night in November, my squadron capturing a large picket post of the enemy and saving the railroad bridge. Here we received the news that McClellan had been relieved and Burnside placed in command of the Army of the Potomac. Soon we again took up the line of march and moved rapidly towards Fredericksburg.

In the battle of Fredericksburg the cavalry took a peculiar part. It is not generally known that Bayard's cavalry was used for the purpose of developing the enemy's artillery and infantry in front of Franklin's crossing, but such was the fact. An English officer who, if I remember rightly, was a volunteer aide on General Lee's staff, in an article published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, referred in complimentary terms to the manner in which my squadron manœuvred across the railroad, and for its bold advance upon the enemy's lines. I may be mistaken, but I have always given to Thomas Martin, a private in my company ("M"), the credit of having unhorsed General Maxcy Gregg. Observing a general officer, as I thought, about two hundred yards in my front, looking at us through his field-glass, Martin and I dismounted, and standing between our two horses, Martin rested his carbine on my shoulder, and the instant he fired I noticed the mounted officer fall from his saddle. I afterwards learned that General Gregg was killed on that part of the field, and about that time.

In all my experience, from my baptism of fire at Falling Waters on July 1, 1861, down to Jetersville, April 5, 1865, I never was under such a terrific fire of shot, shell, and musketry as in this movement in General Franklin's front. The shot and shell seemed to make the atmosphere blue. Our loss in men was very small, but in horses large. Poor Martin was wounded and made a cripple for life.

In this battle of Fredericksburg fell mortally wounded my beau-ideal of a cavalry general. Quick to act, brave to a fault, careful of his men, and dearly beloved by his whole command was General George D. Bayard, the Sheridan of our army in the early days of the war. His last words to his adjutant-general (Captain H. C. Weir) were, "Give my compliments to General Burnside, and say that I desire Colonel Dave Gregg to command my cavalry," and then he expired.

A few days after this our old stand-by, General David McM. Gregg, assumed command of our brigade. He was well dubbed "Old Reliable." He proved himself to be the Stonewall of our cavalry corps.

Early in the year 1863 the cavalry was organized into a corps under the command of General Stoneman, the First Division under General Pleasonton, the Second under General Averell, and the Third

under General Gregg. Our duties during the winter were not very arduous. On April 1 an order came from the War Department detailing me for duty as inspector-general on the staff of General Gregg.

On April 29 we moved out of camp, crossed the Rappahannock and Rapidan Rivers, pushed boldly into the enemy's country, and soon came back faster than we went. As a stupid failure "Stoneman's Raid" was a complete success. Our only accomplishments were the burning of a few canal-boats on the upper James River (at Columbia), some bridges, hen-roosts, and tobacco-houses.

This campaign of Stoneman's put a damper upon Bayard's old cavalry command. Many times have I had a quiet laugh when remembering conversations with brother officers about our new corps commander, who promised to show General Hooker a few dead cavalrymen. His career, however, was happily soon cut short, and he was succeeded by General Pleasonton, who, afterwards, at Gettysburg, according to his own account, offered to give General Meade a lesson as to how to make a great general out of himself.

Under the new leadership came the cavalry battle of Brandy Station, or Fleetwood, as it is called by the rebels. This was the beginning of the Gettysburg campaign. Early in June information was received at head-quarters that the rebel cavalry corps, numbering about twelve thousand men, was to be reviewed on the 8th by General Robert E. Lee at Culpeper Court-House. Lee expected great achievements from this mounted force, for it was composed of the flower and pick of the "Southern chivalry," the eyes and ears of the grand army he was about to lead into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Now came a good chance to pile up dead cavalrymen. On June 9, the day after this grand review, General Buford crossed his division at Beverly Ford early in the morning, intending to attack the enemy's cavalry in front, while Gregg's and Duffie's (formerly Averell's) divisions crossed farther down, at Kelly's Ford, to attack it in the rear. This movement was not intended to bring on a general engagement between the two armies, but merely to find out what was up, and at the same time to take the conceit out of the rebel cavalry. Whole regiments came together with tremendous shocks, we using our sabres with effect, while the rebels used their revolvers, crying out to us, "Put up your sabres; draw your pistols and fight like gentlemen!" At one time the dust was so thick that we could not tell friend from foe. This hand-to-hand business continued on and off for about a couple of hours, when we retired from the field at our leisure, unfollowed. Many a brave man fell that day; some of them in, and beyond, the rebel batteries. The First New Jersey lost heavily; their colonel, Percy Wyndham, was wounded, Lieutenant-Colonel Broderick and Major Shelmire killed, and Captain Sawyer and others captured. Broderick's

body was found with a sabre sticking through it, and at his side lay a dead rebel with Broderick's sabre through his body also.

General Gregg was so unfortunate as to lose three guns of the Sixth New York Light Battery through the recklessness of Colonel Percy Wyndham, who commanded my brigade. The latter had ordered the battery to follow the First New Jersey Cavalry in a charge, and go into position on the crest of Fleetwood Hill, to the left of the Barbour house. Just as the guns were swung into position and unlimbered the enemy made a countercharge, driving back a broken squadron of the First New Jersey and a detachment of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, both of which passed through the battery to the rear. The men in charge of the limbers were swept back in the confusion. The dust was so thick it was almost impossible to tell a Reb from a Yank. I sent my orderly to the rear to find the limbers and have the guns taken back to their original position, in the open field, to the right of Brandy Station. In a few moments two squadrons of the First Maryland Cavalry came trotting through the dust, and I asked the commanding officer where he was going. He replied that he was ordered forward to support the battery. I told him to follow me at a gallop, or there would not be any battery to support. As we emerged from the dust we could see the cannoneers dragging the guns by hand down the hill, followed by a large body of the enemy firing their revolvers. We at once charged the enemy, clearing the crest of the hill, and driving them back through their own battery. By this time there was but a small squad left of the First Maryland, for they had drifted in all directions through the heavy clouds of dust. I took back at a gallop the few of us who kept together, and began searching for the guns. I found the pieces, but lost the Marylanders. After keeping me waiting a long time my orderly came back, stating that he could not find the limbers, and reported that Colonel Wyndham was wounded, that he could not find the brigade, and could not tell who was in command of it. I was so chagrined about the predicament in which the battery was placed that I gave vent to my feeling so forcibly as to be noticed by the brave cannoneers, who gave three cheers, and said they would remain and be captured along with their guns. I said, "No, men, none of that kind of medicine for me. I will try and find help for you." The guns had been drawn down to the base of the hill, and while I was trying to collect some men together for the purpose of having them hauled away, a heavy column of rebel cavalry came charging around the corner of the house, with their battle-flag in advance. One of the guns happened to have a round of canister in it. The sergeant in command of the piece pointed it towards the charging column, fired, and repulsed them, within forty yards of us. The head of this column was badly cut up, leaving a number of horses and men, and the battle-flag, on the slope of the hill. The sergeant ran

up the hill to pick up the rebel colors, and was within a few yards of them, when the head of the First Maine Cavalry came dashing past the spot in pursuit of the enemy. One of the men wheeled his horse, dismounted, picked up the colors, and rode off, the sergeant of the gun losing his prize. Seeing General Kilpatrick near the First Maine (that regiment being in his brigade), I rode over to him and begged him to rescue the abandoned guns. His answer was, "To hell with them! Let Gregg look out for his own guns." I implored him not to be so selfish, but to come on and help us out of our scrape, but his reply was, "No! damned if I will." I then rode back and told the few cannoneers that were left to save themselves by crossing the railroad, and to go over to the woods, where they would find some of our infantry. I remained with the guns, in hopes of our command returning for them, until another column of rebel cavalry came trotting down the hill towards me, capturing the pieces without a struggle. Not wishing to be on too intimate terms with my Southern friends, I politely raised my cap to them and rapidly rode away.

General Gregg was not aware of the loss of the guns until late in the day, when I told him of it, and he was very much annoyed to think that such a thing could happen, and so unnecessarily, and he be in entire ignorance of the matter.

To give an idea as to how the authorities at Richmond felt about this battle, on the day of the engagement I picked up the *Richmond Inquirer*, fresh from Richmond, containing an article extolling the Confederate cavalry, calling it the flower and chivalry of the South. A few days afterwards I read another article, and a very mournful one it was, wondering who was to blame for its broken condition, and exclaiming what an outrage it was that tailors and shoemakers mounted on horses should be permitted to come upon their chivalry and treat them in so unseemly a manner.

After this engagement we were kept busy scouting in all directions upon the rear and flank of our army, constantly watching along the slopes of the Blue Ridge and Bull Run Mountains. On June 13 the cavalry corps, still under General Pleasonton, was consolidated into two divisions under Generals Buford (First) and Gregg (Second).

At Aldie, near a gap in the Bull Run Mountains, on June 17, the corps, with Gregg in the advance, met the rebel cavalry again, and drove them back in the direction of Middleburg, and again on the 19th drove them beyond it. In these engagements we lost heavily, for the rebels fought behind stone fences, dismounted, while we attacked them mounted. Nevertheless the "tailors and shoemakers" were too much for the "chivalry," and they were compelled to fall back to Upperville. Here, on the 21st, Gregg and Buford made a combined attack, charging over stone walls and ditches, capturing many prisoners, and driving the rebel cavalry through Ashby's Gap into the Shenan-

doah Valley, shutting them out from a view of the movements of our army. We held these people back until the main body of the Army of the Potomac had crossed the Potomac into Maryland. Then we moved back to Aldie, through the Bull Run Mountains and northward to Edwards Ferry, on the Potomac, which we crossed on the afternoon of June 27, and marched direct to Frederick city, Maryland. While there, on June 28, a new division (the Third) was formed out of General Stahl's cavalry, and General Kilpatrick placed in command of it, with Custer and Farnsworth, just commissioned as brigadier-generals, in command of brigades. Poor Farnsworth only lived a few days to enjoy his star, falling at the head of his brigade at Gettysburg.[3]

We spent the next day near Frederick scouting in all directions. During the night of June 29 we resumed the march towards Westminster. At daybreak next morning we charged the town, struck Stuart's rear-guard, and took a number of rebel prisoners. We continued on to Manchester and Hanover Junction, from which latter place Huey's brigade was sent back to guard the wagon-train. Thence we marched towards Hanover and Gettysburg. These movements of ours forced the rebel cavalry to keep well off to our right, and prevented them from knowing what our infantry were doing or where their own army was.

Now for the Right Flank at Gettysburg. Histories and poems had been written about this great battle and maps published, utterly ignoring our services, until at last we of the cavalry had to cry "Halt." Nor did we hear anything from our government historian, Colonel Batchelder, except about the first and the second and the third day's fights, the Round Tops, the Emmittsburg road, Culp's Hill, Cemetery Hill, Seminary Ridge, and John Burns, but nothing about the cavalry.

And here I must return thanks to the Comte de Paris and to his able assistant, Colonel John P. Nicholson, who in their investigations went more thoroughly into the history of the battle than any previous historians, for it was they who were instrumental in bringing to the notice of the world what we always knew to be the case, that the cavalry under the command of General Gregg were the means of saving the Army of the Potomac at the time Pickett was moving up to the "high-water mark" of the Rebellion.

[3] It was the general opinion among us cavalrymen that Farnsworth was murdered through a foolish and reckless order of his division commander. Farnsworth's brigade was ordered to charge mounted down a wooded hill covered with large round bowlders, with a stone fence at the bottom, behind which lay the enemy's infantry. Farnsworth, thinking there was a mistake, hesitated, when his superior asked if he was afraid to charge the enemy, for if so, he, the superior, would charge his brigade for him. Farnsworth, with a look of scorn and contempt, ordered his men forward, and fell dead at the stone wall, while the portion of his command which he took with him was cut to pieces.

The rebel general J. E. B. Stuart came upon the field early on the morning of July 3, with about seven thousand mounted men under him. After he had made disposition of his command on or near the Stallsmith farm, about three miles east of Gettysburg, he caused several random shots to be fired in various directions. This firing no doubt was prearranged with Lee, signaling that his position was favorable and that he was ready to move in conjunction with Pickett to strike our infantry in rear. Colonel McIntosh, on whose brigade staff I was serving, concluded that something was up, and, having relieved a portion of Custer's Michigan Brigade, he ordered an advance of our line dismounted. This movement of McIntosh's brought on the engagement before Stuart expected, and exposed his whole design. Gregg, seeing the situation, recalled Custer, who had previously received orders to move over to the left flank of our army near Round Top. He then put in position all of his artillery, under cover of a wheat-field, ordering the guns to be double-shotted with canister and await his further orders. Our dismounted lines were refused in the centre, in front of the artillery, forming an inverse wedge. After we had held them back for about an hour, heavy bodies of the rebel cavalry burst into view over a rise of ground. They came on in magnificent style. It was terribly grand to witness. In two parallel columns, charging in squadron front, little knowing what was awaiting them, they came on, yelling and looking like demons. Canister and percussion-shell were poured into them until they reached within one hundred yards of our guns. Then our bold Custer came dashing over the field at the head of the First Michigan Cavalry, with his yellow locks flying and his long sabre brandishing through the air. He looked like a fiend incarnate, the fire of battle burning in his eyes. In the mean time the dismounted men poured in a withering fire with their carbines upon both flanks of the rebel columns. What a sight this was! The enemy's horses climbing over each other, rearing and plunging, many of their men being struck in the back by the fore feet of the horses in their rear. Then McIntosh and his staff charged with their orderlies, sabring right and left. Such a horrible din it was, amid the clashing of sabres and continuous roll of the small-arms and the curses and demands to surrender. I do not wish to be egotistical, but will quote from an account of the fight: "For minutes, which seemed like hours, the Confederate column stood its ground. Captain Thomas, of the staff, seeing that a little more was needed to turn the tide, cut his way over to the woods on the right, where he knew he could find Hart, who had remounted his squadron of the First New Jersey. In the mêlée, near the colors, was an officer of high rank, and the two headed the squadron for that part of the fight. They came within reach of him with their sabres, and then it was that Wade Hampton was wounded."

Captain William E. Miller, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry,

and Captain Hart, from the right of the field, charged their squadrons through the rear portion of the columns, and the former almost reached the rebel batteries. The desperate charging of these two squadrons seemed to me to turn the tide of battle. In this charge of Hart's squadron was another gallant though modest cavalryman, Lieutenant Edward H. Parry, who as a staff officer rode side by side with me in many severe engagements. Eventually the rebel cavalry were driven from the field never to return except as guests of the victors, twenty-three years after the battle, and as citizens of a country they tried to destroy. It is not difficult to conjecture what would have been the result had these seven thousand cavalrymen succeeded in reaching the Baltimore pike, striking the reserve artillery and trains at the moment when Pickett was moving up to the assault of Cemetery Ridge.

On the night of July 4 our brigade moved over to the left of the army to picket in front of Round Top. I will never forget that night. It was raining hard and so dark that we were compelled to use lanterns to remove the dead and dying out of our way, fearing our horses would crush them under their feet. The moans of the dying were horrible. Sometimes I imagine I can still hear their voices ringing in my ears. It was awful!

Then commenced the race after Lee's defeated army. For a few days we had with us "Beau" Neill's brigade of the Sixth Corps, but on July 12 we cut loose from them, marched to Boonsborough, where we rejoined General Gregg and one of the other brigades of our division, and, pushing rapidly to Harper's Ferry, crossed over the Potomac on the 14th, with our head-quarters' band playing "I wish I was in Dixie." Next day the two brigades moved out to Shepherdstown and encountered the rebel cavalry again, fighting dismounted behind stone walls and fences all day. An officer of the signal corps sent us a report that all of Lee's army had crossed over to our side of the river and that we were being surrounded by the enemy. Consequently, when night came, we made a hasty retreat to Harper's Ferry. A singular thing about this fight was that while we did not claim any victory, and left all our killed and wounded behind in charge of our surgeons, when the latter rejoined us a few days afterwards they told us that the rebels had commenced their retreat even before we did, also leaving their killed and wounded in charge of their surgeons. That, it is believed, was the only drawn fight the cavalry of both armies ever had—where each abandoned the field to the other—during the four years' contest.

Our line of march southward was over the same ground as that traversed by McClellan in 1862 after Antietam. Nothing much of note occurred. We did not get a fair chance at the rebel cavalry again until we arrived, on September 13, in the neighborhood of Culpeper Court-House. Here Gregg made a mounted attack, driving the rebel cavalry fifteen miles. While we of the staff were placing the regi-

ments in position for this mounted charge I was ordered to find a cover for the Sixth Ohio Cavalry, and took them into a heavy piece of oak timber near the edge of the open country. While I was reporting to General Gregg how our lines were formed he observed the Sixth Ohio breaking and coming back through the woods in great disorder. He at once ordered me to stop and re-form them, but I soon became demoralized myself when I felt the belligerent end of a hornet upon my cheek. The brave old colonel (Steedman) of the Sixth Ohio said that they could stand all the shot and shell the d—d rebels could give them, but not a hornets' nest. Thus were some of the bravest of our soldiers ignominiously put to flight.

And here let me call attention to another instance of the way in which some of our generals gained reputation. When Gregg made his dashing attack upon the enemy at Culpeper Court-House our brigade, being on the left of his line, made a half-wheel, swept down on the flank of the enemy, and drove away the cannoneers from their battery as well as its supports. While we were busy in front in pursuit of these people, having passed the guns, a brigadier-general commanding one of the other divisions, with his staff and orderlies, rode up and had the guns quietly hauled off the field. A few days after this I bought a copy of a New York paper, with a flaming header in large type, announcing the gallant and desperate charge of Kilpatrick's cavalry division, and how its commander had led it in person and captured a battery from the rebels. General Gregg, with his usual modesty, never protested, and we who had done the capturing were the only ones who did the growling for him. There is nothing like newspaper glory for promotion in time of war, and there were only too many of such newspaper generals among us. Gregg would never permit a newspaper correspondent about his command, and hence our division was not appreciated, outside of army circles, as it should have been.

In the month of October came our retrograde movement to Centreville and Fairfax, and another great cavalry charge was witnessed between Culpeper Court-House and Brandy Station, where we repulsed a fearful onslaught of the rebel cavalry and drove them back upon their infantry supports.

After we had crossed over to the north side of the Rappahannock we had a severe dismounted engagement, and during the day, which was election day in Ohio, the troops belonging to that State voted for State candidates. I was detailed to personally superintend the voting in the Sixth Ohio Cavalry. We relieved one company at a time for the purpose, then sent them back to the front and retired the next, and so on until the whole regiment had voted. I doubt if many of the "statesmen" of the present day would care to mix in "practical politics" under similar circumstances.

A few days after this I was severely hurt at Bristow Station and

sent to hospital for ninety days. Upon my return to the front great changes had taken place. General Torbert was in command of the First Division, "Old Stand-By" Gregg retaining his own, the Second, and General Wilson in command of the Third Division, with "Cavalry Sheridan" in command of the corps.

On May 3, 1864, Gregg's division moved out from its winter quarters at Warrenton, marched to the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and crossed over to Ely's Ford on the Rapidan. We forced our way over the river, taking the advance of the Second Corps into "The Wilderness" until we came to Todd's Tavern on the Brock road. There we were dismounted and moved to the left and front of a division of the Second Corps which was hotly engaged, and we pressed back the right of the rebel line. During this contest a gay-looking first lieutenant of the engineer corps from General Meade's staff came up to me, asked if I was Captain Thomas, and said that Gregg and Sheridan had sent him out there to me so that I might show him a cavalry charge if we should have one. A few moments afterwards an officer reported to me that General Davies, my brigade commander, on whose staff I was serving, and two of his officers had just been captured by the enemy. Learning the direction in which they had been taken, I took a mounted squadron of the First New Jersey, the nearest at hand, and said to the gay lieutenant, "Now is your chance for a charge." We dashed through the enemy to the rescue of our friends, the lieutenant far in advance of us all, and recaptured them. This officer afterwards distinguished himself as a general in the cavalry during the latter part of the war and on the Mexican frontier. The dashing Mackenzie, for he it was, afterwards called me his godfather for giving him his first baptism in a cavalry charge.

After our division had been relieved by the Second Corps, General Sheridan, with his command, cut loose for a short time from the Army of the Potomac and went on his successful raid around Lee's army, destroying the latter's communication with Richmond. While on this raid—at Beaver Dam Station, on the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad—Custer captured a train of cars loaded with some of our infantry who had been taken prisoners a few days before in the Wilderness, and they expressed their delight by singing, "Ain't we glad to get out of the Wilderness?" Our division remained as rear-guard, while the advance were destroying trains, stores, and railroads. On the morning after the capture of Beaver Dam Station, and just as day was breaking, I called up one of the orderlies, who was a barber, to shave me. He jumped to earn his quarter, while I looked around among my brother officers who were sleeping and chuckled to myself in having stolen a march on them. The barber had taken the beard from off one side of my face when the enemy opened two batteries upon us, the shells passing directly over our quarters. Such a scramble

as we had to get to our horses, and I only half-shaved! The joke was turned upon me, and I did not have the balance finished until noon.

We again fought the rebel cavalry at Yellow Tavern on May 11 and gave them a severe thrashing, capturing some of their artillery and many prisoners. In this engagement the great rebel cavalry chieftain, General J. E. B. Stuart, was mortally wounded while rallying his men. During the attack in our front my brigade was having a lively time of it in the rear. We were being pestered all day by a regiment of rebel cavalry, and General Davies sent two of his staff back to look after his extreme rear and watch these troublesome people, for they were very annoying to our column. At last our opportunity came. We observed them preparing for a mounted charge. Quickly dismounting the rear-guard, we placed them in ambush on either side of a sunken road. The brave fellows came boldly on, but not one of them returned. They were all killed, wounded, or captured.

We continued our marching and fighting until we came into the defenses of Richmond on the Brook road, a broad highway leading into the city. Here were required skill, good generalship, and a cool head, but "Cavalry Sheridan" was equal to the occasion. We fought front, flanks, and rear against infantry and cavalry, repulsing charge after charge, killing two rebel generals and scores of their men. Oh, how we prayed for room to make a mounted charge, but could not! At one time our situation was critical, and some of us became a little nervous. For a while General Sheridan seemed at a loss what to do, and suggested that General Gregg mount his division and try to break through the enemy's lines, so as to draw off the forces attacking our other two divisions, and thus allow Wilson's command to cross the Chickahominy, and that he (Gregg) rejoin the Army of the Potomac the best way he could, leaving his artillery with Sheridan and the rest of the corps. Gregg, however, concluded to hold fast where he was. Then we dismounted some more regiments and advanced our lines on the flanks and rear. The enemy thinking we intended to make a general attack, concluded to anticipate it by a countercharge, which they did, just as we wanted them to do, and they were repulsed all along the lines. While we held the flanks and rear, Custer, with his Michiganders and their Spencer carbines, drove the enemy from the front and built a bridge across the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridges, by which we succeeded in getting all of our artillery over. We then retired without molestation. This proved that we had given the rebels a severe drubbing, and in sight, too, of the spires of the rebel capital. We then marched on until we reached Butler's army, and encamped on the banks of the James River at Haxhall's Landing, remaining there two days to replenish our supplies of rations, forage, and ammunition.

While at Haxhall's I got out my fishing-lines with the intention of having a catfish supper, for catfish were plenty in the river. During the excitement of catching the fish I noticed one of my lines drawn taut. I began pulling it up, and said to Captain Parry, who was with me, "I guess I have a whale this time," when behold! a water-logged torpedo came to the surface with a large catfish twisted around one of the blocks. No one could have dropped anything quicker than I did that combination of catfish and torpedo, and pulled for shore. In the mean time Parry was having a good laugh at my expense. Out in front of me was a picket boat, and the officer hailed me to know what was the matter. When I told him, he passed word to the rear, and said, "Hold on to your line; the captain will come in his gig." I was curious to know how the captain could run a gig on water, and the crew of the boat laughed very heartily at my ignorance. I gave the whole business to the captain, and shortly after received from him in return a nice case of the "ardent."

We rejoined the Army of the Potomac near Spottsylvania Court-House on May 25, and then took the advance again until we arrived at Hawes' Shops. Here, on the 28th, we were attacked by cavalry and infantry, and fought dismounted for five hours, driving the enemy from the field. In this engagement I think we piled up more dead rebels than in any other of our fights during the whole war. A few days afterwards General Grant made his head-quarters on our battle-ground, but was forced to move them on account of the stench arising from the dead bodies which were still unburied.

The next day after the fight at Hawes' Shops we moved to the left around Bethesda Church, witnessing the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps' hard contest with the enemy at that place. On the following day we arrived at Cold Harbor just in the nick of time to prevent the enemy's infantry from taking an old line of breastworks. We repulsed several of their charges, and held our ground until relieved by General "Baldy" Smith's command, which was very slow in coming to our relief from West Point, on the York River.

After being relieved by General Smith's command we mounted, moved by the left, and were constantly engaged with the enemy until we reached Bottoms' Bridge, where we took our stand to await all comers. After resting a couple of days, Sheridan took two of his divisions and commenced another long march for the relief of General Hunter, who was supposed to be at Lynchburg, or in its vicinity. At Trevellian Station, on the Lynchburg and Richmond Railroad, on June 11, we butted against the rebel cavalry corps and a division of infantry. These people gave us a good shaking up, but we captured several hundred prisoners, and learning from them that Hunter had retreated over the mountains and that they had been sent by rail to overtake us, Sheridan concluded that he had better get back home.

So we gathered up our slightly wounded, and came back by the way of the Spottsylvania battle-ground, the column marching past the famous tree that was cut down by musket-balls in the Bloody Angle. We made a rapid and circuitous march, and arrived at the White House Landing, on the Pamunkey River. Here we found an immense wagon-train waiting for us to guard it over the country to the James River. In performing this duty General Sheridan displayed great generalship, preserving the trains and delivering them safely inside of our lines. During the movement Gregg's cavalry division covered the rear and flank next to the enemy. About the time Sheridan was parking the train on the banks of the James we were attacked at Saint Mary's Church, on June 24, by a superior force of the enemy, composed of mounted and dismounted cavalry and one division of infantry. We came together like two battering-rams, then backed off for vantage-ground, and went at each other again and again. This unequal engagement continued all day and until night spread its protecting mantle over us. We then retired within our lines near Wilcox's Landing. This retreat would never have happened had it not been that Sheridan and the other division were in entire ignorance of what was going on in their rear, for the enemy had captured all dispatches sent to him by Gregg, several officers and men being taken prisoners while performing this messenger duty. Our losses in killed, wounded, and captured upon the field were very heavy. But we did well, considering that the numbers opposed to us were three or four to one, and did not lose a single wheel, though we were pretty severely knocked about.

The cavalry corps were, on June 28, ferried across the James River to the south side, and we moved up towards Petersburg, taking position on the left and rear of our army at that point. During the months of July and August, Sheridan was kept very busy marching his cavalry from the left of the Army of the Potomac over to the right of the Army of the James and back again. In every one of these movements we were hotly engaged dismounted, and struck some severe blows, invariably killing some general officer belonging to the enemy. On one of these occasions, after moving over to the right, Sheridan was ordered to embark two of his divisions upon transports, and instead of going up the James he went down, crossed the bay and went up the Potomac to Washington, and thence to the Shenandoah Valley. The history of his succeeding campaign is familiar to all.

Gregg's division remained with the Army of the Potomac, covering its left and rear, taking the advance in all reconnoissances in force made by the army. During one of the engagements at Ream's Station, Colonel Chamberlain, of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, was wounded in the arm by a "tree-frog," or sharp-shooter. I asked him why he was limping around in such a funny manner. His reply was, "Damn it, Tommy, if you were wounded in the arm you would limp too."

We saw the fellow who fired the shot and ran some men to the bottom of the tree. Chamberlain gave the order to fire, when down came Mr. Tree-Frog looking like a bundle of rags. In this same engagement Mahone's division was repulsed three times by the First District of Columbia Cavalry, dismounted. This regiment was composed of Maine men and was shortly afterwards consolidated with the First Maine Cavalry. It was armed with the Henry rifle (sixteen-shooter), and was composed of veterans who could not be excelled for coolness and bravery. Its position at Ream's Station, on August 25, was on the left of a new division of the Second Corps. A German brigade in this division deliberately abandoned a new line of intrenchments with seven guns, leaving their loaded muskets standing up against the earthworks. Some of our dismounted cavalrymen used these muskets as long as they could find ammunition for them. General Hancock and General Gregg were present in person, for they were anxious to save the guns, and the slaughter in Mahone's division must have been terrible, as the repeating rifles wiped out line after line. No supports coming, the cavalry was compelled to give way when Mahone made his fourth charge, capturing the guns of the Second Corps. In the last charge my horse was killed and I was severely injured, and was sent home for thirty days in consequence.

Returning to the front on October 1, I was relieved from staff duty and ordered to take command of my regiment, now composed of re-enlisted veterans who had passed through the furnace of war from 1861 to 1864.

In the latter part of October our brigade did some very effective work in the engagement at the Davis farm, on the left and rear of our lines at Petersburg. General Fitz-Hugh Lee threw his whole command upon us, compelling our brigade to change front three times, but we repulsed him at every point, driving him from the field. We did not know what force we were engaged with until we captured the adjutant-general of Young's brigade. That handsome officer remarked to General Davies that it was fearfully bad weather for moving about and for cavalry fighting. Davies replied, "Yes, you people were not contented in your camps, but must come out here for a fight, and I guess you got one." The adjutant-general, noticing the troops his people were fighting, asked General Davies how many brigades he had under him. Upon being informed that there was but one brigade of five regiments, he exclaimed, "Impossible! Why, we had three brigades against you." He was then started for the rear, apparently much chagrined.

A few days after this Gregg's division was ordered out to join the Second Corps in a reconnoissance in force to the left of our army, beyond Hatcher's Run. These reconnoissances were generally accompanied by Generals Grant and Meade in person, and our engagements

with the enemy sometimes resulted in a heavy battle. During this particular movement the First Pennsylvania Veteran Cavalry covered the rear of our division, while the First Maine Cavalry was in the advance, forcing a crossing at some creek. General Gregg was anxious to connect with Hancock's left flank, but as he could only move his division in columns of twos through the dense woods, the movement was very slow. During its execution we were attacked by a brigade of rebel cavalry, commanded by General (now Senator) Butler, of South Carolina. For a full half-hour the enemy had a soft thing of it, throwing shot and shell into us without our being able to reply. But Gregg could not bother with side issues at that critical moment, so he ordered the First Pennsylvania Cavalry "to take care of those people," as he expressed it. The attack of this small regiment on the flank of the rebels was so sudden that the latter were glad to escape with their guns. The officers and men of the First Pennsylvania were highly elated over their success, and felt proud of themselves, for they were but a handful in comparison with the number they had attacked and driven away. The First Maine Cavalry were just as successful in their attack in front as we were in the rear.

During the month of November we made another movement to our left. My regiment was on picket duty when the order came to move to the front, but it was soon relieved and ordered to report to the brigade. Upon our arrival at the front, and as we were passing the head of General Crawford's division, General Gregg gave orders for his division to dismount and advance on foot. From what I could glean from a conversation with one of his staff, Crawford evidently had orders to close the interval between Gregg's right and the rest of the Fifth Corps. Those who have witnessed a division of cavalry dismounting and going into action on foot know what a demoralizing effect it has on those in the rear, for the led horses are generally sent back at a gallop to re-form and advance quietly, following up their various commands. While this retrograde movement of dismounted horses was being made, General Crawford yelled to one of his staff, and sent him off with his compliments to General Warren, to say that the cavalry were repulsed, and they would trample his men to death if he attempted to make the movement ordered. I began to expostulate with the general, but it was of no use, so I ordered my regiment forward at a gallop, dismounted, and went into action. My dismounted horses no doubt increased the demoralization of the "dough-boys."

During this same month of November, General Gregg moved his cavalry division out to Stony Creek Station, driving the enemy off and capturing and destroying the stores which had been accumulated there in great quantities. Among the articles was a cask filled with sorghum molasses. Some of the men turned it up on end, drove in the head, and began filling their canteens with its sweet contents. Most of

them were too short to reach over, when along came a tall Yankee of the First Maine Cavalry, with half a dozen canteens, and brushed the little fellows away as though they were so many flies. I noticed a consultation among these little fellows, when they suddenly made a rush, seized the big fellow by the legs, lifted him up and sent him head-foremost into the cask and turned it over. It was as much as I could do to save the poor fellow from being smothered to death. We rolled him down the hill into the creek, where he washed himself off, and when he came up, he said in his nasal tone of voice, "Warn't that the durnedst trick you ever hearn tell of?"

In the month of December, Gregg's cavalry division was ordered to take the advance of the Fifth Corps and cover the country while the infantry were tearing up and destroying the Weldon Railroad. We reached a point named the "Three Rivers," and had a very sharp brush with the enemy, losing several officers and men.

Upon the return march our cavalry took a road running parallel with the one that our infantry were on, the enemy following us closely. On this homeward march, while in the advance, I witnessed the sickening sight of some of our men lying dead with their hearts and private parts cut out and thrust in their mouths. These atrocities were supposed to have been committed by citizens of the neighborhood out "bushwhacking." The poor fellows who met with such horrible treatment had become intoxicated from the large quantity of apple-jack found in that section of the country, and were murdered in cold blood. That raid was known as the "Apple-Jack Raid."

During the month of January, 1865, my regiment was doing picket duty on the left and rear of our main lines. One day, noticing a number of hogs running loose in the woods in our front, I gave permission for some of the men to go out and kill them. Soon afterwards one of the videttes sent in word that two of the men were captured by the rebels. I quickly mounted a squadron and went off at a gallop, knowing well that there was but one place where the rebels could cross the stream below Lee's mill, we being on the inside circuit. I pushed rapidly for that point. Upon our arrival I noticed a few fresh tracks of horses that had crossed towards us, but had not returned. I then made preparations for the arrival of the squad with their prisoners. We waited perhaps half an hour, when the squad came in view with their two prisoners, each carrying a dead hog. The poor fellows were staggering under their heavy loads, and their captors were twitting them about being pork butchers. My men were entirely concealed on either side of the stream. We remained quiet until the whole party had reached the middle between the banks, when I gave the signal to my men to arise and cover the party with their carbines. It was like a dramatic tableau to witness the look of consternation upon the faces of the party, for there was no escape for them. As for the two butchers,

it was laughable to look at them. They began looking around to ascertain if it was fun or earnest, when they espied me, and both hogs dropped from their shoulders into the water, and the two men fell against the bank, yelling for us to give their captors a volley. I then ordered the rebels to advance one at a time, dismount, and take off their arms. I asked my two men who it was that had suggested that they should carry the hogs, and they pointed to the sergeant and one other man. These two were ordered to pick up the pork and move back, under charge of the two that were recaptured, to the picket reserve. As the command was moving out for the return, some wag in the squadron remarked to the rebel sergeant, "How do you like that for a movement by inversion?"

In the month of March an order came from general head-quarters directing me to take my regiment, with a trusted scout, and proceed to the head of the Blackwater Swamp, when we would find a body of marauders composed of deserters from both armies. These men had been murdering our pickets nightly for what plunder they could get from the dead bodies. My orders were to destroy these scoundrels. The orders were carried out to the very letter.

On my return to camp, after six days and nights of hard marching, a leave of absence for ten days was sent me without application on my part. I took advantage of the furlough and went home. Upon my arrival there, I found awaiting me a personal telegram from General Sheridan, who had rejoined the Army of the Potomac that same morning with the other two divisions of the cavalry corps, having marched overland from the head of the Shenandoah Valley. This dispatch directed me to take the first train and come to the front as rapidly as possible, and upon my arrival at City Point to assume command of all the newly-remounted men there and join my division on the march. Though I had just arrived home I obeyed the order and took the first train for Washington, went directly to the War Department, showed my dispatch, and was at once sent to Annapolis on a special engine. I then took a dispatch-boat in company with Colonel Comstock, of General Grant's staff, arrived at City Point on the morning of the 31st of March, and joined our division at Dinwiddie Court-House in time to take part in the engagement of that day.

The next day came the battle of Five Forks. Here Sheridan threw his whole cavalry corps upon the enemy, with the exception of my brigade. As for my own regiment, we had all the fighting we wanted in keeping the enemy from getting around on Sheridan's left and rear. In this battle whole brigades went into action mounted and dismounted, the mounted men dashing over breastworks as though they were mere piles of dirt, and capturing prisoners by the thousand. While in conversation with General W. H. F. Lee, who was taken prisoner, he told me that he was in the act of sighting a cannon to

sweep along that portion of the works where the Fifth Corps were piling over when he heard a voice saying, "Surrender, you rebel son of a gun!" and looking up there he saw one of our cavalrymen astride a mule, with his revolver between the mule's ears, reaching over in the act of pulling trigger. In a few seconds the earth-work was filled with our mounted cavalry. The much-abused army mule, after all, was of some service besides hauling heavy loads.

On the following day, April 2, our cavalry struck the South Side Railroad and continued in pursuit of Lee's retreating army. Richmond and Petersburg fell on the 3d, and these good tidings seemed to give new life to both men and horses. On we pressed until we reached Jetersville, on the Danville Railroad, on April 4. About one o'clock that night, as we lay to horse, the First Pennsylvania Cavalry was ordered to mount and report to General Sheridan at once. Under Sheridan's fly I found General Crook (who was now in command of Gregg's old division) and General Davies looking over a map. I was shown the position where the enemy were supposed to be, near Amelia Court-House, and was instructed to proceed with my regiment about two or three miles in advance of our brigade, press through all small detachments, and attack the enemy's wagon-train at daylight. We reached some high ground just as the sun was rising, and below at our feet lay the whole rebel army in line of battle, apparently sound asleep. It was a beautiful sight to look upon. Here instructions were given to the men that when the charge was sounded by the bugles they should yell like demons and tell all the rebels they met, particularly the officers, that Sheridan and all his cavalry corps were upon them. This regiment with its three hundred veterans charged through a number of outlying commands, destroying about three hundred wagons, cutting out twelve hundred head of horses and mules, capturing eight hundred prisoners, eleven rebel battle-flags, and a bright, new spick-and-span battery of Armstrong field-guns, which shortly before had been presented by the ladies of Liverpool to the corporation of the city of Richmond. We held our ground and captures until General Davies came to our relief, which he did very promptly.

Let me relate an amusing incident. Between daylight and sunrise I observed a body of rebel cavalry holding Paines' Cross-Roads. In a house by the roadside there resided an Episcopal clergyman. The gentleman came out, stood at his gate, and looked first at us, then at his friends. He had a gold watch in his hand, as though looking at the time of day. I ordered two squadrons to charge the rebels and clear the road, and while they were performing that duty we advanced the balance of the command, halting in front of our religious friend, when the following conversation took place: "Good-morning." "Good-morning, sir." "You are the first live Yankee cavalry commander I have seen since the war commenced." My reply was, "Then

you are not a pupil of General Hooker's." He laughingly said "No," and then he asked, hearing the firing of the small-arms of the charging squadrons, "Are you going to have a battle here? If so, how long will it last?" My reply was, "No, sir; we will move on." I then asked him why he kept his watch in his hand. His reply was, "I thought I would time you to find out how soon you would be driven off the sacred soil of the immortal Washington." I moved away, smiling at the old rector's loyalty to the Father of his Country, when I heard a scuffle behind me. Upon looking around I observed my own orderly seizing the watch and saying, "We will tell you the time when the Johnnies stop running." Then he dashed away before I could stop him to return the stolen watch.

All of our captures from the enemy, except the battle-flags and the watch, were turned over, by order of General Davies, to the Tenth New York Cavalry, and we then proceeded as rapidly as possible to join the main command. The First Pennsylvania Cavalry joined the brigade and resumed the fighting, for the rebels were very sore over the captures and were trying hard to retake their guns, but we succeeded in getting back to Jetersville safely.

About five o'clock that afternoon, April 5, the First Pennsylvania Cavalry were standing to horse, when Sheridan, Crook, and a number of other general officers, both infantry and cavalry, came riding up to examine the captured battle-flags. Among the colors was one presented to General Fitz-Hugh Lee by his lady friends of Richmond, which, by the way, I made a present to General Davies. The enemy, seeing these officers around the colors, sounded the charge and came upon us with a rush. Sheridan ordered me to mount my men and check the enemy until he could send in more regiments to my support. Then ensued a phenomenal display of shooting-stars by daylight, for the generals all scattered to their various commands. We mounted and charged the enemy and commenced a hand-to-hand fight, using pistols, sabres, and clubbed carbines. The heaviest of the fighting was around our colors. The brave old color-sergeant of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, Antoine Wolf, carrying aloft the colors of his regiment in one hand, and with his sabre in the other cutting his way right and left, followed close at my horse's heels. Many a good trooper fell in the track made by us that day. That was my sixth and last charge during the engagement, and I lost a horse killed in every charge. While lying under my horse with my leg shattered by a carbine-ball, Colonel Janeway, at the head of the First New Jersey, passed by at full charge, saying, "Cheer up, Tommy, we are here with you," then instantly exclaimed, "My God!" and fell dead from his saddle but twenty feet from me. Our brigade started that morning with sixteen field officers, and at sundown but one was left, the other fifteen having been either killed or wounded. After I was wounded I turned my command over

to Captain Holbrook, who led it through several charges on the 6th, 7th, and 9th of April. He had the satisfaction of planting the regiment across Lee's front on the Lynchburg pike, with its colors in the middle of the road, there to witness the surrender of the rebel army.

This ended my experience as a cavalryman.

And now I trust that I will be excused when I say that we cavalrymen soon taught the other arms of the service to respect us and stopped that old slurring remark, "Here comes the cavalry back; now there is going to be a fight." Although we were criticised sharply at the beginning of the war, yet at its close we of all the branches of the service proved ourselves the most efficient under the command of that prince among soldiers, "Cavalry Sheridan."

COLONEL HAMPTON S. THOMAS.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

WHEN I was an ensign on board the "Deltchey" we anchored off Honolulu. Here we lay for several months, for what earthly reason inquire of the Ruler of the Navee in Washington. A classmate of mine, who had died a few weeks before and was buried at sea, bequeathed me his Chinese servant, Ke No. Ke No was invaluable. He was a man of about five-and-forty years of age; he had been in the employ of different Americans for years, and spoke the language intelligibly, if not grammatically. He was the most reticent mortal I ever met with. All servants, however well trained, will, if given a ghost of a chance, at times become loquacious and confidential. But not so did Ke No. He never volunteered a remark, seldom asked a question, and his replies were always monosyllabic.

One day as I was preparing to go ashore in the steam-launch, Ke No asked permission to accompany me. I was so amazed at this departure from his usual custom that I instantly gave my consent. When about half-way between the ship and the shore, Ke No touched me on the shoulder, and, pointing downward with his hand, said,—

"Amelican big ship, right here."

I made no response, but when we gained the landing I asked him what he meant. He told me that a large American ship had gone down a few months before on the spot which he had indicated, and that no one but himself knew of the fate of the vessel. All my inquiries respecting the name of the ship, the number of passengers, etc., proved fruitless. He could not or would not divulge further information.

The day following I again approached him on the same subject, but unsuccessfully. Though I really attached very little importance to what Ke No had told me, yet I could not banish it from my mind. During the day and frequently at night I would find myself wondering if a lost ship and a lifeless crew really lay so near and yet so far from me.

At length, without having mentioned the subject, or breathed my intention to any one, I determined upon my course. I obtained permission to be absent from my ship for forty-eight hours; then, taking Ke No with me, I went ashore. There I procured a diver's suit; I also hired a small boat, which was at my service until no longer required.

About midnight, in company with Ke No, I put off from the shore. When we had gone a short distance, I told Ke No that I wished him to again designate the spot where the missing vessel lay. To this he offered no objection. I was pulling away steadily on the oars when Ke No, for the second time, said, "Right here." I proceeded at once to get into my armor, or, more properly, my diving suit. Ke No watched my movements, but said nothing. When ready, I gave him certain directions respecting the air-valve and signal-cord, and then sprang overboard.

How long I was in making this descent I know not. From the moment the water closed above me I seemed to be unconscious; at the same time I was aware of experiencing the same feeling one knows when dreaming of falling from a high precipice. At length I was conscious of my feet coming in contact with something solid. I awoke instantly, as if from a trance, and found myself in the presence of five persons of prepossessing appearance.

They were sitting by a table which was perfectly bare. One, an old gentleman with snowy mustache and whiskers, was sitting upright, with one hand resting on the table. A middle-aged woman wearing gold eye-glasses was sitting near him, with her hands crossed in her lap. A handsome fellow of about twenty-five was half lying on a small ottoman. A young woman of about twenty was sitting at the opposite side, with her elbow resting on the table. Near to her, half facing me, with her hand extended towards me, sat the most superb creature I have ever seen. She was a woman of about twenty-eight years; her hair and eyebrows were of the bluest black and her gray eyes were almost abnormally large. But I will not attempt anything so impossible as a fair description of her. Her face was lighted by a pleasant smile, and her hand, which was so perfect as to early attract me and win my admiration, was held towards me. My landing, as I did right in the midst of this party, is the first thing I distinctly remember after leaving my boat; other than the disagreeable falling sensation which I have before spoken of.

At the time there appeared to be nothing in the least supernatural or remarkable in this meeting with fellow-beings in a subterranean sphere. It seemed so natural, so commonplace, that I took the beautiful hand held out to me with as little hesitancy as I would one of yours now. Almost instantly the arm loosened from its shoulder-socket and swung towards me! This greatly surprised me, but before I had time to thoroughly realize what had happened the arm snapped from the wrist and fell, breaking into little pieces as it hit the hard surface upon which I was standing! It broke as does a large icicle when one attempts to hold it by its small end in a horizontal position. No blood, no exclamation, no sound, followed. Her face still wore the pleasant smile which I had before remarked, indicating absence of pain. Amazed

beyond expression, I stood still, holding in my own the beautiful hand, now entirely separated from the body. In an instant full consciousness must have returned. The weirdness of the situation flashed upon me with overwhelming suddenness! I was at the bottom of the sea, alone with the dead! I had a dead woman's hand closely clasped in mine!

Notwithstanding this knowledge, and despite the recollection of how the arm broke and scattered at my feet, the hand felt warm and life-like. Nevertheless I resolved to drop it. In simply loosening my hand from it, all of the fingers, save the third one, fell as had the arm. Upon this remaining finger I noticed a very peculiar ring. What prompted me to do so I know not; certainly not greed. However, I slipped the ring from the finger. As I did so an indescribable feeling absorbed me. That it was partly fear, partly awe, partly perplexity, I well know; but this was not all; there was a something else, which I have never to this day been able to define.

If worlds had been offered to me I could not have remained a moment longer where I was. I gave the signal to Ke No, and though I was only a trifle over a minute, it seemed hours before I reached the surface.

Not a question did this heathen ask me as I divested myself of my armor and resumed the oars. When we reached the shore, I opened upon him with a battery of questions. An unborn child could not more guilelessly have professed his total ignorance. He absolutely knew nothing! He did not quite remember that he had mentioned any lost ship to me! Completely nonplussed by his audacity, I concluded to let the subject drop for the time. I felt confident, however, that he knew more concerning the missing vessel than any one else.

A few moments after we landed, he asked me if I would need him again before I returned to my ship. I told him I should not; with this he turned away, and from that day unto this I have never seen him, nor have I been able to find him. His disappearance was as mysterious as my midnight adventure.

I returned to my ship in the afternoon with the strangely-acquired ring in my pocket. Often I used to take this odd specimen of antique workmanship in my hand and gaze at its silent testimony that the superb woman, that the beautiful hand, was not the creation of my fancy nor the recollection of a dream.

I concluded I would not mention my adventure to any one. Had I learned the name of the vessel, or had I felt positive that it was a deck, a cabin, or any part of a ship whereon I had stood, I might have done otherwise. But nothing was distinct in my memory save the beautiful woman and her four companions. To be sure, the ring might have been accepted as circumstantial evidence; but I felt that the whole story would be ridiculed; so I remained silent.

One year later I was on duty at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard. The ring

had been put on my finger just before going there, and it had not been removed. I will attempt a description of it. An opaque stone of a bluish color, to which I cannot give a name. It was not a sapphire, nor a turquois, nor was it *lapis lazuli*. Had it been green where it was blue, I should have considered it malachite, but being blue I could not so class it. This stone was quite large, and oval in shape. Exquisitely cut in it was a hand with one finger pointing downward. Beneath, just below the finger, were two little red spots resembling drops of blood. These were not rubies nor garnets; neither were they any familiar stone. They were small, thin pieces of some unknown substance, and they were mosaiced in the blue. Underneath the two red spots was cut one word, "Remember." The stone was in a massive setting of gold and silver, the band being made after the fashion of scale armor, gold and silver alternately. Within, on the band, was engraved these letters, "L. M. H."

I had worn this ring for about three months, when I became aware that it was either contracting or my finger was expanding. It was so tight as to be almost painful. I soaped my finger well, with a view to taking it off, but to no purpose. I then tried various experiments with strings, but in vain; my finger remained captive. Unable to stand it longer, and being in New York, I went into Tiffany's and asked to have it cut from my hand. As I held my finger out to the person who was to perform the operation, a gentleman who was standing by me said, "Pardon me; but may I ask where you got that ring?"

Since putting the ring on my finger I suppose I had answered no less than hundreds of questions respecting it; but never before had the direct question where I obtained it been asked me. Turning to my interrogator, I saw that he was a tall, fashionably-attired, handsome, *distingué*-looking man, of about forty years of age. What to answer him I did not know. While cogitating, he continued, "Doubtless you think me very rude; but it is not from idle curiosity that I ask. I feel positive that the ring was once my own."

Remembering the initials which the ring bore, I asked him if he would allow me to see his card. A moment later I read the name, "Leonard M. Happerton."

Greatly perplexed, and feeling satisfied that the ring must be known to him, I answered, "I found it."

"I see you have reasons for not wishing to tell me," he answered. "Forgive me for detaining you."

His agreeable and polite manner so won me that I determined to tell him the story of the ring. Before I could do so, however, he said, "I will tell you candidly why I asked you. Years ago I had a ring which was a perfect fac-simile of the one on your finger. After I married, my wife, who fancied the ring very much, persuaded me to let her wear it. A year afterwards her conduct was such that I was obliged to

leave her. I did so, and I have never seen her since. About one week after I had left her, she returned my ring to me. It was folded in a small piece of paper, upon which she had written these words from an old song:

> 'Perhaps I shall meet you and know you again
> When the sea gives up its dead.'

"I turned the paper over, and upon the other side I wrote, 'Until the sea does give up its dead I do not wish to see you nor the ring again.' I then folded the ring in it and returned it to her. This occurred about six years ago."

"Would you mind describing your wife's appearance to me?" I asked, greatly agitated.

"She was the handsomest woman I have ever seen," he answered. "Her hair and eyebrows were the color of a raven's wing, and her large gray eyes had but one fault, they were just a little too large. Her hand was the most exquisite——"

"Enough," I answered. "I feel satisfied that the ring is yours. I will now tell you how it came in my possession." Then, without omitting the slightest detail, I told him the story which I have just related.

He listened in silence. When I concluded, not a question did he ask me, nor did he appear to be in the least astonished. I handed him the ring, saying, "You, without doubt, recognize it?"

"Only too well," he answered. "How very funny,—a ring lost at the bottom of the Pacific is found by its owner in New York! The sea has literally given up its dead."

Of what offense the beautiful woman was held guilty, I know not. But that it must have been something which he regarded as an unpardonable crime was evident; for not one sigh escaped him, nor did the knowledge of her death and her strange, life-like appearance at the bottom of the sea wring from him one word of regret, one symptom of sympathy. His utter callousness made me almost despise him. I turned and left the store.

Often and often in fancy have I seen that perfect hand reached out to me, and the knowledge that it is brittle and feelingless does not, at such times, prevent the invariable recurrence of Tennyson's line,—

> "But O for the touch of a vanished hand!"

EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

SOME PASSAGES IN A CHECKERED CAREER.

In the spring of 1888 the frigate "Pensacola" sailed from New York, bearing the remains of General José Antonio Paez, destined to lie in a grand mausoleum at Caracas. The coffin was escorted to the vessel by a great military and civic procession, headed by Generals Sherman and Sheridan.

It is just thirty years since a similar procession escorted Paez (then in the flesh, and just recalled from banishment, after one of the frequent revolutions of the time), who was to be landed in a port of Venezuela to be selected by himself, by a government vessel upon which the writer happened to be serving.

There were two vessels, in point of fact, detailed for this purpose, as the numerous staff and hangers-on who accompanied the general could not be readily accommodated in one. The vessels themselves had, but a short time before, been chartered, and hastily fitted and armed as part of the expedition to Paraguay, which was sent out to bring to terms the dictator of that strange country in the far interior of the South American continent, the condition of which, during the long life of the tyrant Francia, had been one of the enigmas of the early part of the century. Francia himself is perhaps best known to modern readers as the mysterious and terrible ruler to whom Thomas Carlyle paid a grim and sardonic tribute (as far from truth as possible), partly on account of innate wrong-headedness of the author, and partly from insufficient knowledge of the subject upon which he was writing. But to return to General Paez.

The administration of the day had ordered these two vessels to diverge from their course towards the River of Plate in order to land Paez and his party, and thus to signify their approval of his recall to power, and to give him all the prestige and moral support which would result from his coming back as an honored guest, under the flag of the United States.

The two vessels, having been hastily fitted, were not sumptuous in their appointments, but there was room enough, and the general and his two sons, and the immediate staff, were old campaigners, accustomed to rough it. While they cheerfully accepted the rather crowded quarters, some of the hangers-on and servants did growl a little at what their

masters accepted cheerfully. Yet the government had done the thing as handsomely as it could, under the pressure of circumstances: supplying, in profusion, bedding, provisions, wine, cigars, and other delicacies and luxuries of the best description.

It must be said, however, that the Venezuelans had not much enjoyment of the "veevors," for no sooner had we passed Sandy Hook than deadly sea-sickness assailed the whole party, and continued without intermission during a very rough passage to the port of St. Thomas. The only exception was the eldest son of the general, Don Ramon Paez, who, in addition to being a soldier, was also an artist, a scholar, and a great voyager.

Paez himself, then a man of sixty-eight, was brought on board in a litter, having received just before embarking a severe injury of the ankle, from his horse falling upon him during a procession in his honor through the streets of New York; but he bore his painful injury like the soldier that he was, only remarking that it was strange that a man who, in his time, had been called the first horseman of a nation of horsemen, should receive such an injury. He was lame from this cause for a considerable time, and it is probable that this physical incapacity had something to do with the collapse of the pronunciamento, in accordance with which he was returning to his native soil; for, after we had landed him at Cumaná (the most ancient of the cities of the Spanish Main), he had to take to his bed. The province did not rise upon his coming with that unanimity his partisans had expected, and he was not able to be in the saddle to stir up the people; so he was obliged, after a time, to go to Margarita, once a stronghold of his adherents. Here, too, he found only lukewarm support, so that, when the vessels of the Paraguay expedition returned to New York, after an absence of six months, they found that Paez had preceded them;—again in exile.

The ways of the Spanish South Americans are inscrutable to others, sometimes to themselves. Things are better now, fortunately; but at that time he who attempted a political career, unless a heartless tyrant, had a short tenure. Bolivar, after labor, exposure, and sacrifices innumerable, near the end of his life said, in all bitterness, "America is ungovernable; those who have served her revolution have plowed in the sea."

In Paez's case, the republic, which he served well, on the whole, was alternately grateful and ungrateful. At one time chasing him from her shores, and at another proclaiming him "Illustrious Citizen," "Dictator," "President," "Generalissimo," and voting him a gold sword, as savior of his country.

Most biographical sketches of Paez state that he was descended from Christianized Indians, and it is quite probable that some strain of Indian blood was in his veins, but he certainly did not markedly show it in his appearance. Many of the most conspicuous of the leaders

among the Patriots in the long wars which devastated Spanish-America no doubt owed the dash of ferocity which, at times, characterized their fighting to their Indian blood.

His elder son, Ramon, might have been taken, from his appearance, for an Englishman, a German, or an "Americano del Norte;" while the second son, like his father, of great strength and stature, was dark and Indian-like.

Different localities have been assigned as the birthplace of Paez; but his son, Don Ramon (who was educated in England, and who, besides being a soldier *ex necessitate rei*, is a scholar, a writer, and an artist of no mean capacity), states, in one of his books, that his father was born at Arauré, a considerable town not far from the river Apuré, but situated upon another affluent of the Great Orinoco, in 1790. The sands upon the river-shores are not of gold, as was hoped for and partly believed by Sir Walter Raleigh and other doughty worthies of the time of Queen Bess, but it is a rich and fertile land, raising cotton, coffee, and most tropical fruits, and especially pasturing great herds of cattle and "tropas" of wild horses,—the real riches of the country.

The llanéro of those parts lives on horseback, is skilled in the use of the lasso and the lance, and has his brother in the guacho of the great plains of the River of Plate,—a much more distinct type than our *cowboy*. The cowboy has really only existed for about thirty years, while the ranchero of Northern Mexico, the llanéro of the Orinocan plains, and the guacho of the pampas have followed their herds for at least two centuries.

At the age of seventeen Paez became a llanéro, in consequence of a romantic, but at that time not unusual, adventure. His uncle, who was the padré, or priest, of Arauré, intrusted the well-grown lad with a large sum of money to deliver to the curate of a distant parish, providing a mule for the journey, and for arms a rusty old pistol and a sword. Setting out upon the perilous route,—for such it was, in such a country, in the year 1807,—the future dictator felt highly elated by the trust imposed in him, and did not fail to speak freely of his commission in the first posada at which he halted to get a meal and bait his beast. The consequence was that he had hardly proceeded a mile from his resting-place when he was halted by three men, who demanded "la bolsa ó la vida." Nothing daunted, the stalwart youngster promptly descended from his mule, lugged out his rusty fire-arm, and stood by the charge in his saddle-bags. As the robbers pressed upon him, he fired at the nearest one, killing him on the spot, while a fragment of the barrel, which had burst in the firing, struck the second one in the face. Throwing down the pistol, he drew his sword, and charged upon the third robber, when he and the wounded man took to flight, leaving the dead body of their comrade upon the field.

Notwithstanding the evident propriety of his defense, the inexperi-

enced young fellow was dismayed at his achievement, and, in fancy, saw himself accused and sentenced, without witnesses to prove his innocence. The consequence was that, after delivering his charge, he resolved to escape the sentence which he, in his ignorance, regarded as inevitable, should he return to town, by going into the plains of the interior and becoming a llanéro. He happened upon the rancho of La Calzada, in the province of Varinas, and there hired out to the major-domo, a cruel negro, who was suspicious and jealous of him because he fancied that the white lad had been sent by the owner of the rancho to spy upon his actions. Consequently he spared no opportunity to test the endurance, strength, and courage of the future champion of the llanos, especially compelling him to break the most vicious horses, which sometimes carried him off into the boundless plains for hours at a time. Sometimes he was put at the most dangerous posts during the annual "rodéo," or rounding-up, branding, and account of stock. General Paez used to relate that, not satisfied with this show of authority, the black major-domo once ordered him, when he had come in from a long day of hard work with the cattle, to bring a pail of water and wash his dusty feet. He was a péon, and had to do it, but it was not so very long after that this same lad who had been made to wash the black major-domo's feet held a high post in the Patriot army, and the overseer, who had abandoned his post to join the Royalists, was brought before the young Paez as a prisoner. Short work was generally made of prisoners in that struggle, but the overseer's life was spared; and the only revenge the young man took was to keep the black near him, and sometimes, imitating the voice of his former tyrant, to cry out, "Niño José Antonio, bring a bowl of water to wash my feet!" to which his former oppressor would humbly answer, "Si! Niño!"

This early life upon the plains, breaking wild horses and breeding wild bulls, had developed a man of great strength and endurance, as a cavalier remarkable among a nation of horsemen, and with enormous influence over the llanéros, and half-breeds and negroes, owing to his excellence in the only accomplishments which they appreciated. Consequently, when the rebellion against the Spanish rule broke out in 1810, young Paez, who had entered the ranks in the militia of Varinas, rose to be an officer in a very few weeks. But, as a born leader of men, he felt himself out of place where he was, and a few months after, at the age of twenty, he was at the head of an independent command,—a fine squadron of horsemen,—which corps, composed of the very pick of the plains, armed with lance, lasso, blunderbuss, and heavy knife, soon became the terror of the Spaniards. Paez himself not only excelled in strength and skill in horsemanship and management of the natural weapon, the lance, but he had such intimate knowledge of the people, and of the country in which he operated, that the Spaniards wished particularly to secure him.

It was a merciless war, where no quarter was given or expected, and, by one of its changes and chances, the young leader one day fell into the hands of Puy, a Royalist noted for his cruelty, and was taken to Varinas, and ordered for execution on the following morning. During the long and bloody struggle such military executions were not accompanied with waste of powder or lead, but the victim was led out to perish by the lance, or even, sometimes, hacked to death with the sword.

When the turn of Paez and others came, on the day following his capture, he asked a fellow-prisoner to lend him his hat, as Paez had lost his at the time of the capture. But the Spanish officer in charge of the execution said he wanted the man *without* the sombrero, and, in spite of protestations, the poor fellow was led out in the place of the partisan leader. Before the rest could be executed there was a sudden alarm that the Patriots were approaching in force,—the Royalists hurriedly evacuated the place, and Paez and the remaining prisoners rose upon the small guard, which had been left at the prison, overcame it, and escaped. As it was a false alarm, the simple llanéros ascribed Paez's escape from death to the result of magic; and it much increased his influence among them.

When once at the head of his dashing horsemen again, his rapid military movements soon gave him control of a large section of the plains, rich in cattle and horses, and a great military loss to the Spanish forces, for the llanos formed a permanent recruiting-ground, with a population sparse indeed, but every man and boy of whom had passed their lives in a real camp of instruction, and were ready-made soldiers, accustomed to the use of arms in defending their flocks from wild animals and marauders. These men thus became the main bulwark of the national independence which was eventually to come. At the head of them Paez carried on the war for six years, during which, beside minor engagements, he gained two signal victories, that of Mata de la Miel and that of Mantecal, when he defeated the Royalist general, Don Rafael Lopez, in a most signal fashion. But, in spite of desperate fighting and occasional successes, the power of Spain, which was more easily exerted in that country than in Chili and Peru, made itself felt in earnest, so that, in the campaign of 1816, the Patriot forces were driven into the far interior, and Venezuela, New Granada, and the great plains of Casanare again fell into the hands of the Royalists, in spite of the assistance which the Patriots derived from a "Foreign Legion," mostly English and Irish soldiers of fortune, who had been set free from European service by the great peace of 1815.

At this time the camps of Paez, in the back country, became the rallying-place for Patriots and their families, of whom the leading men assembled in solemn conclave, at Arichuna, and established a temporary system of government, under which Paez was appointed to the supreme

command of the forces, with the rank of brigadier-general. Clothed with this authority, the young leader of twenty-six managed to raise another force to endeavor to make head against his old opponent, Lopez, and, in spite of the hardships and privations which his adherents had to undergo, held them together. The soldiers were obliged often to use hides for clothing; none of them had shoes, and few had hats, other than those which they made themselves, from palm-leaves.

Their constant food was beef, without salt or bread,—but to this they were accustomed,—and there was this advantage (when the rainy season caused the water-courses to rise in flood, covering the plains for hundreds of square leagues), that transportation for their rations was simplified.

Deprived of most of their horses by their late reverses, and the llanéros being almost helpless when set on foot, these animals were of the first necessity; and to obtain them the higher plains of the interior were scoured and wild horses caught, while as many as five or six hundred were subjected to the process of being broken at one time, —a Homeric contest which would have been worth a painter's while to see.

The officers, who still possessed a few well-trained horses, surrounded the herd during the operation, ready to lasso the animals which escaped, not so much for their own intrinsic value as for that of the home-made wooden saddles with their surcingles and thongs of raw-hide.

Two hundred miles from this rendezvous of the Patriots was the town of Varinas, where Paez had so narrowly escaped from death at the beginning of the war. Of this place the Royalists had made a military depot, and had accumulated a large amount of stores for the next campaign. Paez knew the locality well, and, about the middle of the rainy season, which is supposed to put a stop to operations on account of the inundation of the great savannas, he determined to obtain some of those supplies, which would be like life-blood to his suffering followers.

To be successful the movement must be accomplished quickly and very secretly. The inundated plains were like an inland sea, generally up to the girths of riders, and with frequent streams to be crossed by swimming. A thousand hardy men were chosen, who drove before them two thousand unsaddled horses,—all white or light-colored, because the llanéros believed that horses of that color were the best swimmers.

At the head of this cavalcade Paez set out, fording lagoons, swimming the Apuré, splashing through watery plains,—fairly living on horseback, and carrying with him food for the men and forage for the beasts.

These skin-clad horsemen, pricking on before them with their

lances the great troop of two thousand burden-horses, must have been a wonderful sight. No Cossack raid was ever more picturesque. At many important passes of the larger streams the Royalists had gunboats stationed, which were to be avoided; but once or twice the force of wild horsemen came in contact with them, and at one point, when the boats were in a shallow lagoon, the Patriots actually rode into and captured some of them, and with them a number of green hides, which, as we shall see, were put to good use by the enterprising Patriots.

As the leader cautiously approached the goal for which he had labored, each horseman had a spare horse or two tied to the tail of the animal which he rode, and thus the cavalcade, when they were in sight of Varinas, presented great length, and, presumably, great numbers. The Royalists had supposed that the inundations would prevent any operations on the part of the Patriots, and their consternation upon seeing such an apparently large force dropping upon them as if from the clouds was tremendous. Without stopping to estimate the real number of their invaders, the Spaniards hastily collected their personal belongings, loaded sumpter mules, and tried to escape. But they were too late; for Paez and his llanéros were upon them and captured many of the laggards,—to their great loss. Thirty thousand dollars in gold,—the sinews of war,—great quantities of clothing, arms and ammunition, tools, and utensils in which the Patriots were particularly lacking, were captured. Without waiting for the Spaniards to recover from their panic, the booty was placed upon the sumpter-horses; and, at the rivers and deeper arroyos which they encountered during the retreat, floats were made of the hides captured at Suripa, by running a lacing through holes cut in their edges, and thus towed across. Nearly the whole booty was thus safely carried back, and Paez, being thus enabled to fit out his force, soon took the field, followed by the families of the refugees, in true nomadic style. These latter he left, upon the retiring of the waters, in a safe and healthy retreat under the protection of a proper guard, and then at once marched to attack his old enemy, Lopez, to such purpose that, in the campaign which followed, the Spanish general was not only defeated but lost his life.

Having thus recovered control of the province of Apuré, together with a part of Venezuela and of New Granada, Paez began to levy the army which was to strike the heaviest blows in rescuing the country from Spanish rule. The general peace in Europe which had followed Waterloo, and which had sent military adventurers to the "Foreign Legion" of the Patriots, had also enabled Spain to make attempt, in force, to subdue her rebel colonies on both coasts of South America. This grander scale of operations involved the sending out of very well-proved generals to succeed those who had been only partially successful. It was really the last "grand Armada" sent from Spain. To subdue the rebels of the country upon the Caribbean Sea, Lieu-

tenant-General Don Pablo Morillo came in chief command; setting sail from Cadiz with a fleet of sixty-five transports, and many provision and ordnance ships, convoyed by the line-of-battle ship "San Pedro de Alcantara."

As the Patriots had no men-of-war, this "convoy" was quite sufficient, but the line-of-battle ship came to an untimely end, as did the attempt to re-establish the supremacy of the Spanish crown. She was burned, near the island of Margarita, with most of the treasure on board, intended for the payment of the troops and the carrying on of the campaign. Some of the treasure has been recovered by an American wrecking company within the last decade, and was worked at for years before, with what result the seekers know best.

Among the "crack" regiments of Spanish veterans, many of whom had served in the Peninsular wars and were now transferred to American soil, were those of "Leon," "Vittoria," "Estremadura," "Barbastro," "Valencia," "Caçadores de Castilla," another regiment of Caçadores, the "Dragoons of the Union," the "Hussars of Frederick VII.," a large park of artillery, with sappers, miners, and siege material. In addition to these were some battalions of marines,—always good troops,—bringing the reinforcement up to the number of fifteen thousand picked men. There was already in the country a Royalist force of five thousand, and Morillo, who commanded them, was considered a very able general.

Fresh from scenes of European warfare, Morillo despised the semi-savage horsemen of the plains; and it was, indeed, some time after he took the field, in 1817, that he came in contact with them; and he and his lieutenants, La Torre and Calzada,—who had had a series of small successes against scattered parties of the Patriot forces,—then effected a junction on the plains of the Apuré, and together marched to Mantecal to attack Paez. To the infinite surprise of the Royalist general the Patriot leader took the initiative, and though inferior in numbers, by his very unusual tactics nearly destroyed the Spanish army.

La Torre's column suffered most, owing to the pride and inexperience of that general. Paez formed a portion of his force into two columns and ordered them to attack the enemy on each flank, and then to retreat suddenly as if repulsed. This drew out La Torre's dragoons in hot pursuit, and while thus somewhat disorganized Paez enveloped them with two other columns which he held in readiness, and in a twinkling the Spanish horse was cut to pieces. The only portion which escaped was the hussar regiment, which had advanced less precipitately and in better form than the others. In the course of the battle Paez, using prairie tactics, set the dried grass of the plains on fire, and between this danger and the merciless charges of the wild horsemen, the surviving Spaniards were forced to beat a precipitate and disastrous retreat.

General Morillo had learned a lesson, the effect of which may be seen in his official report, "that fourteen consecutive charges upon my wearied battalions convinced me that these people were not a small and cowardly horde, as had been reported to me."

We read in the history of the Napoleonic wars of vessels being attacked by cavalry in the Low Countries,—and there are somewhat similar instances during the campaigns of the Duke of Alva,—but these vessels were frozen in. It remained for the enterprising Paez to capture gunboats in the lagoons formed by the overflow of the rivers, by riding in upon them with his wild horsemen, lassoing the Spanish soldiers, who were thus dragged into the water, and there drowned or lanced to death.

It was in the same year as the battle of Mantecal, alluded to above, that the great "Liberador," Bolivar, made his way from the west to the provinces where Paez had been operating, and fixed his head-quarters at Angostura,—more connected, in the minds of most people, with a superior sort of "bitters" than as the seat of a congress which had much to do with South American independence. Paez, recognizing his superior claims to authority in the general cause, placed himself in communication with him; and from that time the Patriots' operations were much extended, while conducted in less desultory fashion. In spite of fresh troops from across the ocean, and the obstinate resistance of the Royalist generals, by the year 1819 the provinces of Venezuela and New Granada were formed into one republic, of some five hundred thousand square miles in extent, and the united countries were called Colombia. But hostilities were so persistently carried on that there could be no fixed seat of government. Adventurers and soldiers of fortune flocked in to join the Patriot forces, not only from Europe, but from the United States; and at last, in 1821, Bolivar and Paez, making a gigantic effort to finish the prolonged war at a single blow, signally defeated La Torre in the celebrated battle of Carabobo, leaving the Spanish general with only the broken fragments of an army, with which he fled to the sea, and took refuge at Puerto Cabello. There, shut up within his fortifications, he struggled on for two years more, and then surrendered to General Paez, after the latter had captured his outer works by assault. The battle of Carabobo was, however, the crowning victory of the revolution, so far as the states upon the "Spanish Main" and the interior, down to the Orinoco, were concerned.

After the final yielding of the contest by Spain came the more formal organization of the State of Colombia, into the senate of which Paez entered as the representative of Venezuela, while, at the same time, he retained the general command of the troops of the new nation. A dozen years of continual warfare had formed the judgment and ripened the character of the young llanéro general (who was then but thirty-three), but the diplomatic and clerical duties forced upon him

during his eventful career had showed him forcibly the deficiency of his early education. It is characteristic of the man that, in the height of his triumph,—a general officer and a senator,—he should have set himself to work to acquire the education which he felt he so much needed.

When the writer knew him he was an old man of sixty-eight, but still robust, and he gave every evidence of being not only a man of education and refinement, but a man of the world. No solecism in speech or in manner was to be detected in him; and the American officers who were temporarily brought in contact with him wondered at his intimate knowledge of their own politics, and the "North American" mode of thought, so distinctly opposed, in many respects, to that of the "Spanish-Americans."

But to return to the State of Colombia. The unhappy country was not destined to be long at peace. Once free from Spanish domination, internal dissensions began. Disaffection to the confederacy prevailed in Venezuela for several years, and the climax was reached when an order from the executive power required a general enrollment, for military service, of all citizens between fifteen and fifty years of age; in other words, the establishment of a standing army, and a standing menace to the liberty for which the people had so long struggled.

Paez was essentially a military man, and, no doubt, had aspirations of his own, so that he made himself so conspicuous in support of the obnoxious measure that, after a largely-signed remonstrance to the National House of Representatives, in 1826, measures were taken to impeach him at the bar of the senate. Great public tumult ensued, and, as a protest against Paez's suspension, the province of Valencia rose, and the general took command of the malcontents. The soldiery were wholly with Paez, and the whole of Venezuela was soon in revolt, while other portions of the new nation sympathized with those in open "pronunciamento."

While matters were in this state Bolivar returned from Peru, and his presence and influence not only restored order, but caused a general amnesty to be proclaimed. Paez was recognized as military commander of Venezuela, and a general convention was called to settle the points in question.

But Paez was not a Washington, and could not resign himself to any second place in the state which he had done so much to build up; and, in 1829, Venezuela declared herself independent of Colombia, after a year of great intrigue and disorder, fostered by a powerful society established at Caracas by Paez himself. He was immediately proclaimed president of the new state, which, with all its varying subsequent fortunes, has never undergone further disintegration. In regard to the act of separation, a contemporary article says, "The events in Venezuela subject him (Paez) to the suspicion of having been secretly at

the bottom of the troubles there, and of having privately fomented the disaffection which prevailed for his own ambitious purposes. Time only will show his true character."

His enemies and detractors must therefore have been somewhat taken by surprise when, after four years of office, he retired and devoted himself to the care of his estate. But Vargas, who succeeded him as president, was soon in hot water, and speedily driven from office by a pronunciamento, or revolt, which Paez's enemies did not fail to attribute to his machinations. He gave the best reply possible to their aspersions by emerging from his retirement, taking the command, and, by prompt and thorough action, restoring Vargas and constitutional government; while, for several years after, he refrained from taking any leading part in politics openly, however much he may have handled the leading-strings.

In 1839, however, ten years after the establishment of Venezuela as an independent state, he was again called to the executive chair, which he occupied until 1842. Four years more passed, and then the everlasting intrigues between the different parties, fostered especially by the jealousy of the large number of citizens of Indian and negro blood, culminated in another civil war, and Paez, again called upon to come to the front, was declared dictator, with extraordinary powers. His measures, of the ruthless and summary sort usual among the Spanish-Americans on such occasions, soon terminated the struggle, and, during the next year, he resigned, and had Monagas elected president, while Paez was voted a gold sword and the title of "Illustrious Citizen."

Whether Monagas was jealous and ungrateful, or whether he was truly alarmed at the hold which Paez had upon the people of the interior, is uncertain; but, at any rate, he soon accused the ex-dictator of designs upon the liberties of the people, and forced him into exile. From his refuge, in the Dutch island of Curaçoa, Paez sounded his friends upon the mainland, and then, relying upon his popularity with the masses, suddenly descended upon Coro, in the western part of the country, where he landed in July, 1849. And now, for the first time, he found his popularity upon the wane. To his disgust, the people were lukewarm, and slow to rise in arms to his support, and he was very soon obliged to surrender, with his two sons, and some other devoted followers, to General Sylva. Taken to the capital, Caracas, and confined in the prison there, his personal friends at once began to work for his release. But a few years before the population would have risen and delivered him summarily; but times had changed, and it was only after a confinement of nearly a year that energetic remonstrance and interference of a few influential persons caused his restoration to liberty, on the condition of leaving the country. He sailed at once for the United States, landing at New York, where he remained

until 1858. In the mean time, Monagas, in spite of the constitution, and of his virtuous indignation at the suspected designs of Paez upon the liberties of the people, had held office uninterruptedly. But, in the year just mentioned, his rule became so unbearable that another revolution took place, Monagas was deposed from his "supreme power," and a provisional government was established, under Juliano Castro, who at once recalled the old llanéro general who was so identified with the state.

Paez knew the condition of the country, and the temper of the people, only too well, and being now so advanced in life he hesitated long about accepting the invitation to return and renew the anxieties and struggles of his youth and middle age. He probably waited too long. He would not have done so thirty years before; but it was not until the very end of 1858 that he accepted the passage proffered him by the United States government, and referred to in the beginning of this article. Those friends and old admirers who had recalled him had counted upon his coming back at once, with all his former vigor and initiative; instead of which an old and lame man tardily appeared. We landed him at Cumaná, and the result of the abortive attempt has already been stated. Paez was undoubtedly right to retire, instead of entering, at his age, upon what would have probably been a prolonged civil war, with doubtful results. Tovar, who had become president, was unable to restore permanent order, and the eyes of the fickle people turned once more towards Paez, who had been appointed, while in the United States, the ambassador from Venezuela at Washington. Implored to return to his distracted country, the month of March, 1861,—so eventful in our own history that little heed was taken of the event,—saw Paez, then seventy-one years of age, once more upon the soil of his native country. Tovar at once appointed him general-in-chief, but had hardly done so when mutual misunderstandings arose, and both resigned.

Gual, who then came into power, restored Paez to military command, but the old soldier, unused to any second position in the state, was soon at loggerheads with the president, and again resigned, which caused another pronunciamento, during which the garrison of Caracas made Gual a prisoner, while Paez—disregarding the constitution as thoroughly as Monagas had ever done—seized the supreme power and had himself proclaimed president. But he had not the whole of the people at his back in this proceeding; and was, in fact, in a most delicate position. At first he attempted to conciliate his opponents and to appeal to the people at large, on the ground of his early services to the country. But a generation had arisen which "knew not Joseph," and the old soldier, finding his conciliatory policy a failure, entered upon a life-and-death contest with his political opponents. Falcon was the principal general opposed to him,—a foeman worthy of his steel,—and his operations were so vigorously and skillfully conducted that the old

dictator was soon obliged to ask for an armistice, which resulted in the agreement to submit the election of a new president to a congress, to be called. Paez at once left the country, for the last time, and resided for the most part in New York, until his death, in 1873. With the exception of Bolivar, who has been called the "Washington of South America," and who had the advantages of wealth, position, and a liberal education, improved by early travel, no leader of the South American Patriots who threw off the Spanish yoke filled a larger place than José Antonio Paez: and it is right that his fellow-countrymen, condoning his faults on account of his great virtues and services, should accord him an honored tomb in their capital city.

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PNEUMATIC GUN AND DYNAMITE CRUISER.

At intervals the pneumatic or dynamite gun has attracted attention, and we have had short accounts of it, at times, in the various periodicals. These accounts have been meagre, and usually described some special experiments. In the following I have brought together the points given in these separate paragraphs, and have added a few observations. The success of the preliminary experiments with the pneumatic gun induced Congress to give it a trial afloat, and we have, in consequence, the dynamite cruiser or gunboat, which will soon be completed and ready for service. For a long time the naval officer and ordnance officer have seen the advantage, and studied the problem, of accurately projecting a large quantity of high explosive to a distance. The development of the high explosives, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, or explosive gelatine, has only been going on since 1850, and their present worth is due more to the civil and mining engineer than to the artillerist. Inventors have met with a satisfactory amount of success in projecting a large quantity of explosive by means of auto-mobile torpedoes, but this method is very expensive, whether successful or not.

Many military men have devoted their energies to trying to find a solution of the problem by, in some manner, throwing a heavy charge in a shell from powder guns. An unfortunate property of all high explosives is that they are extremely sensitive, and it takes very little to put them in their most violent mood. A slight concussion or sudden jar is sufficient to cause an explosion and develop the great energy of the high explosive. Powder burns very quickly, develops a large amount of gas in a very short time, and hence produces a very sudden and heavy pressure on the shell. This sudden and heavy pressure is very liable to detonate the high explosive in the shell unless some great precautions are taken and contrivances used to lessen the shock. Very extensive experiments have been made in this direction, and at present they seem to meet with some success. As a fulminate primer or fuse must be used in detonating a charge of high explosive to obtain the greatest effect, and as the fulminate is even more sensitive than the explosive, no fuse can be used in the shell when fired from a powder gun. We must then depend on the shock of impact to explode the charge. We must also make the shell-walls very thick to resist being crushed by

the force of the projecting charge, and hence we have left a very small space or chamber in which to carry the high explosive. The heat developed in the powder gun is another source of danger, as it renders the explosive even more sensitive to shock.

To meet with success in our problem and to insure safety we must be able, first, to so control the projecting charge or pressure that the shell with its load of dynamite and the far more sensitive primer or fuse, shall be started without shock or jar; second, to keep the temperature of the gun and projectile from rising, materially; third, to exert the pressure or force of the projecting charge through a sufficient space to produce a proper amount of momentum. The air-gun offered the best chance of giving the above qualities, and from this idea the pneumatic gun came into existence. The gun is on the principle of the putty-blower, which every able-bodied boy has experimented with to the discomfort of his comrades. It bid fair to be a success from the first, for we had in it a projecting or propelling agent whose pressure we could regulate to a nicety.

This method of projecting dynamite having been brought to the notice of the War Department, it considered the plan of enough promise to warrant the detailing of an officer to make some experiments with the proposed apparatus. Lieutenant E. L. Zalinski, of the Fifth Artillery, since promoted to captain, an officer who had already distinguished himself in ordnance work, was selected. Various experiments were performed at Fort Lafayette, New York harbor. Mr. D. M. Mefford, of Ohio, is generally looked upon as the inventor of the pneumatic dynamite gun. The first experiments were with a 1-inch gun, and with it a range of one-half a mile was obtained. The next gun tried was of 2-inch bore and twenty-eight feet in length, designed and constructed by Mr. Mefford in 1883. It was a hard-drawn, seamless brass tube, and was mounted on a tripod at the middle of its length. A wrought-iron cylinder of about twelve cubic feet capacity was the reservoir, and it was connected to the breech of the gun by a piece of flexible rubber tubing. The valve used for admitting the air to the gun was an ordinary stop-valve, and, as the pressure was about five hundred pounds per square inch, considerable skill was needed by the gunner to so handle the valve as to give the requisite quantity of air. The projectile for this gun consisted of a brass tube with an ogival head, and had a tail-piece of wood, the whole being about four feet long. Considering the crude condition of the apparatus, considerable accuracy was obtained at two thousand yards, and a range of one and a half miles was reached. Experiments with this gun, which commenced about the beginning of 1884, showed the necessity of having the gun as long as could be conveniently handled, the capacity of the firing-reservoir to be large in comparison with the volume of the bore, and the valve to be automatic and capable of nice adjustment as to

quantity of air admitted to the gun. A 4-inch gun, forty feet in length, designed by Mr. Geo. F. Reynolds, was constructed at the Delamater Iron-Works, New York. It was a brass tube one-quarter of an inch thick. Attached to this gun were two connected reservoirs for compressed air. They were cylinders about seven feet long and two feet in diameter, and each held about thirty cubic feet of air. On the reservoirs was an indicator or pressure-gauge. The pressure used was twenty-eight thousand eight hundred pounds to the square foot, or two hundred pounds per square inch. Fourteen shots were supposed to be fired with this supply of air before replenishing. The projectiles were from four to six feet in length, 3.75 inches in diameter, and to carry twenty-five to one hundred pounds of dynamite. They were of the same general form and material as those for the 2-inch gun. A carriage made of angle iron was used on which to mount the gun. It was about seven feet in height and weighed about fifteen hundred pounds. On one occasion five shots were fired from this gun at a range of two thousand two hundred and fourteen feet, and all hit within a very few feet of the target. Many valuable experiments were performed with this gun. A much better record was made with it than with the 2-inch gun, and it was demonstrated that a pressure of fifteen hundred pounds could be safely used in projecting dynamite. The improved valve, although it could be turned on and off in the seventeenth part of a second, was not all that could be desired, yet it was capable of giving greater uniformity, in the amount of air admitted to the gun, than heretofore.

It was while experimenting with this gun that each part received earnest thought and attention, and in consequence many improvements were made and introduced. Lieutenant Zalinski experimented quite extensively on the explosion of dynamite and the best method of producing the explosion as applied to the projectile of the gun, and the result was his invention of the electric fuse or primer.

In firing any explosive, the entire charge is not burned instantaneously, but progressively from the point of ignition or detonation. This was actually demonstrated by experiment in the case of dynamite. At whatever point the initial explosion takes place, there is formed around that point a cushion of gas before the remainder of the charge is exploded. Of course, our unit of time is extremely small in the present subject. Lieutenant Zalinski, in experimenting with dynamite, tried the effect of a cartridge hung against an iron plate when detonated, first, at the end next to the plate; second, in the centre; and, third, at the end farthest from the plate. As a result of the experiments, he came to the conclusion that, when fired at the end nearest the plate, the gas there generated acted as a cushion and lessened the effect, on the plate, of the explosion of the remainder of the charge. When detonated at the middle, a greater effect was produced; and when detonated

at the outer end, instead of forming a cushion to protect the plate, it forms a cushion to keep the remainder of the explosive up to its work, or it acts as a tamping, thereby rendering the total effect of the explosion most efficient. He also experimented by firing, from the 4-inch gun, shell arranged to be detonated at different points, each shell to be fired under the same conditions, as nearly as possible, of pressure, weight, and distance from target. In one case the charge was detonated at the forward end by a fuse placed in front of the charge; in another, at the rear end, by one of Lieutenant Zalinski's fuses (electric) arranged to close the circuit when the body of the shell was one-eighth of an inch from the target; in the third, exploded by impact, no fuse being used. A fourth shell, loaded with sand, was fired. The weight of explosive was only six pounds, each time, on account of the proximity of buildings, the balance of weight being made up by the use of sand. Each shell weighed a little over thirty pounds. The sand-charged shell did considerable damage to the target, which was composed of plates five-eighths of an inch in thickness, backed by a stone wall. The sand-loaded shell penetrated 2.5 inches. The shell exploded at the forward end did less injury, and the shell exploded at the after end did the greatest injury. It broke through the 4.5 inches of iron and shattered the stone backing. As a result of the above experiments, it was determined to explode the charge in the projectile by detonating at the rear end. Another point brought out was the shattering effect of the explosion upon other parts of the target. A charge of three pounds was exploded against a forged bar of iron five by eight inches in cross-section. At the point of impact the bar was merely bent, but six or seven feet from point of impact, on either side, pieces two feet long were broken off of the ends. The bar was also cracked in other places.

The explosion of shell charged with powder and fired from powder guns is effected by time-, percussion-, or concussion-fuses. In case of battering-shell no fuse is used, the heat of impact exploding the charge. A time-fuse is usually composed of a column of slow-burning powder, which is ignited by the flame from the projecting charge passing around the projectile to it. It burns for a specified time before the bursting-charge is reached. A percussion-fuse contains a plunger, which fires a cap, when the projectile is suddenly retarded in its flight, and thus explodes the shell. A concussion-fuse is a time-fuse which is ignited by a plunger being caused to fire a cap by concussion. None of these fuses will be of service in exploding the charge of the dynamite shell: the time-fuse, because there is no flame to ignite it; the percussion and concussion, because they are composed of powder, which will not detonate the charge like many compounds will. To get the full explosive energy of any high explosive it must be detonated, and one of the most powerful detonators seems to be fulminate of mercury. To ex-

plode the dynamite shell, Lieutenant Zalinski designed the electric fuse, which is simply a battery for heating, by means of the electric current, a small bit of wire, which fires some fulminate of mercury, which detonates the charge. The fuse or primer consists of two galvanic batteries connected in series, one being a dry battery, the other a wet battery, which is kept charged. The dry battery will only act when it is moistened. In the same electric circuit as the batteries is a platinum wire, surrounded by a small fibre of gun-cotton, around which is some gunpowder or meal-powder and the fulminate of mercury. If the batteries are made to act, the platinum wire is heated to redness, the fibre of gun-cotton is exploded, and that fires the fulminate, which detonates the explosive charge in the projectile. By moistening the dry cell the batteries are brought into action. Perforations in the head of the projectile will allow water to enter and moisten the dry cell or battery. These perforations are obstructed by a shield or the passages are made crooked, so that the water cannot enter too violently and thus possibly break the connections. The crooked passages also delay the moistening of the battery, and hence delay the action of the primer. The action can also be delayed or regulated by making the battery so that a single drop of water will establish a current, or so that it will require a considerable immersion to produce the same effect. The wet battery or cell can be made to act independently of the dry battery by a circuit-closing device, which has a projecting arm, which, striking against the target, causes the circuit to be closed and thus effects an explosion. Still another method of regulating the action is by adjusting the length of the column of powder between the gun-cotton and the fulminate.

The "Pneumatic Dynamite Torpedo Gun Company," to whom all rights in the inventions were assigned, was formed. It was proposed to build an 8-inch gun, capable of throwing a hundred-pound shell a range of two miles with an air-pressure of one thousand pounds. Competitive designs having been called for, one by Mr. N. W. Pratt was selected. This gun was built in 1885, and placed in position at Fort Lafayette, New York harbor. The gun is handled, trained, and elevated by compressed air, and is entirely under the control of the gunner who is at the firing-valve. The gun is a wrought-iron tube eight inches in diameter, five-eighths of an inch thick, sixty feet long, consisting of four sections flanged and bolted together. It is lined with one-eighth inch seamless brass tubing. At the rear end is a large casting fitted with trunnions. The breech of the gun is closed by a flap or gate opening inwardly, so that the pressure of the air, when firing, tends to close it. This gate is so arranged that the firing-valve cannot be operated until it is closed. The gun is securely fastened to a truss, which extends the entire length of the tube. The gun is elevated by a piston working in a cylinder by means of compressed air. The

piston-rod takes hold of the lower after corner of the truss, immediately under the trunnion-piece. In elevating, the gun and truss turn around the trunnions as a centre. The trunnions rest in two cast-iron uprights erected on the after end of the bed-frame. The bed-frame is pivoted at its forward end, and on it are carried eight tubes, forming the firing-reservoir and the cylinders for giving the train. The firing-reservoir is composed of tubes twelve inches by twenty feet. The connection between the firing-reservoir and magazine-reservoir is made through the pivot around which the bed-frame turns. The tubes are of wrought iron, about three-fourths of an inch thick, lap-welded. On the rear end of the bed-frame is the platform on which the gunner stands. The gun requires three men to manipulate it. A balanced valve is used, and opens and closes by one movement. This firing-valve is at the head of one of the trunnion uprights, and is capable of adjustment so that the supply of air can be cut off at any point in the gun, thus varying the range. There is also a device for throttling the passage-way between the valve and the reservoir of the gun, and this gives another and more complete control of the range. The size of the passage-way can be regulated to a hair's-breadth in an instant. Only a small part of the air in the firing-reservoir is used at each discharge,—less than ten per cent.,—and the pressure in the magazine-reservoir being somewhat higher than that in the firing-reservoir, the pressure in the latter can be kept at any desired point by opening the connection between the firing- and magazine-reservoirs after each discharge. This can be done while the gun is being loaded. The firing-reservoir has a capacity of about one hundred and forty cubic feet, and the magazine-reservoir of one hundred cubic feet. The projectile is made of iron, brass, and wood. The iron point is fitted with a screw opening to allow the battery to be placed inside. Next to the iron point is a copper or brass cylinder two feet long. This will carry ninety-five pounds of gelatine, with five pounds of dynamite as a core. Next to the copper cylinder is the wooden tail-piece, with spiral vanes, which acts in a similar manner to the shaft of a dart, as a rudder or a guide. The complete projectile weighs two hundred and nine pounds. It is centred in the bore by non-metallic pins in the head, the leather gas-check at the rear end of the copper or brass cylinder, and by projections of vulcanized fibre on the spiral vanes of the tail. Lieutenant Zalinski prefers as a charge for the projectile uncamphorated gelatine having a core of dynamite. Gun-cotton may be used as a core, the object of the core being to produce a complete detonation of the explosive gelatine. Camphorated gelatine is to be used in front and rear of the charge, to increase the chances against an explosion by shock. There is also quite a space left in front of the charge, so that the fuse will have time to start the detonation at the rear end before the charge can be exploded by the shock in front. Uncamphorated gelatine is

preferred by Lieutenant Zalinski because it gives the maximum explosive energy for specified volume of shell. Of the three substances, uncamphorated explosive gelatine, dynamite No. 1, and dry gun-cotton, the specific gravities are 1.6, 1.2, 1.0, the relative energies per unit of weight are 142, 100, 86.3, and, consequently, the relative energies per unit of volume are 227.2, 120, 86.4. There are other questions which enter into the selection of the proper explosive. This point will probably receive attention when experiments are commenced with the dynamite cruiser. Lieutenant Zalinski, having submitted the uncamphorated gelatine to various tests of shock, and heat, and cold, says, "I am satisfied from this experience that, if well made, it is not subject to deterioration whilst in store or to explosion by shock, if handled as carefully as gunpowder."

The 8-inch gun was tested before a naval board on June 1, 1886. The lateral deviation was calculated from observations taken with a theodolite, which was placed near the gun. The longitudinal deviation was estimated by referring to buoys, which had been placed at known distances short and over from the target.

There was another trial on June 24, 1886, when thirteen shots were fired.

A third trial took place June 25, 1886. Five rounds were fired in nine minutes and forty seconds. There was no haste, and the loading was done by untrained men. This gives an average of two minutes and twenty seconds to each shot. The five shots were grouped remarkably close together. Five other shots were fired the same day.

On Saturday, March 26, 1887, an exhibition firing of the 8-inch gun took place at Fort Lafayette. There were present representatives of the Spanish navy, United States navy and army, and others. Four shells, each weighing about one hundred and forty-five pounds, and containing fifty or more pounds of explosive, were fired. The explosive was composed of ninety-two per cent. of nitro-glycerine and eight per cent. of gun-cotton, with a dynamite core to act as a detonator. The trial proved the practical success of the gun. A long range was obtained, in one case over two miles. The electric primers or fuses and apparatus for deferring the time of explosion worked very well. One peculiarity of the gun, noticed during this trial, which may count in its favor, is the fact that the discharge causes very little or no motion to the gun. In the sighting apparatus is a very delicate spirit-level, and after the discharge it was noticed that the bubble was quite undisturbed. The first shell fired reached eighteen hundred and sixteen yards, and was arranged with quick-action primer. It exploded soon after striking the water. The second shell fired ranged two thousand four hundred and ninety-two yards, and ricochetted four hundred and thirty-six yards. The delay-action primers caused it to explode at the end of the ricochets. The third shell fired parted from its tail-piece, tumbled, and

fell short of the expected range, exploding with violence on striking the surface of the water. The fourth shell ranged nearly four thousand yards, but failed to explode. It probably struck the bottom, the water being shallow, and broke to pieces before the delay-action primer acted.

On September 20, 1887, a practical test of the gun was made, in blowing up a vessel. The Secretary of the Navy had managed to obtain, by begging from the Coast Survey, a vessel for experiment. It was the condemned schooner "Silliman," seventy-nine feet in length by twenty-two feet beam, depth eight feet six inches. The object of the experiment was to show the United States naval authorities the power of the gun. The endeavor of Lieutenant Zalinski, who had charge of the experiments, was to blow up and destroy the "Silliman" in two or three shots. The gun was on the south side of Fort Lafayette, pointing towards the western extremity of Coney Island. The schooner was placed nineteen hundred and eighty yards from the gun, and moored head and stern, so as to have her stern pointing towards the gun. She had been thoroughly dismantled, the lower masts and bowsprit, with a few stays, being all that were left standing. Everything of value had been taken out of her. Two blank shells were fired for range, hitting very near the schooner: the first, weight one hundred and forty-one pounds, elevation 14° 52′, firing pressure five hundred and ninety pounds, final pressure four hundred and ninety pounds, struck twenty-four yards to the right, and twenty-seven yards short of the schooner's stern; the second, weight one hundred and forty-one pounds, elevation 14° 52′, firing pressure five hundred and ninety-five pounds, final pressure four hundred and eighty-five pounds, struck eight yards to the left, and ten yards short. The third shot was with a charged shell, containing fifty pounds of explosive gelatine and five of dynamite. Each shot, as it struck, was angled upon by two observers, from two separate stations, who thus determined its position. The knowledge of the position was signaled to those in the vicinity of the gun by the wig-wag method, using flags. Each discharge sounded very much like the report of a cannon, followed by a very peculiar whistling or bellowing sound as the projectile passed through the air. The third shot was intended to injure the schooner, but not destroy her. It was fired at an elevation of 14° 56′, firing pressure six hundred and five pounds, final pressure two hundred pounds. The low final pressure was caused by the accidental opening of the firing-valve a second time. It struck the water only a short distance astern of the schooner, and on the starboard quarter, descended a few feet and exploded, throwing up a heavy column of water, estimated at all the way from sixty to two hundred feet in height, hiding the after part of the schooner. The effect was the carrying away of the mainmast, the head of which hung from the foremast-head by the main-stay. The schooner was boarded and found to be

badly injured. Her stern was severely wrenched and she was leaking, there being about two feet of water in her. The stern of the schooner had been slewed around so that her starboard quarter was presented to the gun. Though the shot had not touched her it had done much damage, thus bearing out one of the claims of the advocates of the gun,—that a shell falling near a vessel will do effective work. A fourth shot, also containing fifty pounds of explosive gelatine and five of dynamite, was fired at an elevation of 14° 56′, firing pressure six hundred and ten pounds, final pressure five hundred and five pounds. It fell very near the vessel, and entered the water until it was directly beneath her, under the mainmast, when it exploded, making a terrific noise. The column was even heavier than that of the third shot. The schooner was blown to pieces, the fragments settling back into the water, only a few pieces remaining projecting above the surface. All that could be seen was the foremast, still standing, and an iron tank. A fifth shell, exactly like the others, was fired at an elevation of 14° 52′, firing pressure six hundred and twenty pounds, final pressure five hundred and twenty pounds, aimed at wreck of foremast. It went high, and either there was a premature explosion or the percussion electric fuse was fired by the shell striking some of the wrecked rigging around the foremast, for, when directly over the vessel and a little above the surface of the water, it exploded with a bright flash of flame. This shot illustrated another method of attack; an aerial explosion of several hundred pounds of gelatine over the deck of a vessel would probably have a terrible effect on the crew. The sixth shell was fired at an angle of 14° 52′, firing pressure six hundred and twelve pounds, final pressure five hundred and twenty pounds, and contained one hundred pounds of gelatine. It went a little too far, and exploded about ten feet under water near the vessel, throwing up a narrow column of water about one hundred feet high. This concluded the trial, which had thoroughly demonstrated the destructive power of the gun. The projectiles were 5.5 feet long, and the time of flight was about thirteen seconds.

The initial velocity of the projectiles was about six hundred feet per second. As the target was examined after each shot the trial did not give any data from which to determine the rapidity of fire. Another trial was made September 30, 1887, to determine the above point. At 10-42 A.M. the firing commenced and at 10-52-30 it ended. Average time of loading and firing one shot 1′ 10″. Two shots fell short fifty to seventy yards, six would have hit a target the size of the "Silliman," and two would have exploded near enough to her to do considerble damage. The centre of gravity of each projectile was about 16.1 inches from the forward end. The one-hundred-pound shells have their centre of gravity about twenty-eight inches from the forward end. The accompanying table gives some of the data of the various trials.

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DATA OF TRIALS WITH 8-INCH PNEUMATIC GUN.

	JUNE 1, 1886.					JUNE 24, 1886.													JUNE 25, 1886.				
NUMBER OF SHOT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
Pounds of explosive																87½	58½						
Pounds of sand																							
Pounds of projectile						153	151½	152¼	152	151¼	152½	158½	154½	154	155	193¼	142¾	150½	131½	130	131½	131½	131½
Angle of elevation						12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	13.40	13.40	22.07	10.40	10.40	10.40	10.40	10.40
Initial pressure, pounds						1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	940	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000
Final pressure, pounds																			950	950	950	950	950
Loss of pressure, pounds																			50	50	50	50	50
Initial velocity, feet						534	554	544	549	560	539	527	513	520	507	450	565	563	520	520	520	520	520
Wind, direction																			⇐	⇐	⇐	⇐	⇐
Wind, force, Beaufort																			4	4	4	4	4
Time in bore, seconds						.7	.7	.7	.7	.7	.7	.7	.7	.7	.7	.7	.7	.7					
Time in air, seconds						8	9	9	9	9	8	8	9	8	8			21	8½	8½	8½	8½	8½
Range of target, yards	1735	1735	1735	1735	1735	1600	1600	1600	1600	1600	1600	1600	1600	1600	1600	1600			1477	1477	1477	1477	1477
Range of shot, yards	1615	1700	1672	1705	1785	1635	1687	1657	1655	1693	1650	1623	1600	1620	1528	1700		3100	1616	1623	1616	1616	1616
Short, yards	120	35	63	30									Hit.		72								
Over, yards					50	35	87	57	55	93	50	23	Hit.	20		100	360		139	146	139	139	139
Right, yards	9	2		5	4	14		7					Hit.	Hit.					5				
Left, yards			1				3		6	5	3	2	Hit.	Hit.	6					3	3	7	5
Centre of impact																							
Short, yards	40	40	40	40	40																		
Over, yards						35	35	35	35	35	35	35	35	35	35				140	140	140	140	140
Right, yards	6	6	6	6	6																		
Left, yards						½	½	½	½	½	½	½	½	½	½				3	3	3	3	3
Shot from centre																							
Short, yards	80		23			Hit.						12	35	15	107				1		1	1	1
Over, yards		5		10	90	Hit.	52	22	20	58	15									6			
Right, yards	5			1	Hit.	14½		7½					½	½					8	Hit.	Hit.		
Left, yards		2	5		Hit.		2½		5½	4½	2½	1½			5½					Hit.	Hit.	4	2
Exploded																No.	Yes.						
Ricochetted																				Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	
Steady in flight	No.	Yes.	No.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	No.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.				Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.

DATA OF TRIALS WITH 8-INCH PNEUMATIC GUN.

	JUNE 25, 1886. CONTINUED.				MARCH 26, 1887.					SEPTEMBER 30, 1887.												
NUMBER OF SHOT	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
Pounds of explosive	52	12	12	12	12	50¾	50½	50½	50½	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Pounds of sand	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	55	55	55	55	55	55	55	55	55	55	.....	100	100
Pounds of projectile	133	149	149	148½	147¾	146	144	148	139½	140	140	140½	142	140	140	140	140½	140	140	140	203	204
Angle of elevation	10.10	10	10	10	10	14	14	33.30	33.30	14.56	14.56	14.56	14.56	14.56	14.56	14.56	14.56	14.56	14.56	32.42	15	15
Initial pressure, pounds	1000	448	421	395	379	1002	1001	1005	1005	610	610	610	610	610	610	610	610	610	610	975	750	750
Final pressure, pounds	.....	482	226	0	365	955	933	905	905	520	520	520	520	520	520	520	520	520	520	825	625	615
Loss of pressure, pounds	.....	16	195	395	14	47	68	100	100	90	90	90	90	90	90	90	90	90	90	150	125	135
Initial velocity, feet	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Wind, direction	↖O	↖O	↖O	↖O	↖O	.....	.....	.....	.....	↘	↘	↘	↘	↘	↘	↘	↘	↘	↘	↘	↘	↘
Wind, force, Beaufort	4	4	4	4	4	.....	.....	.....	.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5
Time in bore, seconds	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.5	.5	.5	.5	.5	.5	.5	.5	.5	.5	.....	.....	.....
Time in air, seconds	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	9.6	11.8	20.8	25.4	10.5	11	10	10	11.5	12.5	12.5	11	11	11	24½	10	9
Range of target, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1868	1868	1868	1868	1868	1868	1868	1868	1868	1868	.....	1868	1868
Range of shot, yards	.....	700	700	.....	.....	1816	2492	2456	3868	1862	1876	1828	1818	1862	1860	1860	1853	1873	1858	4000	1772	1772
Short, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	6	.....	40	50	6	8	8	15	.....	10	.....	96	96
Over, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	8	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5	.....	.....	.....	.....
Right, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	22	17	11	9	9	15	7	17	13	13	.....	.....	.....
Left, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	3
Centre of impact	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Short, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	.....	96	96
Over, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Right, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	.....	.....	.....
Left, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	3
Shot from centre	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Short, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	27	37	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	.....	Hit.	Hit.
Over, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	7	21	.....	.....	7	5	5	.....	18	3	.....	Hit.	Hit.
Right, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	9	4	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	4	Hit.	Hit.	.....	Hit.	Hit.
Left, yards	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	4	4	.....	6	.....	Hit.	Hit.	.....	Hit.	Hit.
Exploded	Yes.	Yes.	No.	Yes.	No.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ricochetted	.....	.....	Yes.	.....	Yes.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Yes.	Yes.	.....	.....	Yes.	.....	Yes.	.....	Yes.	Yes.
Steady in flight	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	.....	No.	No.

The gun is essentially a torpedo-projecting machine, and the most obvious duty that it can be called upon to perform, when mounted on shore, is the attack on vessels. In this case a quick-action primer or fuse is to be used to explode the projectile on striking the vessel, or by percussion, as gunners say. The dry battery is to afford sufficient delay, if the projectile strikes the water in the neighborhood of the vessel, to allow it to attain a proper depth before explosion takes place, thus attacking vessels below the water-line. A precautionary measure, to prevent premature explosion by the introduction of water in the bore of the gun, thus rendering the dry battery active, is the use of circuit-breaking springs, which are held back by pressing against the sides of the bore when the projectile is in the gun. There is a double set of these springs, so there is small possibility of an accident in this direction. Immediately in rear of the projectile is placed a wooden sabot and a felt wad to prevent windage. As compared to auto-mobile torpedoes, the pneumatic gun appears to have the advantage. Its range is fully as great as the best of them. It travels two miles and a half, and probably this will be exceeded. The Whitehead torpedo ranges eight hundred yards, but can be counted on as effective only to two hundred yards, the Lay ranges about two miles, as does also the Sims. The speed of the dynamite shell is one mile in eleven seconds; of the Whitehead torpedo, one mile in one hundred and thirty-three seconds for short range, and one mile in one hundred and fifty seconds for its long range; of the Lay, one mile in two hundred and seventy-seven seconds; of the Sims, one mile in three hundred and twenty-seven seconds. The amount of explosive material carried in the dynamite shell is two hundred pounds of gelatine; in the Whitehead torpedo, one hundred pounds of gun-cotton; in the Lay, one hundred and twenty-three pounds of gun-cotton; in the Sims, three hundred pounds of gun-cotton. Total weight of the loaded shell of the dynamite gun, three hundred and thirty. pounds; of the Whitehead torpedo, five thousand two hundred pounds; of the Lay torpedo, four thousand three hundred and fifty pounds; of the Sims torpedo, four thousand five hundred pounds. When the projectile misses the target, the loss in the case of the dynamite gun is as nothing compared to the loss of a Whitehead: Lay, eight thousand dollars, or Sims, seven thousand five hundred dollars, torpedo. The torpedoes are more easily stopped by nettings and like contrivances than the dynamite shell. Greater accuracy seems to be with the gun than with the torpedoes. A large number of dynamite shells can be carried and stored, and can be showered on the enemy in a very short interval of time. The torpedo-boat, carrying the Whitehead or similar torpedo, must slacken her speed before projecting the torpedo, to avoid running over it. The boat carrying the pneumatic gun can continue at full speed while delivering her fire. Colonel John Hamilton says, "With a pressure of one thousand pounds, a missile of two

hundred and ten pounds, and an elevation of 35°, the pneumatic gun made a range of 2.25 miles." "With a charge, maximum, of thirty-five pounds of cannon powder, a missile of one hundred and eighty-three pounds, and an elevation of 10′ 30″, our 8-inch converted rifle gave a range of three thousand seven hundred and twelve yards." "When this shot got to its target, it had only its pounding or penetrating power as an offense." "When the pneumatic shell got to its destination, it had a hundred pounds of gelatine for explosion." The advantages of the dynamite gun over the auto-mobile torpedoes are: in one-twentieth of the time it can throw an equal weight of explosive to the same distance, at one-fiftieth of the cost; it can be fired more rapidly and accurately. High explosives increase very much in sensitiveness by slight increase in heat, hence they become more and more dangerous, if used in projectiles fired from powder guns, as the guns become more and more heated after each shot. In the pneumatic gun the sudden expansion of air will have a decidedly cooling effect on the gun, and will more than counterbalance the slight heating caused by the friction of the projectile.

The high-angle fire of the gun is often urged as an objection; it may be, but yet it, in some ways, is an advantage. As the gun is a torpedo-projecting machine rather than an armor-piercing apparatus, the most natural place to put the shell will be on the deck of the enemy's vessels or under the bottom, where the armor protection is little or nothing. In order to obtain a particular range, a more accurate placing of the gun, as to angle of elevation, is required in the case of high-power rifles than in the dynamite gun, hence any slight accidental change in elevation will not affect the accuracy of range of the dynamite gun as much as it will that of the rifle. In the dynamite gun we have a very excellent control over the pressure of projection. It can be quickly and accurately varied and we are more sure of it remaining constant. The advantage the pneumatic gun has, in the ease and rapidity of the construction of the gun, compressors, reservoirs, and shell, must not be lost sight of. No special or extensive plant is required for their fabrication. The board of naval officers appointed to examine and test the 8-inch gun reported to the Secretary of the Navy. Their conclusions were summed up as follows:

(1) It is a new instrument of warfare which has its own peculiar functions in time of war. It cannot replace any existing weapon, nor can its place be wholly taken by any other.

(2) The value of compressed air as a means of throwing projectiles from a gun is chiefly due to the ability of the gunner to exactly reproduce a shot, or to accurately increase or decrease the range at will, and to the accuracy of fire with low velocities.

(3) The machinery employed by the company to control air at a great pressure has been brought to a high degree of efficiency.

(4) The accuracy of the gun is remarkable.

(5) The extreme range is probably about two miles. The effective range of projectiles in the trials witnessed by the board has been from fourteen hundred and seventy-seven to eighteen hundred and sixty-eight yards.

(6) The power of the projectile has been determined only in a slight degree.

(7) The gun appears to be perfectly reliable in its action.

(8) The system is a simple one. The gun does not require an expensive plant to manufacture, and its cost should be moderate. Guns of this pattern can be made in any of the large towns of the country where there are machine-shops and foundries.

(9) It is an important weapon for harbor defense.

(10) It is adapted to naval warfare whenever mortar fire can be used to advantage.

(11) A modification of it may be valuable to project torpedoes from ships when at short range.

(12) It is not expedient to adopt it as a part of the battery of ships of war until after the efficiency of the guns on board of the dynamite cruiser now building has been ascertained and their performance afloat observed.

General H. L. Abbott, of the Board of Engineers, does not feel so sure of the merits of the pneumatic gun, and expressed himself recently as follows: "The entire subject of dynamite warfare must, as yet, be considered in an entirely experimental stage. The dynamite gun is not yet perfected, and no one can say what it can do or what it cannot do. It may develop into something which may revolutionize warfare, and it may not. It certainly has not so developed as yet. Neither the army board nor the navy board, appointed to investigate it, have yet passed on it finally and declared it a success. Even the naval board, which recommended the building of that cruiser, did not pass favorably on the plans for this dynamite gun. In fact, the board did not touch that matter directly at all. The only question, which the board gave an answer to, was, whether a cruiser with a gun which would do what was claimed for their gun would be a valuable addition to the navy? They said that such a cruiser with such a gun would be valuable." He also called attention to the fact that a magazine loaded with dynamite or explosive gelatine would be a very dangerous affair in any fort.

DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."

Congress, recognizing the probable success of the dynamite gun, appropriated three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the construction of what might be called a large, swift torpedo-boat, large enough to put to sea, to be armed with three pneumatic dynamite guns. Contracts were made with the Pneumatic Dynamite Gun Company, and the construc-

tion was to be undertaken by William Cramp & Sons, a ship-building firm of Philadelphia. The principal dimensions of the boat are: length between perpendiculars, two hundred and forty-six feet three inches; over all, two hundred and fifty-two feet and four inches; beam, extreme, twenty-six feet and six inches; depth, from base-line to top of gunwale, thirteen feet; mean draught, light, seven feet and six inches, with eighty-five tons of coal on board, eight feet; displacement, from six hundred and eighty-six to seven hundred and twenty-five tons, tons per inch at load-line, 10.15, and midship section, 177.5 square feet. It is now stated that she will draw nine feet. She must have a speed of twenty knots according to the contract. She is to have a low freeboard, five feet, and no bulwarks, is to be built of steel, with the exception of the stem, stern-post, and rudder, which will be of forged iron. The frames extend in one piece from keel to gunwale and are very light, seven pounds per foot; the reverse frames are four pounds per foot. The flooring is one-fourth of an inch thick, fifteen inches high amidships, and extends from bilge to bilge in one piece. The outside plating is one-fourth of an inch thick, the deck plating three-sixteenths of an inch, the latter being covered with white pine. The vessel is divided into a number of water-tight compartments by bulkheads one-fifth of an inch thick. Each compartment has a separate drainage. There is a captain's saloon, pantry, and state-room aft, just forward of which are four state-rooms and wardroom. Forward of this is the engine-room, two boiler- or fire-rooms, gun-room, and berth-deck. The steel conning-tower, situated on deck, forward, and immediately over the breech of the guns, is to be one inch thick. The engines are to develop three thousand two hundred I. H. P., and consist of two separate, independent, four-cylinder triple-expansion engines, each driving a three-bladed screw. The diameters of the cylinders are H.P. twenty-one and five-tenths inches, intermediate thirty-one inches, and the two L. P. thirty-four inches, the length of stroke is twenty inches, and the estimated piston speed nine hundred and thirty feet. There are four three-furnace locomotive boilers, cylindrical, nine feet in diameter, nineteen feet eight inches long, grate surface two hundred square feet, and are placed in two fire-rooms. They are fitted to use forced draft. The coal capacity is one hundred and forty tons. Steam steering- and anchor-gear, ash-hoist, and pumps for compressing air are to be fitted. The secondary battery is to consist of two 3-pounders, one 1-pounder, two 37-millimetre revolving cannon, and two short Gatling guns. The main battery will be three pneumatic dynamite guns, for throwing dynamite- or gelatine-charged shells. They are to be placed, side by side, in the forward end and built into the hull of the vessel, at a permanent angle of 16° with the horizon. The after ends of the guns will be near the keelson, the forward ends above the deck, thirty-seven feet from the bow. The guns will be parallel to the fore-and-aft vertical

plane of the vessel, the train of the guns being given by the helm. The range will be controlled by varying the pressure of the air admitted to guns, in firing. The contract calls for a range of one mile, and there is little doubt but that this will be easily doubled, the weight of explosive carried being two hundred pounds. Changes have been made in the original designs, and the guns now proposed will be fifteen-inch calibre, fifty-five feet long, set at a permanent angle of 18°, and carry six hundred pounds of explosive one mile. They can also be arranged to fire two-hundred- and one-hundred-pound shots by using the subcalibre device recently developed. The air-chambers, reservoirs, and compressors are of sufficient size and power to allow of fifteen shots being fired a distance of one mile without delay. Lessening the range will enable the gunner to fire a greater number of shots, the maximum number being about thirty, which is the number that will be carried. The firing is entirely under the control of the officer in the pilot-house. Each gun fires once in two minutes, although it can be loaded twice a minute. It is estimated that the vessel will be able to steam five thousand miles at twelve knots per hour, or seven hundred miles at twenty knots. Her tactical diameter—that is, the diameter of the circle in which she can turn—is estimated at one thousand feet, and the time for her to complete the circle, at full speed, 2.6 minutes. The vessel is to be fitted to carry one hundred projectiles when going on service or a cruise. The "Destructor," built in England for Spain, can only carry ten torpedoes, and has five tubes to fire from. The best range of foreign torpedoes is about six hundred yards, and in a sea-way it falls to one or two hundred yards. Foreign torpedoes carry about seventy-five pounds of gun-cotton. In the dynamite cruiser, the air from the compressors or air-pumps passes to the main or magazine reservoirs, which are located along the keelson, and thus occupy space that is little used and hence of little value. From the main reservoirs the air is conducted to the intermediate or firing-reservoir, from which it enters the gun desired. The main reservoirs will sustain a pressure of two thousand pounds to the square inch, and the intermediate one thousand pounds. The pilot or officer in the conning-tower has immediate control over the steering-gear, firing-gear, and each of the engines; in short, he executes his own orders. The original design was for three 10.5-inch guns, then changed so that one was to be of 12.5 inches calibre. Now it has been decided to make all of them of fifteen inches calibre. For these a shell capable of carrying six hundred pounds of explosive is required, and Brown & Bros., of Waterbury, Connecticut, have made a projectile, a seamless brass tube, six feet eight inches long, fourteen inches inside diameter, three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and two hundred pounds' weight. The shell with its conical head is all in one piece, being forced into shape by a heavy hydraulic ram.

The breech-section of each gun is hinged at the after end to facili-

tate loading. A hydraulic or pneumatic ram will rotate this after-section about the hinge so that it can be brought to a horizontal or the loading position. Just forward of the forward end of the breech-section are mounted two revolving cases of dynamite shells. One is called the loading-case, the other the reservoir-case. These cases revolve on a central spindle so as to bring their compartments successively in front of the breech-section. As soon as the loading-case is emptied it is filled from the reservoir-case. There are five compartments in each case, so that thirty full-calibre shells can be carried in all. The six hundred pounds of explosive will be explosive gelatine and dynamite, and equal in explosive power to eight hundred and fifty-two pounds of dynamite No. 1, or nine hundred and forty-three pounds of gun-cotton.

Besides the attack on vessels mentioned as the work to be performed by the dynamite gun, the cruiser may be called upon to countermine torpedoes. In this case delay-primers will be used, allowing the projectile to penetrate to any given depth of water or to the bottom before exploding. On board the cruiser the high trajectory of the gun will probably be a positive benefit, as the range of shot will be less affected by the motion of the vessel than if the trajectory were lower. The great length of the gun probably caused its being placed in a fore-and-aft direction, but "the eternal fitness of things" makes this position the best for accuracy. In gunnery the accuracy of train is much greater than the accuracy of range. Placing the guns in a fore-and-aft line on the ship places them in the position where the rolling or pitching of the ship will have the least effect on their accuracy. Excessive rolling will only slightly affect the train, while, if the guns were placed athwart ships, it would greatly affect the range. Excessive pitching, as it only amounts to a few degrees, will only slightly affect the range.

As a make-shift, in time of emergency, the suggestion to arm a number of fast steam-yachts with these guns, which can be quickly made in any machine-shop, is not without value.

Of foreign cruisers that might possibly attack our ports, most of them—about ninety-seven per cent.—are armored. Their average speed is fourteen knots, length three hundred and five feet, breadth sixty-two feet, depth twenty-five feet, height twenty-six feet. Taking this as the average attacking ship, we have as a target for a high-powered, low trajectory rifle, counting chance of ricochet, an average parallelogram of fifty-two feet in height and two hundred and fifty-seven feet in breadth; as a target for Whitehead or similar auto-mobile torpedo, we have a parallelogram of twenty-five feet by two hundred and fifty-seven feet; as a target for the pneumatic gun, we have, taking fifteen feet as the effective explosion distance, a parallelogram of over sixty-six feet by two hundred and eighty-seven feet. The areas of the parallelograms are: for powder rifle, thirteen thousand three hundred and sixty-four square feet; for submarine torpedo, six thousand four hundred and twenty-five

square feet; and for pneumatic gun, eighteen thousand nine hundred and forty-two square feet. The pneumatic gun has, therefore, the largest target. From the data at our disposal, the average error at one thousand yards, in train, is 18.8 feet for the pneumatic gun. This compares well with the rifle guns in use, and especially well with the smooth-bore shell guns to be found in the navy. No such accuracy is even hoped for in auto-mobile torpedoes. Average time of flight of projectile from powder gun, one thousand yards, 3.2 seconds; of auto-mobile torpedo, one hundred and forty-three seconds; of shell from pneumatic gun, 6.25 seconds. Taking into account the various directions or courses our enemy may steer, he will have an average motion across the line of fire of 16.57 feet per second. He will, therefore, move fifty-three feet while the rifle projectile is making the range, 2369.5 feet while the torpedo is making it, and 103.6 feet while the shell from the pneumatic gun is traveling the distance. The rifle has the advantage here, the pneumatic gun coming next, and the torpedoes are way astern.

The pneumatic gun will be very useful in defense against torpedo-boats, torpedoes, and submarine boats; not that it is more liable to make a direct hit than the machine-guns and rapid-fire guns, but on account of its large dangerous radius. For this reason, and because the torpedo-boats, torpedoes, and submarine boats are structurally very light, it seems as though this was pre-eminently the work for the pneumatic gun. A small pneumatic rapid-fire gun has been suggested for this work. The cables of both auto-mobile and stationary torpedoes are in great danger from the pneumatic gun.

Another place for the pneumatic gun is on a man-of-war, for use in ramming. A large tube, say eighteen inches in diameter, can be placed in the bow, with its muzzle a few feet above the water-line, so that one thousand pounds of explosive can be thrown five hundred yards, directly ahead. It can be fired at five hundred yards' range, or just as the ship is about to ram the enemy.

The speed of twenty knots, which is guaranteed to the cruiser, has been surpassed many times by torpedo-boats in Europe, and by some yachts in this country; but we must remember that the cruiser is built of sufficient strength to be of use in rough water and is capable of making a sea trip.

F. M. Barber, lieutenant-commander U. S. N., has made some thoughtful remarks on the pneumatic gun and the dynamite cruiser. Among other things he called attention to the need of some method of turning the ship in azimuth when there is no headway, and suggested the use of a powerful pump with large delivery-pipe, having a discharge on each bow, and a valve to turn the flow in either direction.

Very recently a 15-inch gun, forty feet in length, has been completed at Cramp & Sons' ship-yard in Philadelphia. It will be set up

at Fort Lafayette, for experiment, previous to shipping to Italy. The air-tubes have been tested,—those for the magazine-reservoir to two thousand five hundred pounds per square inch, and those for the firing-reservoir to one thousand pounds. The results of the experiments with this gun will be very interesting.

On April 28, 1888, the dynamite cruiser was launched, and was named the "Vesuvius."

F. R. BRAINARD,
U. S. N.

CHRONICLES OF CARTER BARRACKS.

As far back as Solomon it was written, "There are three things that are never satisfied, yea, four things say not, It is enough."

But the record fails to show that the writer was ever charged with the responsibilities of an army garrison. The thirst of the grave, of the sands of the desert, of the fire, and even the loneliness of the fireside itself, are as nothing to the demands that wait open-mouthed before the office door of the post commander.

Dr. Stretcher had complained to Colonel Peppercorn about the reveille gun. Its abrupt uproar at sunrise and sunset, under ordinary circumstances, was not particularly unpleasant to a military ear. But the doctor was not a military man, and had a profound contempt for blank cartridges. Shot and shell were more to the purpose, and could be tolerated in view of their utility in furnishing provision for the medical corps, but these pseudo-explosions, producing nothing but noise, belonged, said the doctor, to China and camp-meetings. Besides, the doctor was married, and what woman ever loved gunpowder? And then there was Miss Stretcher, who, as soon as the weather safely admitted of baptismal regeneration, was to be named Britomarte. And morning and evening madam and Tita were plunged into hysteria by the blast of that infamous gun.

So the doctor took his griefs to the colonel, and that gentleman, delighted to make things pleasant to everybody, directed that the gun be moved over to the southwest angle of the parade.

Quieta non movere was the motto of one of England's greatest statesmen, and there is plenty of popular lore bearing directly upon this point. *Let sleeping dogs lie, a better seldom comes after*, and our gun at the worst was disagreeable only twice in twenty-four hours, which is the mark of a temper good beyond the average.

It was about six o'clock of a December morning when Mrs. O. Quills turned over for her beauty nap, without a dream of cannon any nearer than the West Point museum.

Suddenly a roar swept past the house to which no ordinary comparison could do justice. We have rejected several and looked through Browning for more without finding anything that would lift the non-military reader up to the level of our intention, though we are inclined

to think the Horn of Heimdall rallying the gods at Ragnaröck might possibly be selected by Professor Anderson. It did not occur to Mrs. O. Quills, however, for whom the fall of a dumb-waiter loaded with the crockery of a Thanksgiving dinner would have been a more plausible conjecture. "Good heavens!" screamed she, "Alick, Alick, what is that?" And her worthy lord invoked in reply a sleepy curse upon the morning gun.

But the madam was startled into a headache, and a headache meant for her that complete spiritual and physical dislocation that belongs to nervous anæmia and a general asthenic diathesis.

She went down as soon as possible to see Mrs. Peppercorn, and that lady was very sorry for her. O. Quills himself was quartermaster, and was not only a very just man, but a very sagacious one, which is a much better investment for this lower life. To leave him on the edge of calamities like these was not to be thought of. "Such an obliging gentleman as he is," said Mrs. Peppercorn; and it must be confessed the quartermaster had ever looked out for the commandant with that lynx-eyed watchfulness which makes this relation one of the most beautiful features of garrison life, otherwise presenting too many selfish sides.

Strict adherence to truth being the strong point of these Chronicles, it becomes necessary to state that the lynx has no better eyes than other folks. This is one of those delusions for which Pliny is responsible, who, with Herodotus, served up the science of their time like the modern lecturer, in forms to suit the popular stomach but with very little verification by experiment.

The good Saint Augustine himself, whose speculations have been compacted into theological formulas that thousands repeat to-day as inspired rather than imagined, believed in the incorruptibility of dead peacocks, when, if he had kept a bit of the carcass by him for a day or so, his senses would have corrected his faith.

But to return to Mr. O. Quills. It is possible there are men from whose daily walk and conversation all thought of self is eliminated, but any such do not occur to our recollection. Even Epictetus could not escape a sigh of satisfaction and the inevitable "There, I told you so," over his broken leg.

"Take good care of me and I will take good care of you," that is the law and the prophets. Honor the powers that be and so shall thy days be long in the land. The bough that yields no foliage shall be cast out as a rotten branch. Not the least of the natural laws in the spiritual world is that of equivalence. With what measure ye mete shall it be measured to you again. The condition of more is the full use of less.

Pessimism as a solution of existence is absurd, except to some recluse who fancies the world is in darkness because his candle has

gone out, or who mistakes a gripe in his abdomen for a hitch in the universe. Everywhere the rock crumbles into nutriment for the plant, the plant distils the muck into petal and fruit, mosses creep up the bare wall and cover the stones left naked by the sea. It is thus that life is made worth living, and the theorist who has just demonstrated its utter failure sits down to his chop and claret with a zest provoked by his labor in spite of his logic.

Here, too, is the true philosophy of the unconscious. Lazy as we may be and wise as we are, we never escape from, nor reach full knowledge of, our uses.

> "Little thinks in the field yon red-cloaked clown
> Of thee from the hill-top looking down,"

but since he wore it and passed that way, the artist's brush has given him immortality. The curve of every individual life has a wide sweep, and no monument, no wreath, no weed, no stake at the cross-roads, not even the one sod that covers a life that was but a single cry, marks more than its centre.

But Mr. O. Quills knew that usefulness, like all capital, pays best when best invested. If the rain descends and the sun shines upon the just and the unjust alike, they come from a world above this and indifferent to the demands of civil service reform. Here we must be content if the smiles of authority rest only upon surfaces that admit of total reflection. If scattered, it is as the planter scatters guano, that he may get back the outlay with interest.

Now, it is in very poor taste for the slothful servant to find fault because there are no figs in his thistle-patch. If a man does not like garlic in his cream let him keep it out of his grass. Figs Mr. O. Quills had planted, figs Mr. O. Quills had watered, and shall he, then, eat dirt? Neither he nor Colonel Peppercorn were that sort of men.

The parade at Carter Barracks was very extensive. Most of the quarters and public buildings, if subjected to that transforming imagination that manufactures railroad lines and county towns and figures up the profits of Florida orange-groves, might be said to occupy three sides of a square which opens eastwardly upon the bay.

Consequently the colonel thought that if he shifted the gun again to the southeast corner it would be least likely to disturb any of the families that appealed to his sensibilities as a husband and father. But the colonel continued to deal with the geographical limitations of the problem rather hastily. It will be remembered that he did not live on the parade. North of the plain where most of the garrison was located, and where all the military exercises were conducted, the ground rose towards the neck of the peninsula, contracting on both flanks towards the mainland, and here on the bluff were the quarters of the post commander.

It involved quite a little journey back and forth to the office, but secured the colonel a happy dispensation from the professional nuisances of gun, drum, and bugle, as well as from the dogs, ducks, and live-stock that accumulate about army quarters in quantities higher as the rank of the occupants is lower.

The cadet-elect is expected, on reporting at the Academy, to possess a toothbrush and a pair of Monroe shoes. The ex-cadet, when he joins his company, is generally followed by a squad of liver-colored pups and a box of game chickens. Then he gets a seven-days' leave, and returns with madam, a mocking-bird, a cat, and a sewing-machine, to complete his military education.

As most of our posts are approached by the rear, in deference to the necessity of an inaccessible front, the eye of the visitor first wanders over a multitudinous collection of outhouses, private and otherwise, ingeniously constructed with barrel-staves, old fencing, and bacon-boxes, due partly to the poverty of the quartermaster's department, who only furnish lumber to a man when he is dead, and partly to the energy of the police sergeant, whom long experience has perfected in the art of making a shingle do duty for a plank.

The landscape thus provided reminds one forcibly of the outlook, right and left, as our railway trains wind through the back-yards of a country town to the depot.

But of all this from the tranquil heights of Carter's Bluff there was little to be seen and less to be heard. The peaceful dreams of the commandant were seldom invaded by the plaint of the "Wrecker's Daughter," which summoned the soldier from his slumbers, or by the "assembly," which mustered the battalion, or by the file-firing of the drill-ground, or the midnight rivalry of garrison cats and chanticleers. Whether the bugles sang truce or the watch-dog's honest bark alarmed the tramp were all unknown to Colonel Peppercorn; and perhaps this was the reason of his unsuccessful struggle with the problem of the reveille gun.

For its last location brought it well abreast the quarters of Captain Traum. Now, it must not be supposed that this gentleman took life precisely as he found it. He recognized the inevitable at a glance; but then there is very little of the inevitable for a man who anticipates. Slaves are exactly the people for whom time was *not* made. Time is simply a conglomerate of opportunities, not a single one of which was ever missed by Captain Traum. The morning and evening clatter which had been so unexpectedly transferred to his corner of the parade did not seem to raise a ripple upon his habitual serenity. He simply got up about an hour earlier than usual, and after a week's time invited Colonel Peppercorn to dinner.

Now, Captain Traum had a first sergeant that knew something besides tactics. With the chances of the Great Rebellion he would

easily have found his way to epaulets and a star; but in the inglorious days of our chronicles he was substantially Company "C," Sixth Artillery, and the very antipodes of that man for whom a joke has to be accompanied by a diagram. The sergeant needed but the germ of a suggestion and could be safely trusted with the details. To him a look said more than an encyclopædia. What happened, as we have yet to tell, was not an accident. Such terminology belongs to the dark ages. Accidents are only pages in the book of life where the leaves are still uncut. We have the advantage of knowing the sergeant, and intend to do him justice.

Mrs. Peppercorn was away from home, having gone down to the East Shore for the Christmas holidays, and so it happened that somewhere about the end of December, 1847, Captain Traum one morning said to his sergeant, "The colonel dines with me this evening, and I do not wish to be disturbed. You can make your report at *retreat* to Mr. Tangles. You understand, sergeant."

The two looked each other straight in the eye for a moment, and when the subordinate withdrew no microscope could have detected a variation in his usual martial impenetrability, yet it is certain that few guns were ever loaded like the gun for the *retreat* of that day.

Mrs. Traum was simply the captain in silk. She had all his charm of manner and something beside, for which no language makes provision so far as we know, and lexicons form a large part of our baggage. It was simply that once in the vicinity of Mrs. Traum you never wanted to be anywhere else, and better yet, no jealousy even could detect a trace of evidence that she might feel differently.

The best of us are but limited personalities, and often do betray to no very observant watch our desire to be like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, in two places at once, or like the general that Sherman did *not* want, who kept one eye on the fight and the other on the newspapers.

But Mrs. Traum concentrated herself entirely upon the man of the moment, whoever he might be, or upon the woman too, if it so happened, and she had her reward, for in her behalf the gentlemen were always enthusiastic and the ladies seldom uncomplimentary.

So the colonel felt very comfortable indeed as he tasted his soup. As it was of her own manufacture, Mrs. Traum had persuaded the colonel to a second plateful, and the captain was pouring him out a glass of wine, almost if not quite equal to the famous '32, when—off went the evening gun.

Again—that is a very bald way of stating the fact. It went off as though it never expected to do so any more, and sought to compress into this one particular bellow the three hundred and sixty-five evening guns of the next year. Under the inspiration of the sergeant the gunner had seen to that.

Captain Traum actually seemed to have dropped the decanter. But

he recovered himself with a dexterity that saved everything but a little of the wine, and that might have been born of his habitual self-possession, but to a critical palate had the least taste of the familiarity of an acted part.

As for the madam, she held the suspended ladle as steadily as though evening guns belonged to every minute of the day, and it *is* doubtful if this individual gun was a surprise.

Not a stray drop of the soup fell on the colonel's coat, but he gave to the emergency his usual tribute of "Great Scott!" and then pensively remarked he did not think it possible so small a thing could make so much noise.

Captain Traum laughed, and the madam said nothing but the cessation of a cannonade could make a soldier uneasy.

The colonel silently resolved that something more should at once be attempted with the evening gun. Our narrative, unfortunately, has nothing further to do with the dinner. The next morning, as he crossed the parade to his office, Colonel Peppercorn took a furtive survey of the remaining possibilities, and reinforced his observations by occasional views from the door, as if of the weather.

Finally he sent for the provost-sergeant, and directed the gun to be located on the only corner of the ground yet untried, which, so far as quarters were concerned, offered few complications, this section being quite open and presenting a line of fire that the colonel was sure would bother nobody, though somewhat remote from the guard-house.

But when some two hundred people are brought together on such a contracted space and for such varied purposes as a garrison compels, their relations, official and otherwise, become very intricate. The machine gradually settles down to its work, and after a while runs along as smoothly as Moore's melodies, but the very smallest disarrangement accumulates strength much faster than Murdock's Liquid Food. The alteration, to begin with, may be as imperceptible as one of those *bacilli* that Dr. Koch carries round in his vest-pocket, but at last it breaks out in a general epidemic.

Or it is like the purchase of the first piece of old china. Its solitary grandeur upon the corner shelf fascinates all eyes, and in due time obliges the renovation of the whole dining-room. Parlor, library, and the family throughout are then compelled to live up to the new departure. Hold on, brothers, to the old ways and beware of all novelties, in porcelain especially. The credit and peace of an entire post have been wrecked upon the intrusion at one end of it of some deviltry in Japanese ware, which invited comparison and distributed jealousy all the way from the colonel's daughter to the corporal's wife.

This insignificant bit of artillery about which we are writing and of which no one had complained for years, except, perhaps, Private

Swipes, who occasionally scrubbed it with oil and ashes, was now thrown out of its ruts and started on its travels, and bids fair to become a monster like that celebrated gun in "Toilers of the Sea," upon which Victor Hugo spends a page or more of dithyrambics.

The colonel, to be sure, held the routine of his post in his own hands, but threads dangled here and there beyond his notice; and he had that rarest quality of commanding officers—of looking to the front, with a very healthy indifference to the rear whether infested with guerrillas or gossip.

Opposite Carter's Bluff, and under the north side of the parade, were several little cottages, due to the futility of resource of the military mind as it struggles with the regulation allowance of one room and a kitchen to the unlucky subaltern.

This locality was sometimes known as Bachelors' Row, from the fact of there being no bachelors there. The occupants were nearly always married and with families, something like gravity, inasmuch as they varied inversely with incomes and directly with changes of station. Hence it was oftener called Poverty Hollow, and fell to the lot of the garrison juniors, together with the duty of going to reveille, as least troublesome to men who had to be up all night with babies anyhow.

But as no moments of slumber are so precious as those snatched from the tyranny of orders, just after the bugle has blown for five o'clock in the morning the outside subalterns of Carter Barracks were wont to hurry up a path round by the northeast corner of the parade, barely in time not to consume all the margin left them by the good nature of the adjutant.

Among these gentlemen was Mr. Contretemps, who could be perfectly relied upon for getting into any difficulty that happened to be lying round loose.

Now, Mr. Contretemps had already found himself in correspondence with his superiors anent repeated absence from reveille, and had exhausted all the usual extenuations of windy weather, sick headache, late application to study the previous evening, etc., until he felt himself that his record was getting to be as shaky as a West Shore bond, of which, unfortunately, we had a few *before* the honest managers scaled them down fifty per cent., d—n them!

Something like a week after the last transfer of this gun of ours, the lieutenant had a dream that began with Schubert's "Serenade" and ended with a Comanche yell. The lieutenant woke up and thought he caught the closing notes of reveille. The next moment he was out of doors, up the hill, and, dashing round the corner of the parade, passed straight across to his company precisely at the instant that Private Slowmatch pulled off the reveille gun.

To be sure, he saw the lieutenant coming, but when the mind of

Private Slowmatch was made up to do a thing unmaking it took time, and there was none of it to spare. Happily, the gun stood a little above the path, but a generous portion of the charge impinged upon Mr. Contretemps in an indiscriminate sort of a circle, from the apex of the right cheek-bone as a centre.

In due time the doctor scraped out most of the powder, and the lieutenant recovered with sight and hearing quite unimpaired, but he had no occasion to go to reveille or anywhere else for several weeks, during which Colonel Peppercorn supplied him with '32 Madeira and orders not to use it until all inflammation had abated. The colonel also loaned him his favorite Napier, but Mr. Contretemps had no use for the "Siege of Saragossa."

The "Lady of the Lake" and the "Bride of Abydos" were much more to his taste, and it is doubtful if he knew Saragossa from Syracuse, for these were the days when there was no artillery school.

But the lieutenant reporting for duty again, was delighted to find the source of his misfortune shifted to the mathematical centre of the parade-ground.

Colonel Peppercorn having boxed the compass in the vain effort to satisfy all hands, had grown cross and stubborn and planted the gun equidistantly from everybody, and there he swore it should stay.

The line of fire now bisected the headboard of Captain Boomer's bed; at some considerable distance, to be sure, but a miss is never as good as a mile except with ball cartridge. No compromise of little or much is satisfactory in the matter of noise, whether of street-organs, rattling windows, or mice in the wall. It is only silence, perfect silence, that

> "Like a poultice comes
> To heal the blows of sound."

Another score of days had passed, when Captain Plussmore one morning was told by his sergeant of the guard that he had been unable to fire the morning gun. Upon examination the vent was found to be very effectually plugged. An officer of ordinary tact would have seen at once that the sooner things were brought back to a working basis the better, but the Plussmore family, back as far as the "Mayflower," never had between them all any more tact than a cyclone.

So the captain, on reporting at the office that morning, announced his discovery without any delicate gradation of effect.

"What!" shouted Colonel Peppercorn, "the gun spiked, you say! Very well, sir, very well."

The usual routine business took up some time, and Mr. Penwiper thought it a very bad sign that the colonel after the first shock seemed to have lost all interest in the matter.

Had he taken a turn or two round the office, kicked over the waste-

paper basket, brought down his hand upon the bell like Secretary Stanton, and sent somebody after the quartermaster, the adjutant would have had hopes.

But the colonel applied himself to the work on his table, which later in the day he seemed to find amusing, and Mr. Penwiper sadly thought of the morrow. Just before noon Colonel Peppercorn looked up and, in his most genial way, inquired of the adjutant what was the largest calibre of gun on the reservation.

Thus quietly, when Cæsar was told by a breathless recruit that the barbarians had broken into camp, did Julius frown and say, "Report it through the proper channels." And in some such careless manner did Paris invite his Helen to a moonlight sail among the Cyclades, a trip that was

> "Of woes unnumbered
> To Greece the direful spring,"

to say nothing of the results to many generations of British school-boys more honored in the breech than in the observatory.

Our American youth have never been fundamentally grounded in the classics, as Dr. Johnson would say, and we have few prime ministers that solace themselves with translations of Homer and quotations from Horace.

The average official would be far more likely to sympathize with the Moscow mutineers, who, when the mob clamored for the "Constitution" at the accession of Nicholas, took it to be the name of the Grand Duke Constantine's wife.

To the query of Colonel Peppercorn the adjutant replied that he thought there were some 32-pounders down in the water-battery. It was so, and one of them might have been seen that afternoon rolling out on the shore road until finally it stood towering over the former place of the little field-piece.

A shudder ran through the garrison, and twice a day thereafter the conviction came thundering home to each individual that the colonel was not to be trifled with. For the guard had been increased, and beside the 32-pounder, from sunrise to sunrise again, a sentry walked his solemn round, and from time to time a carpenter kindly reported here and there to patch up broken window-glass.

Finally one morning Captain Boomer walked into the office and stood attention at the post commander's desk.

"Well, sir, what is it?" said that gentleman.

"Colonel, I spiked that gun, and I'm sorry for it."

"That's sufficient, captain; perhaps you will be good enough to unspike it."

"I'll do the best I can, colonel."

"Very well."

Previously, Captain Plussmore had taken this job into consideration, but concluded it properly belonged to the ordnance department, whose business it is to keep our machinery in order for us.

Private Swipes, who represented that arm of the service, had labored devotedly with gimlets and sweet oil, but Captain Boomer had more confidence in another unguent not down on the supply-list,—whisky, and Star whisky at that. He also varied the point of application, calling to his aid his old artificer Philpot. It was a very gentle tap that had brought Captain Boomer into his present difficulty, but he found it by no means easy to resume the *status quo*.

Of course you think we are going to quote Virgil in this connection, but we prefer a more practical authority.

> "Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men
> Can put Humpty Dumpty together again."

This is as true of a broken file as of a broken egg. The colleges tell us that action and reaction are equal, but Mother Goose is wiser. Any careless hoof may in a moment trample underfoot and destroy the flower which was the growth of influences gathered from infinite spaces and times.

But artificer Philpot properly primed could do anything, from putting up a flag-staff to picking a lock. If the captain had sent for him and said, "Philpot, I think of building an irrigation machine for the company garden," or, "Really, Philpot, we need a light-house complete down there on the Point," or, "By the way, Philpot, my daughter wants a piano," he simply would have touched his hat, and in due time pump, light-house, or piano would have appeared, primitive but efficient.

He had been known to fill out the line of a Harvard senior who hesitated on his Euripides once in Philpot's vicinity, and who sent him an Elzevir, hurrying back to Boston for that express purpose. While his room-mates in their leisure moments slowly spelled their way down the columns of the *Penny Magazine*, Philpot, through an enormous pair of circular spectacles, refreshed himself with "Celestial Mechanics," or wandered into strange countries with Herodotus or confuted Adam Smith.

Every new company commander sooner or later opened his wondering eyes upon the capacities, manual and mental, of Private Philpot, and taking credit to himself for an original discovery, proceeded to make him a first sergeant, the blushing honors of which that modest man bore uncomplainingly for about a fortnight, and then invariably disappeared.

After forty-eight hours or so Philpot would break out of some quarter of the horizon, making straight for his commanding officer always

with the same story, "Captain, the old woman, sir, the old woman, she's after me." No argument, expostulation, or question ever brought out anything more, and there was nothing to be done but send Philpot to hospital, whence he emerged after the usual course of anodynes to be reduced to the ranks and resume his labors for the general welfare. The lady referred to, so far as known, had no existence outside the demijohn, nor was the regular imbibition of every-day life sufficient to evoke her manifestation. That only followed as a consequence of the excess to which the sedentary solitude of the first sergeant's office exposed him.

But Philpot in time finished the job intrusted him by Captain Boomer. Before retreat that officer was enabled to report that he had thoroughly undone his previous doing, to the announcement of which the colonel only contributed a quiet laugh, rather to the captain's disappointment.

The general suspense, however, was relieved the next day. The little field-piece was restored to duty and the sentinel taken off. Some lessons it is not necessary to repeat, and the colonel's hand was never heavy except for an unwilling horse.

But there was a good deal of sting left in the gun yet. It was certainly out of place there in the middle of the parade. Major Longbow had hitherto found no fault with its noise. He almost enjoyed it, and in his capacity of officer-in-charge took a look now and then at the cartridges to see that no good-natured gunner scattered the powder or scamped the load.

"The gun annoys nobody but women," said the major, "and neither tactics nor regulations contemplate their existence." He was wont to insist that marriage should be equivalent to resignations for everybody—under the rank of field officer.

For the major was prudent, and realized that in this world one is never safe. Up to the final event every man believes in his attractions and every woman in her chance.

The progress of our story has brought us up nearly to the February muster. Major Longbow's pertinacity and the favorable weather had secured from the colonel authority for a preliminary drill and review.

The major delighted in these things with all the delight of a man whose accomplishments were few and his opportunities fewer. To handle a battalion was the one thing he could do. To take a step of precisely twenty-eight inches, to keep the shoulders square to the front and the little finger on the seam of the pantaloons, was something that not only no woman could achieve, even the prettiest, but it was the attainment that lifted the soldier above the repulsive level where other professions scuffled along their devious way.

As Samuel went up to his chamber seven times a day for prayer,

so Major Longbow would have turned out the command seven times a week for drill, irrespective of decalogue or temperature.

Neither sunstroke nor rain-storm had any terrors for him like those of a silent afternoon in his own quarters, for he frankly admitted that he knew of no better man or poorer company than himself.

But on the field, executing "To the rear by the right flank, pass the defile," which was marked by two sergeants standing opposite one another at *charge bayonets*, in order that the risk of the movement might be understood and the accuracy of march and alignment demanded by the major secured, then indeed did he feel that were justice done the future must somewhere hold in reserve for him the glories of a second Hohenlinden.

On drill, eager to supervise everybody, the major was generally traveling one way and looking another, which is the perfection of diplomacy as well as tactics. Years of service had established harmonious relations between his legs and sabre,—that *experimentum crucis* of military aspirants,—but nobody, unless it be Fanny Elssler or Miss Kilmansegg, can trust themselves to their legs perpetually. The major, walking by faith, came to grief over the trail of the gun-carriage we are still talking about.

So far as exterior disruption was possible, it occurred; but if he was put together again, from feather to scabbard, by the aid of his staff and a file-closer or two, inwardly he had experienced a sudden change of heart, and gone over, lame leg and all, to the opposition.

"Colonel," said the major, limping up to the office after drill, "can't that d—— ah, that dilapidated brass nuisance be put somewhere else?"

And the colonel sorrowfully replied that he did not know what more he could do for the community in the matter of the gun unless he took a mortar and aligned it on the zenith from the top of the flag-staff.

The major, however, bravely turned out the next day and went round with the colonel while he made the usual inspection. If now and then Longbow halted somewhat suggestively his commanding officer was only the more thorough in visiting each corner of the garrison.

Everybody held their peace, and wisely, for all good deeds and thoughts flourish best in quiet atmospheres.

Finally the colonel came through the guard-house and down to the west side of the reservation. Here, looking across the bight of the inner bay, was a salient of earth-work now vacant and withdrawn from the travel and labor of the garrison.

To a military man the most essential requisite is a *coup d'œil*, which accounts for the fact that the German army wear spectacles.

It is this *coup d'œil* that transforms the face of the country generally. In a tulip-bed it sees merely a blotch on the landscape. All the

charms of the vale of Tempe would vainly woo its favor. It regards it simply as a spot needing very careful examination before the entrance therein of the main body. Just as the ox eyes the universe solely with respect to fodder, just as the geologist would go through Palestine with a pickaxe and the poet finds beauty in the *axilla*, so it is the province of the *coup d'œil* to invest the prospect with lines of intrenchments and columns of attack, to fix at once its value for approach or cover, and realize all the strategical possibilities of the situation.

There was quite a number of officers grouped about the colonel as he stood here in the salient, each with some inspiration of the moment hovering over the drift of the daily flow of thought. The white beach and the pines, the mountains beyond, and the sky over all, were well calculated to soothe the troubled memories of domestic and official care, but Major Longbow, for instance, is thinking only of how tired and thirsty he feels, Captain Truffles is mainly conscious of dyspepsia, Mr. Straitedge questions whether the angle of the salient is sixty degrees, Mr. Penwiper longs for a smoke, Dr. Stretcher is frowning at an empty tomato-can, and Mr. O. Quills wonders what the colonel is dreaming about.

For the colonel alone of the group studied the locality as a soldier and saw its professional bearings. "The very place for that reveille gun," said he to himself, and thereupon planned a pleasant surprise. He took Mr. Penwiper into his confidence, and that gentleman carried out his orders with all the secrecy of one of Stonewall Jackson's flank marches.

The next morning seemed like one of those that dawn upon the dwellers of Lotus-land. Everybody overslept themselves and were gently lifted on the swelling tide of light to consciousness, saying, "How delightful!"

The literary gentleman looked up several instances where soldiers and sailors learned to sleep beside the guns while worked by their reliefs, as Niagara Falls becomes a sedative to the slumbers of exiled aldermen and imported hackdrivers.

The ethical gentleman contributed his quota of reflection and inference upon the force of habit, and the gentleman who seemed to be the master of ceremonies to Providence, and was always introducing other people to the benefits of his patron, spoke eloquently of the assimilative powers of nature, which turn poisons into medicine and corruption into nutriment.

But the skeptical gentleman went to the window, and behold! THE GUN WAS GONE!

Great was the consternation. Here doubtless was some more of Captain Boomer's foolishness, and as the news went round *paterfamilias* threw down his paper and averred it was time that fellow was suppressed,—*mater* said he was too horrid for anything. The literary

man shut up his encyclopædia. The ethical man wondered if there was a drop of bitters in the closet. The master of ceremonies fell back on the original text, and the skeptical man went down to breakfast.

What would the colonel do now? To steal a gun from the parade and perhaps run it into the bay was trifling with a man who had all the resources of the ordnance department at his back even before the days of Norman Wiard.

The colonel might park the entire artillery of the reservation upon the color-line and belabor his mutinous command with salvo after salvo.

Once at the Academy; when some wild cadet hid his instrument, old Bence had been known "to plow the pugle mit the drum," and so Colonel Peppercorn might possibly anticipate Gilmore, and sound every call through the day in powder from reveille to taps.

The colonel had never been found inadequate to the occasion, and here was an emergency that would surely put him on his mettle. It was too bad.

* * * * * * * *

That morning when the colonel came in sight on his way to the office the ladies watched him from behind the curtains, the children from behind their mothers, while the lords of the household brought up the rear as scorning curiosity, but amenable to information.

The colonel, all unconscious of his audience, passed briskly up the walk, nor did he seem to miss anything from the landscape, and certainly in his appearance was no trace of vexation or defiance.

Here comes Captain Boomer, too, and the colonel greets him with an emphatic "Good-morning."

Now, it was not possible that anything could actually happen at Carter Barracks without the captain's knowledge. "First in war, first in peace," etc., he might never be, but he would have distanced "our own correspondent" in the race for news. Nothing escaped his notice from the fisherman on the dock to the loafer about the stables. The reveille gun in its present obscurity on Lovers' Lane hardly came within his sphere of activity, Mrs. Boomer and himself having long ago exhausted that pathway of all its charms, but the captain was a megaphone, upon which all changes recorded their approach and drew him to their locus by attractions more subtile and rare than summon the bees to their homes or bind the sweet influences of Pleiades.

Nothing but the sun anticipated Captain Boomer in the discovery of Colonel Peppercorn's last location of the reveille gun, and this was, doubtless, because the sun anticipated the almanac.

Through the captain the happy dispatch was soon made known, and the arrangement speedily verified by every eye in garrison except, perhaps, in the case of Lieutenant Lafferty, who never voluntarily went anywhere but to a funeral, and whom nothing could surprise but a field officer's resignation.

H. W. C.

SOLDIERING IN BERMUDA.

THE voyage between New York and the Bermudas has been aptly compared to the passage across the English Channel intensified and stretched out over four days. According to the calendar it lasts four days, but if time is measured by emotion forty days would be nearer the truth. We were warned before starting that in the stormy month of January we might expect high winds and rough seas, and, like those who are blessed because they expect nothing, we were not disappointed. Our good captain declared, after the manner of good captains at the end of a voyage, that he had never known heavier seas or higher winds. We consoled ourselves with the reflection that, so far as this voyage was concerned, we would at all events be spared the regret of Cato, who lamented that he had once made a journey by sea when he might have gone by land.

But, like many other unpleasant events in life, the voyage once over its discomforts and miseries are soon forgotten. Half an hour after stepping across the steamer's gang-plank on to the firm, dry land of the sleepy little town of Hamilton, the majority of the hundred odd cabin passengers had as completely recovered from their recent woes as though they had not been. It was difficult, upon landing, to realize that only four days before we had been shivering in the eager and nipping air of New York with the mercury at zero. Here we saw signs of a luxuriant vegetation on every hand, and felt the warm rays of a southern sun beating down upon us. Much has been said and written about the climate of Bermuda. Its charms can hardly be exaggerated. It is not *warm*, but delightfully *mild*, in winter, the thermometer usually ranging between 60° and 70°. Washingtonians occasionally experience a Bermuda day in midwinter; New Yorkers never. In summer it is said to be cooler than with us. Sea-breezes and frequent showers contribute to this end. Showers, indeed, are of daily occurrence at all seasons of the year. It is never safe to start off umbrellaless on a long walk or excursion,—that is, if you mind getting a wetting. It does not merely *sprinkle*, but rains very hard for about ten minutes at a time, often three or four times a day. Owing to the porous nature of the soil, the rain leaves no mud, and, on the whole, a shower is looked upon as rather a pleasant interruption in a sunny day.

Owing to these frequent showers, as well as to the small area of the islands and to the proximity of the sea, the air is always damp, so damp that the soldiers complain of the effects of it on their arms and ammunition, but this dampness is said not to be injurious to health, even when the houses, built of the native rock, show evident signs of it. It is due to the climate rather than to the soil that the cultivation of fruits and vegetables so amply repays the labor devoted to it. Only about three thousand acres are capable of cultivation at all. The remainder of the islands (nine thousand acres) consist of barren, rocky, and unprofitable ground, partially covered with dwarfed cedars and mangroves. Upon the land which is capable of cultivation, with very little care, all of our garden vegetables grow and thrive,—notably the potato and the onion. Perhaps the reader is familiar with Mark Twain's "Notes of an Isle Excursion" and will remember how he dilates upon the charms of the Bermuda onion. He goes so far as to declare that such is the love of the Bermudian for his onion that no greater compliment can be paid one of the islanders than to call him *an onion*. Having heard much of the superior qualities of the Bermuda onions, we made it a point to partake of them at nearly every meal, although not particularly partial to the vegetable. After about two weeks of the bulbous diet, we remarked to our host, "How much better your Bermuda onions taste than any we can get in the States!" "Do you think so?" said he. "The onions you have been eating since you came here were brought from New York. Ours are not large enough to pull yet." Such is the power of imagination.

General Russell Hastings, formerly a resident of Ohio, but now permanently established in Bermuda, on account of an affection of the lungs from which he suffers, has recently turned his attention to the cultivation of lilies, and has been very successful in his enterprise. The first year, when he had no competitors, he cleared ten thousand dollars. He ships thousands of lily bulbs every year to New York, where, on account of their size and perfection, they command fancy prices. These lilies are planted out in rows in a field like onions, and myriads of them, all blooming together, in the month of March, present a most beautiful appearance.

The climate and soil of Bermuda are admirably adapted for banana culture. The Bermuda banana is small, yellow, with brown spots all over it, and has a very fine flavor. The Bermudians rather begrudge the time and room necessary to bring bananas to perfection. The banana-tree bears only one bunch of fruit in its life-time, and it takes three years of growth to perfect this one bunch.

When Saint Patrick drove snakes out of Ireland they did not seek refuge in Bermuda, for there are no snakes in all the islands.

Any description of Bermuda, however brief, would be incomplete without a reference to its decidedly military character. Not to mention

with some degree of detail the military side of Bermuda, ranking, as it does, second only to Gibraltar in importance as a fortification, would be to omit its most salient feature. It would, indeed, be the play without Hamlet. In the event of war between England and the United States, the value of Bermuda to England as a secondary base of supplies, as a coaling station, and as a place for refitting her navy, cannot be overestimated. It is as much the key to the North Atlantic coast as the fortress of Gibraltar to the Mediterranean. Within three days England could, by means of her men-of-war, land whole regiments from Bermuda on any point of our defenseless Atlantic coast. Her Majesty's government is not blind to the situation. In the British War Office in London are maps and detailed descriptions of all American harbors and sea-coast cities, ready to refer to should hostilities arise. During our "late unpleasantness" the government at Washington experienced much annoyance from the proximity of Bermuda to Charleston and other Southern sea-ports. There were fitted out in the hospitable harbors of the islands whole fleets of blockade-runners, and hundreds of Englishmen starting from Bermuda made large fortunes by successfully running the blockade. Bermudians, during the war, were accused by Northerners of sympathizing with the South, while Southerners found fault with them for not being more openly friendly to "the cause." In the neutral stand which they took at this period they remind one of the man who, during a religious argument, when asked to express his opinions on the subject of heaven and hell, declined on the ground that *he had friends in both places!* Maternal England herself set a bad example to her colony, for she made no secret of the fact that she loved not the North less, but the South more. During the Revolutionary war the Bermudians sympathized with the cause of the thirteen colonies, and would have joined them had it been possible to do so. It is said that a Bermudian named Tucker, who was in charge of one of the royal powder-magazines at the period when the thirteen colonies were struggling for their independence, feeling a secret sympathy for the rebels, conveyed word to General Washington that if he sent for it, he could have all the powder from Bermuda that he wanted. Powder being sorely needed at Boston, Washington sent three ships for it, which secretly carried it from Bermuda to Boston. Old Bermudians say that this really is a chapter of unwritten history. Godet, in his "History of Bermuda," makes no mention of it, but an English historian would be sorely tempted to ignore the little episode. Of the subsequent career of Tucker, the man who so generously donated the king's powder, tradition makes no mention.

Prior to 1865 Bermuda formed a part of the Halifax command, but since then it has been an independent command, and its governor, always an officer of the army, is also commander-in-chief of the troops on the islands. These troops at present (1886) are the Eighty-fourth

Regiment of Infantry (Second Battalion, York and Lancaster) and large detachments of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers. Troops are kept three years only on this station. Extensive barracks exist on two of the largest islands of the group. These barracks are known as Camp Prospect and St. George's. A military prison is maintained at the last named, the prisoners being offenders from among the troops serving on the islands. The former practice of sending convicts to Bermuda has long since been abandoned.

The fortifications of Bermuda consist, for the most part, of small bastioned forts, crowning every eminence and promontory. They, as well as the houses and fences, are entirely built of the native rock. This rock is so peculiar in its character as to merit more than passing notice. It is a soft limestone, which is quarried, cut, and trimmed by means of chisels and hand-saws. Under a strong magnifying-glass it plainly shows its derivation from comminuted shells and corals. On first being quarried the rock is very white in appearance, but subsequent exposure to the weather gives it a grayish and granite-like tinge. Tanks are also built of this rock. Fresh water for the forts, and also for the houses, is obtained by the storage of rain in tanks (for there are no springs on the islands, and the law requires each householder to build and keep in repair at least one of these tanks). Even the roofs are made of thin, flat slabs of the native rock, constructed with a view to shedding the water into the tanks, and kept compact and clean with constant whitewashing. The water is cool and palatable, the islanders drinking it without the addition of ice, which is imported for the benefit of foreigners. The forts are in charge of, and occupied by, small detachments of three or four soldiers. No attempt is made to maintain a regular sentry post at each fort. They are inspected once a week by the commanding officer of the nearest barrack.

The infantry has one weekly battalion drill at Camp Prospect. We witnessed one of these drills. The battalion consisted of four companies of twenty-five files each, the companies being small owing to the necessity for detaching soldiers for different duties in other parts of the islands. The general appearance of the rank and file was excellent. Most of the men were splendid physical specimens, and would have excited the envy of the first Frederick of Prussia. Their marching was not as precise as that of our own regulars, and very unfavorable comparisons were instituted between it and that of the Seventh New York Regiment by admirers of the latter, who were present as spectators. The men wore no gloves. One of the features of their drill was the formation of a hollow square to resist cavalry, a movement not provided for in our tactics, as it is considered safer to rally by company in a circle and thus avoid the vulnerable angles of the square. In the British square the men kneel to charge bayonets. A striking feature of the drill was the bayonet exercise, something which is almost

wholly neglected by our army (outside of West Point) and by the State troops. Ranks were opened for bayonet exercise by causing every alternate file to step two paces to the rear. No commands were given. It was a "silent drill," and as the sun glistened on the red uniforms and flashing steel the spectacle was one to be long remembered.

Four signal stations, situated on the most prominent points, facilitate communication between ships at sea and the islands. Marryat's commercial code of signals is used. This code, bound up in book form, is pretty generally adopted by the vessels of all nations on the high seas. Almost any message imaginable can be transmitted, by using flags as a medium, by means of this convenient code. The islanders have also a signal code of their own with which men on the lookout at the signal-stations communicate intelligence in regard to the approach, the movements, and the needs of vessels to the authorities and others on the islands. This is done by means of an arrangement of pendants and balls on a mast and yard-arm at each station. By ingenious combinations of these much news is transmitted and "he who runs can read." The signal-stations are in charge of the Royal Engineers. Since the weather is nearly always good in Bermuda and, consequently, not worth talking about as it is with us, conversation about the latest signals displayed takes the place of weather talk. When the signal indicating the approach of the New York mail steamer is hoisted excitement reaches fever-heat, and is only quieted when, a few hours later, passengers and mail are safely landed in the presence of the assembled multitude of Bermudians and foreigners, for every man, woman, and child able to do so turn out on "steamer day."

For large vessels approaching Bermuda there is but one channel, from the northeast. This is owing to the dangerous nature of the submerged coral reefs which encircle the islands. The channel is carefully buoyed out, and can be entered only by daylight. Incoming vessels are obliged to report to the naval authorities. The latter are charged with the duty of assisting all vessels in distress as far as possible.

The coral reefs form, no doubt, a far stronger natural protection against capture than do the islands' many forts, under the modern conditions of warfare, when gunpowder and dynamite demolish so easily the artificial defenses of places which, a few years back, were deemed impregnable. But, while the coral reefs afford such good protection, on the other hand the excellent channel from the northeast could not be obstructed artificially without the presence of the obstruction being discovered by a vigilant foe, owning to the extreme lucidity of the water. On a calm day it is easy to discern objects at a distance of fifty feet below the surface.

The British private soldier, even when "off duty," is remarkably

natty in appearance, and, in military parlance, "travels a good deal on his shape." To an American eye he seems almost foppish in his dress. When an American soldier carries a cane it usually betokens a feebleness either of the body or the mind. The British soldier always carries a cane and yet appears to be physically and intellectually vigorous. His round, visorless cap looks to be at least two sizes too small for him, requiring an elastic band to keep it on, and it is worn at an angle of forty-five degrees, just above the left ear. The uniform of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers is a showy combination of red and black. The coats of the infantry are as red as they were when they first opened fire on us at Lexington and Concord.

Unlike the practice in our army, where the marriage of private soldiers is prohibited, a certain percentage of the men in each British regiment is allowed to marry, and their wives are carried "on the strength of the regiment," and are entitled to move with it when it changes station. Many a fair Bermudian has married on what she fondly believed to be "the strength of the regiment" only to find herself sadly deceived when the order came for the regiment to move.

The English officers in Bermuda amuse themselves by riding a great deal on horseback, and foxes and game not being plentiful, "paper-hunts" are substituted for the real thing. At these paper-hunts two soldiers, called "the hare and hound," precede the riding-party and scatter small bits of paper, making what in the far West would be called a "trail." The riders, at a given signal blown on a bugle, follow up this "trail," which leads through woods, over fences, across fields, and finally ends at some house previously selected for "the finish." At "the finish," after taking three or four hurdles, the riders dismount and adjourn to the house for refreshments. Ladies as well as gentlemen indulge in these paper-hunts, which certainly possess the merit of being harmless amusements.

Bermuda, politically, belongs (unfortunately for us) to Great Britain, but geographically and commercially it forms part of the United States. The trade between England and Bermuda is insignificant, while that between Bermuda and the United States is growing in importance every year. Bermudians are learning to depend upon the money which American tourists bring to the islands more than on the income derived from the presence of British troops. As a proof of the commercial importance of the United States to Bermuda, the fact is worth mentioning that American exchange and "greenbacks" are generally received in preference to English gold. Apropos of money, before starting for Bermuda it is very necessary to heed Iago's advice and "put money in thy purse," for living there is not cheap. Board of the plainest description cannot be obtained anywhere for less than ten dollars a week, while the price of board at the two large hotels, which are both extremely comfortable and well kept, is from three to

five dollars per day during "the season," which lasts from November until May.

But in these charming islands nature bestows *her* good gifts with a most lavish hand. The blessing of a heavenly climate, with all its accompanying benefits, is bestowed alike on the rich and the poor, on the just and the unjust.

Perhaps to an American the only drawback to full enjoyment while in Bermuda is the pardonable feeling of regret, on patriotic grounds, when he reflects that "It's English, you know."

We cannot better close these recollections of Bermuda days than by quoting the rebus of Dr. Graves-Irwin, of the British army, who, long and favorably known to sojourners at Bermuda, has recently returned to England, having been placed on the retired list:

"Balm of the ocean, frankincense of the sea,
Ever-dear island, I'm dreaming of thee.
Rummiest, chummiest, exquisite spot,
Mediumly chilly and mediumly hot.
Under no circumstances ever can be
Dearer or sweeter an island to me.
Addio! Vale! Sweet gem of the sea."

J. A. Lockwood,
Lieutenant U.S.A.

THE UNION LEAGUE DURING THE WAR.[1]

FROUDE says, in his sketch of Cæsar, "Revolutionary periods are painted in history in colors so dark that the reader wonders how, amidst such scenes, peaceful human beings could continue to exist."

If, as its advocates declare, the war waged for secession, a quarter of a century ago, was only wanting in the one important conclusive fact of final success to make it a revolution, it certainly assumed gigantic proportions; and so long as the issue was in doubt, and there was a period which was "painted in history in dark colors," the line between rebellion and revolution seemed to be shadowy and indistinct. For, philosophically speaking, rebellion is the act overt which leads to and results in revolution, as an accomplished fact: this statement being, of course, in the abstract, and without reference to cause, justifiable or otherwise. Let us thank God, gentlemen, we are to treat of rebellion, and not revolution. And that this "dark period" shall go down to posterity in history as a rebellion, and not a revolution, is the result of *two* important factors, which were closely allied to one another,—namely, first, the glorious triumph of the armies and navies of the United States in an unjustifiable war waged against the just and righteous supremacy of the national government,—which was, and is, and always *must* remain, supreme, over one and *only* one union or confederation of States, and under *one* and only one flag as its national emblem and patriotic inspiration. And, secondly, the loyal, hearty, and unqualified support extended and given to the military and naval arms of the government by Congress, by the press, by the pulpit, by organizations in sympathy with them and with the cause which they championed, and by loyal citizens everywhere, in their respective spheres and several channels, all working for a common end, the suppression of the Rebellion, and the re-establishment by force of arms of the power of the national government, which had been defied and assailed.

To these combined factors I may add, although it is unnecessary to mention it, the lofty and sublime faith and confidence of the great statesman, Abraham Lincoln, whose patriotic courage never faltered, and who, as the executive power in supreme command, was under the weight of the heaviest responsibility ever placed upon any American citizen in the history of our country.

In such "dark periods" it is singular that there should be "peace-

[1] An address before the United Service Club of Philadelphia.

ful citizens," or citizens who could be inactive; and stranger still that there should be citizens, apparently peaceful and inactive, who, in secret, were plotting and planning to overturn a government which spread over them its benign protection and security.

There was no need to create, maintain, or uphold public sentiment in favor of the Southern States in rebellion. With such isolated instances or exceptions, which only prove the rule, they were a unit in favor of their cause of secession and rebellion. It was only in the Northern or loyal States that the danger lay of a *divided* sentiment; and this, to me, has always been the great inexplicable mystery of that period of the war for the preservation of the Union, that such a divided opinion could exist and be possible.

It was not a political question, to be met and discussed by adroit debates, as, for instance, the propriety of adjusting the duties on imports on an equitable basis, or other similar issues; and that it was not so is amply proven in the distinguished part borne in that critical period by men who, however they might have differed before or since the war, were willing to lay aside all political animosities and unite on the common ground of devotion to the imperiled national unity, the insulted national flag, and the defied and ignored national supremacy. Shoulder to shoulder marched to the front Democrats and Republicans; the former with their inherited policy of constitutional law, which they saw endangered by the refusal of a minority to recognize a regularly and lawfully elected executive, and the latter with a righteous indignation springing from the same cause,—in that Abraham Lincoln, the Republican candidate, representing their Republican principles, which were dear to them, after being chosen by the providence of Almighty God, and the will of the American people, President of the United States, should have his office unrecognized, and a rival President chosen by a sectional minority in his stead. Vast as was the domain of the United States, there was *no room* in it for two executives: one or the other must go to the wall and be dethroned. You, gentlemen, and your illustrious compeers, rendered a decision which was complete and final, and the will of the majority must and shall be respected, by the ballot, if it may be, but by other means if the ballot fails. The ordinary machinery of the body politic failing to work out a peaceful solution, the soldiers and sailors of the republic solved the problem, and the solution goes upon record. Long will they be remembered as magnificent specimens of soldiers who had no political platform but duty, loyalty, and honor.

It has always been found necessary for citizens to band themselves together to aid the government. It is merely carrying on the organization of the army in another form in civil life. The increased power and strength which spring from concentration, organization, and union were demonstrated in the various associations which sprang into exist-

ence during the war, whose object was to aid the constituted authorities of the State and general government and to secure the perpetuity of the Union. It was fitting, also, that in Pennsylvania, which up to May, 1862, had furnished more troops than any other State, and in Philadelphia, which at one time was the national capital, there should be created an organization which was destined to become a most powerful support to the Union side, and to foster and increase a sentiment of loyalty which, next to the military arm in a national crisis, is the most potent factor.

Commercial relations had to be broken, bonds of friendship severed, family ties torn apart, and men were compelled to take a stand and to proclaim their allegiance. In the face of an attempted social ostracism, the patriotic position was taken that the first duty of all good citizens was to sustain the government, and, as Judge Hare recommended, "to withdraw from all social relations with disloyal men, and set up a society of our own." This suggestion gave rise to the formation of the Union Club, which was a small gathering of loyal gentlemen, called together, as the notes of invitation stated, "for a patriotic purpose," and the first meeting of which took place at the residence of Mr. Benjamin Gerhard, No. 226 South Fourth Street, on November 15, 1862, at the dark period of the great struggle, when the result was in doubt, and the enemies of the Union were jubilant and boastful.

One week later, articles of association were adopted, at the house of Mr. George H. Boker, 1720 Walnut Street, by twenty-four gentlemen, and the Union Club, which was at first limited to fifty members, was organized, the condition of membership being "unqualified loyalty to the government of the United States and unwavering support of its measures for the suppression of the Rebellion."

The following were the members of the club:

Morton McMichael,	Frederick Fraley,	Theo. Frothingham,
J. I. C. Hare,	J. Gillingham Fell,	Chas. J. Peterson,
Charles Gibbons,	Alexander Brown,	George Whitney,
Benjamin Gerhard,	Wm. Henry Ashhurst,	Joseph Harrison, Jr.,
George H. Boker,	Dr. W. C. Swann,	Wm. D. Lewis,
A. E. Borie,	Daniel Dougherty,	Joshua B. Lippincott,
John M. Read,	George H. Trott,	John H. Towne,
Singleton A. Mercer,	Fairman Rogers,	Ward B. Haseltine,
E. Spencer Miller,	Robert B. Cabeen,	S. M. Felton,
Horace Binney, Jr.,	John B. Myers,	S. V. Merrick,
Stephen Colwell,	Wm. M. Tilghman,	Gen. Geo. Cadwalader,
James W. Paul,	A. J. Antelo,	William Sellers,
John Ashhurst,	C. H. Clark,	Jos. B. Townsend,
Henry C. Carey,	Ferdinand J. Dreer,	B. H. Moore,
Wm. Henry Rawle,	James L. Claghorn,	James Milliken,
Samuel J. Reeves,	Edwin M. Lewis,	Abraham Barker,
Alfred D. Jessup,	Henry M. Watts,	John P. Verree,
Abraham J. Lewis,	Thos. A. Biddle,	Dr. John F. Meigs,
Chas. L. Borie,	Daniel Smith, Jr.,	John Russell Young.

Among the most ardent and enthusiastic of these patriotic men were the following-named gentlemen, who at that time were or had been (if I am correct) Democrats: Geo. H. Boker, Daniel Dougherty, J. Gillingham Fell, and Antony J. Antelo. There were also such well-known Republicans as Morton McMichael, Horace Binney, Jr., Daniel Smith, Jr., William D. Lewis, Judge J. I. Clark Hare, and others. You will thus observe that the object of the Union Club was patriotic rather than political, and loyal rather than partisan. And at that time it seems to me that the Democrats who came out so nobly and boldly, and cut the party chain which was dragging others into the ranks of the enemy, were deserving of the highest praise. There is a fine old ring of patriotism about the title of *War Democrat* which will cling to those brave and gallant gentlemen so long as memories of the war shall endure, and the history of the great struggle in our nation for self-preservation will never be completely written, read, or sung without giving full credit and unstinted praise to those who not only rose above "Party," but scorned an alliance at the expense of honor and devotion to flag and country in a time when their services were most needed, and therefore doubly precious.

The success of the Union Club proved that a greater sphere of usefulness was required, and a much larger and more complete organization needed. Then it was, by an expansion and enlargement, with the fifty honored names as a nucleus, that, on December 27, 1862, at the house of Dr. John F. Meigs, 1208 Walnut Street, there sprang into existence that powerful factor of liberty and law, which gave to the government and the army such tremendous support and encouragement, that representing, as it did, the loyal sentiment and backing which are so essential in all struggles, and leading the way, as it did, in support of the war for the Union, giving freely in time, in men, and in means, whenever called on, and never wavering when skies were darkest and the issues seemed most in doubt, cheering and urging on, wild with joy when news of victory came, saddened but not disheartened when tidings of disasters flashed across the wires,—the right arm of the great President, in Philadelphia,—the foremost organization in the country at that time, which expressed most openly, most freely, most unreservedly, its devotion to the cause of an unbroken national unity, none other than—and none its equal—The Union League of Philadelphia.

The name having been selected, as proposed by Mr. Charles Gibbons, the new club found its first home in the well-known *Kuhn* mansion, 1118 Chestnut Street, under the following officers: William M. Meredith, President; George H. Boker, Secretary; and James L. Claghorn, Treasurer; and the members were invited to inaugurate the event on Washington's birthday, 1863. From that time the membership steadily increased and the League House became the rendezvous for loyal men, who found in association and organization the potent

means of fostering and strengthening a public sentiment which was of untold importance in upholding the hands of the government in its mighty struggle for an unbroken nationality. This powerful influence was enhanced by the issue of almost countless copies of printed matter by the Publication Committee of the club, composed of men untiring in energy, and devoted to the cause, who thus spread broadcast sentiments of loyalty and stirring words of encouragement. It is difficult to overestimate the influence for good thus produced.

These publications were polemic and argumentative, and were conclusive also to all loyal minds, as well as productive of healthy results in the way of a tonic to the wavering. Among the most able was a paper written by Dr. Charles J. Stillé on "How a free people conduct a long war," and strong documents were prepared by such men as Francis Lieber, Governor Curtin, Salmon P. Chase, Horace Binney, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, George H. Boker, Goodwin Smith, Rev. Dr. W. H. Bellows, and Carl Schurz, and rapidly printed in English and German, to be distributed in every direction. Over two million copies were issued during the critical periods of the war, which demonstrates the fidelity and extent of the labors of this faithful body of men which composed the Committee of Publication. And to no one man, in this connection, is more credit due than to Lindley Smyth, who for five years was its most efficient chairman, and whose masterly administration contributed so largely to its signal success. Among his associates were such able men as Henry C. Lea, William Henry Rawle, Samuel C. Perkins, Joseph B. Townsend, W. M. Tilghman, and others, who efficiently seconded his efforts with unremitting support and co-operation.

If the two most prominent figures in the American Revolution were Washington, representing the military power which, after great privations and heroic struggles, was successful in war, and Franklin, the embodiment of patriotism in civil life, as well as the successful diplomatist abroad, who finally secured us our French alliance, so in our late war for the Union the two factors which contributed to its victorious termination were first, *always first*, the armies and navies of the United States, bringing to a triumphant conclusion the great conflict for supremacy; and, secondly, the loyal support behind them rendered by such organizations as the Union League of Philadelphia, which was the first and foremost to strengthen, encourage, and uphold the gallant soldiers and sailors of the republic; and with two such forces working in harmony the issue, although delayed, could not be long in doubt, for when time revealed the end of the struggle, it also demonstrated the irresistible strength of the alliance.

By authority of the Union League, and largely with funds raised therein, the following regiments were recruited under the auspices of the Committee on Enlistments, appointed June 27, 1863.

Under the governor's call for three months' service a Union League Brigade was raised, composed of the following:

First Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Zell; Second Regiment, Colonel McLean; and Third Regiment, Colonel Gray; also five companies of cavalry.

In a short time afterwards the Fourth Regiment (One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers) was mustered in for three years. This was followed in July, 1864, by the Fifth Regiment (One Hundred and Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania), Colonel Neff; and later by the Sixth Regiment (One Hundred and Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania), Colonel Sickel. Again, in December, 1864, the Seventh Regiment (Two Hundred and Thirteenth Pennsylvania), Colonel Gorgas; Eighth Regiment (Two Hundred and Fourteenth Pennsylvania), Colonel McKibben; and Ninth Regiment (Two Hundred and Fifteenth Pennsylvania), Colonel Wister, were formed. These regiments were known as Union League Regiments, and performed faithful and meritorious service, and in many instances with conspicuous gallantry, in the Army of the Potomac.

Where all did so well it is perhaps unfair to discriminate and allude to any as deserving special mention. But circumstances may have given to some peculiar opportunities over others, and it is with no desire to be unjust to any that I may perhaps refer to the One Hundred and Eighty-third Regiment (Fourth Union League), Colonel George P. McLean, which bore a most honorable part in the severe fighting in the Wilderness, and continued in the field, with its depleted ranks constantly refilled, until the surrender at Appomattox. The One Hundred and Ninety-eighth Regiment (Sixth Union League), Colonel Horatio G. Sickel, can also with propriety be spoken of in terms of warm praise for heroic bravery in one of the last battles of the war (battle of Lewis Farm, March, 1865), in which its colonel was wounded and Majors Glenn and MacEuen killed.

I have no doubt the other regiments might also be commended for gallantry, efficiency, and discipline, and during their various terms of service, and in their respective tours of duty, they contributed their share to the great campaign in which Pennsylvania soldiers were so prominent, both in numbers and distinction.

In all, about ten thousand men were added to the army through the efforts of the Union League and its capable committees, and during a period when such additions were of value and importance.

And this action also contributed to the fame of Pennsylvania in performing her part in furnishing troops in such numbers as to merit so much praise and commendation. The State of Meade and Hancock may well be proud of her proportion of the army, and Gettysburg will ever attest the valor of her sons. And whether true or not, as a political maxim, that "As Pennsylvania, so goes the Union,"—

and the general election of 1884 seemed to break somewhat the force of the expression,—in war time it was doubly true and forcible, and to this power and influence the Union League largely contributed, and can look back with complacent pride upon what was accomplished in the days now happily only a memory,—but a memory in which there is nothing but satisfaction and honor.

In addition to this evidence of patriotism on the part of the Union League as an organization, its members volunteered individually, at various times, for active service in the field, in large numbers and in different commands. And I feel quite sure that during the critical periods of 1862 and 1863, when the Confederate army invaded the North, many of the younger members of the Union League could not be found at the club-house, but were performing military duty in the field.

The closest relations thus existed between the Union League and the army, which, beginning during the war, have continued from that time until the present, and in no place were the soldier and sailor more welcome, more valued and appreciated, or more thoroughly *believed* in, than in the famous club.

By official action the Union League at various times voted medals to distinguished officers and others for conspicuous prominence and services during the war,—among them were Grant, Meade, Hancock, Rosecrans, Halleck, Banks, Burnside, Gillmore, McDowell, Butler, Hooker, Sigel, Couch, Dana, and Whipple; also Curtin and Crosman, Farragut, Porter, and Worden; also Josiah Quincy, Laboulaye, Gasparin, John Bright, Richard Cobden, and Cairns.

Most of the distinguished men of the service have been formally entertained at the club-house, and I take great pleasure in referring to the fact that the club has honored itself especially in extending to the Loyal Legion a most cordial invitation to hold its meetings in the League House, which is an invitation extended to no other body, and which is the best evidence of the high esteem in which that military and patriotic organization is held by our members. Thus we are bound up together by the memories and incidents of the past, and by the friendships and associations of the present.

And when the great conflict was over, and although at a tremendous cost of lives freely given up as willing sacrifices, of lives prolonged only from wounds and illness into weary years of pain and suffering, and of many darkened homes where loved ones were missed and mourned, when the one unalterable principle of an unbroken union of States was maintained supreme and paramount, national supremacy triumphantly established, and the old colors, though torn and rent by shot and shell, and stained with blood, waved over a united country from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, the men of the Union League of Philadelphia welcomed back to their homes

their friends and allies,—ay, their *comrades*, if you will consent to the term,—the soldiers and sailors who made such a welcome and reunion possible, and who deserved all the joyous greeting they received.

And so together we will go down into history,—the Loyal Legion and the Grand Army of the Republic on the one hand, and the Union League and its kindred organizations on the other,—and together will we rejoice that when, in the dark hours of the past, our services were required to perform a sacred duty, we were *tried in the balance and not found wanting;* and when the story is told in the future, of the peril and danger of the republic during the trying scenes of long ago, we will be remembered *together* as among those who adhered to principle, were true to their allegiance, and in their respective spheres served their country.

EDWIN N. BENSON,
President of the Union League.

A PLEA FOR GUNBOATS.

THE severe spirit of economy that has ruled our Congress in making its annual appropriation for the maintenance, and latterly the increase, of our naval force has given cause for great discouragement to our naval officers, and indeed to a very large number of our most patriotic citizens; but the change for the better has been so marked during the years of the present administration that a new era seems to have dawned, and we cannot but feel that, although we have been obliged to listen humbly to a deal of braggadocio, and tamely submit to some flagrant acts of discourtesy at the hands of insignificant but insolent nations, the day is approaching when the people can feel that in time of peace our flag shall be proudly shown in every quarter of the globe, as in time of war the vessels flying it may be relied upon to uphold its honor under the most trying circumstances.

It is not to be expected that the ponderous ships of battle that are the result of years of costly experiment on the part of foreign nations can be duplicated by us at a moment's notice, and we have wisely adopted in some of our new ships plans furnished at much expense by naval constructors of other services. The present Congress has appropriated generously, and an impetus has been given that we may reasonably hope will have a lasting effect. There have been three periods in our nation's life when the navy of the United States has properly been placed in a high position among the navies of the world,—during the War of 1812–14, when we built our heavy frigates; in 1854 or 1855, when we astonished the world with our magnificent steam frigates of the "Colorado" class; and during the War of the Rebellion, when the number of our heavy guns and the tonnage of our craft assumed astounding proportions. We have shown ourselves to be true believers in the first Napoleon's maxim, that heaven is always on the side of the heaviest artillery, until the present day of wonderfully-equipped navies, when, for reasons that are adjudged good and sufficient, our armaments are, comparatively speaking, light. The battle between armor and artillery still goes on, and nations make brave efforts to practice economy by reading lessons gained at the expense of their neighbors; but into the old strife has entered the new element of torpedoes and all their adjuncts, and we no sooner discovered that swift torpedo-boats intelligently

directed are powerful elements in aggressive warfare than ingenuity is taxed to place upon the scene still swifter boats, directed in an equally intelligent fashion, whose business it is to annihilate the would-be destroyers.

Until there is a war between first-class naval powers we must be speculative. Nothing but actual test in the smoke and excitement of a battle can discover to our eager eyes the faults of existing systems; and to our numerous queries, until that time comes, we must be satisfied to "read the answer in the stars."

It is far from the intention of this article to speak in any other than terms of the highest respect of the efforts made by Congress to give an encouraging impetus to our navy, and it is believed that the ship-building industry of the country is in a fair way to hold its own. The vessels constructed and to be constructed are of a valuable type, and naval officers rub their hands in proud anticipation; but it is to be questioned if we have not departed somewhat too radically from our conservative position.

We profess to watch carefully the progress of ship-building in other lands, and while our officers have been relegated to old-fashioned craft, and subjected to many a covert sneer in consequence, they have still been cheerful in their firm belief that the time was near at hand when we should take our fitting rank among nations on a warlike footing, and astonish them by our "new departures" and the surpassing excellence and originality of our designs. This, of course, we have not yet done. We are still copying, but we can afford to do this in the modest fashion we have adopted, provided we give employment to our artisans and opportunity to our shipwrights. All this means experience. To gain this the country becomes possessed of the necessary plant. The first step taken, we can tread fearlessly. There can be no retrograding as long as Congress does its duty.

It is needless to discuss here the question of the success of the new vessels already undergoing the test of actual service or those that have made their trials. When we regard the speed for which the new armored cruisers of England, France, and Spain are designed, we find ourselves falling short, but it must be noted that attention abroad is being largely attracted to the necessity of small, swift, and comparatively light-draught vessels that can act as torpedo-vessels, or as scouts to a squadron in time of war, and as cruising gunboats in time of peace.

The dignity of the country demands the possession of such vessels as the "Texas" and "Maine," and protected cruisers such as the "Charleston" and "San Francisco;" but when we glance at the contemplated additions to other navies we must note the significance of the additions to their gunboat class. The term gunboat in itself is somewhat confusing, but we may, for the sake of sticking to the text,

denominate as such vessels having auxiliary sail-power and being of less than one thousand tons' displacement and more than three hundred and fifty. It is only those of our citizens who have occasion to visit foreign lands who have full opportunity of seeing and appreciating the possession by the country of a naval force, when, sailing into some great sea-port where representatives of all the navies of the world lie tranquilly at anchor; our traveling brother can in the near future mark with a sense of pride the glossy sides and frowning battery of some armored or "protected" cruiser that flies his country's flag; but it is only when he penetrates to some inland city, the approaches to which are through shallow waters, that he thoroughly appreciates the feeling of security that is aroused by the sight of that protecting flag floating over some pygmy craft manned by his own countrymen, and officered by men trained to a knowledge of their responsibilities. We may suppose a place like Tien-Tsin in the north of China, up the Pei-Ho River, where, through the winter months, say from the middle of November until March, communication with the outside world is practically cut off by the freezing of the river.

The community is a small one, and only privileged Chinamen reside within the precincts of the settlement. Close at hand, however, is a populous city filled with members of a race prone to fanaticism, and whose evil deeds are of so recent an occurrence as to be practically events of yesterday. The men of the settlement are partly trained to arms, and the houses surrounded by high walls built with a keen eye to defense; but the moral effect of a gunboat's presence through the perilous winter is so well understood that it is a point of duty among the admirals of the various fleets in Asiatic waters to see that at least one vessel winters there, and usually there are two.

The combined landing-force of these vessels might be not more than one hundred men, but they would be invincible opposed to an armed *mob*, and the vessels themselves could be converted, did the emergency arise, into almost impregnable fortresses, although frozen in at their moorings.

It is under such circumstances and in such places that, during times of peace, the navy of the United States should be well represented, or let us say, once for all, that we do not care to do our share towards the protection of our own citizens, who, for purposes of trade, actuated by religious enthusiasm, or seeking knowledge by travel, find themselves in deadly peril of their lives. It must be most humiliating for such persons to be cut off from the fostering care of their own government, and left year after year to rely for safety upon the strong arm of a foreign power.

Our cruisers appear at frequent intervals at the various sea-ports along the entire coast only to mock the wealth and greatness of the country by their antique form, but miles up some shallow river for

many years has been found a sea-going tug that our economically-disposed government fitted up for river service on the Asiatic station. Her mean draught was a little over ten feet, displacement four hundred and twenty tons, and speed under ordinarily favorable circumstances ten knots. Her crew consisted of fifty persons, a constant percentage of whom, being cooks and servants, were Asiatics and of no use as part of the fighting force.

The alterations made in the "Palos" to fit her for duty on a foreign station were wisely planned, and her quarters for officers and men inferior to no vessel in the squadron. Her berthing facilities were such that she could easily have accommodated forty additional men. And as these would all have been of the fighting class, two field-pieces could have been landed and a well-equipped and organized company of infantry, leaving withal sufficient force on board to handle the engines with the vessel under way, and defend her against a moderately impetuous attack by boats.

I have been thus particular in describing the "Palos," because she was by all means the most useful vessel of our navy upon the station, even with her absurdly inadequate force. Each man felt that he had to do the duty of two or three, and usually managed to do it, whether in the matter of scrubbing decks, painting ship, or playing at war in some distant settlement, or extinguishing a hypothetical fire in the consulate.

The "Trenton" was, at the time referred to, the only United States vessel of any modern pretensions, but she was merely a commodious, handsomely-fitted wooden ship that did very well as a flag-ship when there was no chance of her being pitted against even the smallest of the stranger ships.

What could the others do? Without guns to penetrate the protected sides of an adversary, nor speed to avoid a destructive fire, and drawing too much water to escape among the shoals and laugh at a formidable and baffled foe, they would have been in time of declared war utterly helpless, and the services of their officers and crews lost to the government at the very time when they were the most needed.

With her spacious quarters, fine ventilation, and excellent heating apparatus, the "Palos" has always of late years been a favorite resort for the officers of our own or foreign ships lying in her neighborhood, and it can be truly said that it was a question, during the bitter nights of a North of China or Corean winter, who most enjoyed the hospitable shelter, the officers who were the guests, or the boats' crews who pulled them over. Her hull was built of the best boiler-iron, and her model admired to such an extent that on one of the occasions of her being in dock at Kow-Loon, Hong-Kong, her lines were taken, and a tug three-quarters of her size was built and proved a treasure to her enterprising owners.

She has fulfilled her mission. In the light of the advance in all

naval science, in the construction of machinery, and the new methods of conducting war, we must all see that the day of the much-abused "Palos" has gone by. Still she leaves to us the lesson that may be of use in the future. Her officers were not subjected to that feeling of shame and inferiority experienced by those of our larger ships who visit a foreign man-o'-war, and are compelled to acknowledge even to themselves the absolute insignificance of their own craft. They had only old-fashioned guns, it is true, and only howitzers at that (besides two Hotchkiss guns), but what need had they of the wicked-looking rifles with which the gunboats of other nations bristled?

It was not the province of this little craft to engage in warfare with other ships.

Her duties were simply of a police nature, and as long as by her mere presence she could impart a sense of security to the cosmopolitan community of the settlement off which she was to lie, and render them important service in time of actual danger, her mission was fulfilled.

The "Palos" is ready to depart from us. But she has done her duty well, and if the value of her services had been appreciated in the home offices as they are in China, Corea, and Japan, her crew would have been doubled, and thus her opportunity for usefulness. She should disappear, for the country is too rich and prosperous to permit relics to remain in positions of responsibility; but she should not go until we have built vessels to do such duty as she has done so well.

We now arrive at the subject of gunboats proper. All the great powers have long recognized the importance of this class of vessels, and of recent years there has been a marked advance in their qualifications as scout-, police-, and torpedo-boats. England in particular has given much attention to this subject, and has been unremitting in her efforts to combine the best points of the three, which require in a conspicuous degree the combination of speed, coal capacity, and light draught. The first-class twin-screw gunboat "Rattlesnake," of five hundred and fifty tons and twenty-seven hundred horse-power, now acting as tender to the "Vernon" at Portsmouth, exceeded the intended draught of eight feet, and now has a mean draught with normal weights on board of nine feet. Her coal-supply of one hundred tons is sufficient for 16.7 days steaming at ten knots, or four thousand knots.

19.5 knots was the mean speed of several runs over the measured mile. A glance at the policy pursued by England in regard to her smaller vessels may be instructive. Of gunboats, first and second class, she has in the

Mediterranean	2
East Indies	3
China	7
Channel Squadron and as tenders, etc.	8

North America and West Indies	7
Gibraltar	1
Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa	4
Australia	4
Building: of 805 tons, 1200 horse-power	9
" of 735 tons, 4500 horse-power	7

In ordinary there are fourteen gunboats of the above classes, and in active service with the coast guard there are seven.

Of the gunboats building, those of seven hundred and thirty-five tons (the "Sharpshooter" class) are more properly torpedo-boats of an enlarged "Rattlesnake" type, carrying batteries of two 36-pounders and four 3-pounder R. F. G.

The estimated maximum speed at load-draught is twenty-one knots. The coal capacity is one hundred tons, which gives twenty-five hundred nautical miles as the effective steaming radius at ten knots per hour. They are two hundred and thirty feet in length, with a beam of twenty-seven feet and load-draught of eight feet three inches.

Of the vessels in commission, eleven are commanded by commanders and the remainder by lieutenants. There are thirty-six in commission and sixteen hurrying towards completion. A point especially to be made in glancing at these figures is that this fleet of small vessels—necessary to the last degree—is in nowise more useful than as a practical school for officers and men. Young officers, who in our service would be navigators of small ships or watch-officers in large ones, in the English service have command of this busy class of vessels, or are executives of first or second rates.

The stagnation in promotion in our service will one day prove ruinous. Men who have been in subordinate positions all their lives are suddenly placed in command under trying circumstances; they have no one to direct them; people look helplessly to them for orders, but none come, or come, alas, too late!

A tedious course of dry-nursing has destroyed their individuality. They would have obeyed orders gallantly and implicitly, but their self-reliance has been lost to them.

The splendid service done by the gunboats during our late war in reclaiming Florida to the Union cause, and in the operations in the rivers and sounds on the whole Atlantic sea-board south of the capes of the Chesapeake are matters of history.

With a fleet of gunboats of most modern type, we have a school of command that will bear its fruit in time of trial, and it must be further remembered that not only are officers improving their opportunities of observation and knowledge of coast and channel, but the duties of executive and navigating officers are practically the same in a ship of the line and the smallest scout; while even the petty officers

receive increase in number and facilities for self-improvement which will make their services of greater value to the state.

Our all-steel twin-screw vessels of the "Yorktown" class, described originally as gunboat No. 1, 2, etc., are similar to the torpedo-cruiser class of the British navy, draw thirteen feet forward and fifteen feet aft, and have a displacement at this draught of seventeen hundred tons.

They are not gunboats as spoken of here. The "Petrel" may be classed as a gunboat, but her draught of water (eleven feet seven inches) is too great for the sounds and river service, and her speed (thirteen knots) not sufficient for scouting purposes.

We should have two classes of twin-screw gunboats, the first class, drawing not more than twelve feet of water, to act as scouts and tenders to the squadron; the second, drawing not more than ten feet, of less length, and greater in proportionate beam, for service in the rivers and shallow waters of the coast.

Both classes should carry large crews, for the nature of their service would involve the necessity of landing bodies of men, and they must have as a *sine qua non* a high rate of speed.

Some of these vessels should be especially designed for the stations upon which they are to serve. All of the second class, in fact, and the first class, having similar duties to perform in all parts of the world, could be of a uniform and well-considered type.

On the European station there should be two of the first class and two of the second class, the latter more especially for duty on the west coast of Africa; in the East India Squadron there should be not less than two of each class,—the first class for duty among the islands, and generally in the south of the station, Siam, Strait of Malacca, etc., and the others for river service in China. In the North Pacific, from Sitka to Panama, we could give ample employment to two of the first class for regular service along the coast, and two of the second class for duty north of Cape Flattery, at the entrance to Puget Sound. In the South Pacific there should be one of each class; in the North Atlantic, for duty principally in Canadian waters, and the West Indies and Spanish Main, four of the first class, and in the South Atlantic one of the first and two of the second class. For river service on this latter station, as in China, vessels of a peculiar type should be constructed with a special view to the particular characteristics of the duty for which they are designed.

This would give us twelve first-class gunboats and nine of the second class, which means intimate knowledge of the coasts and commercial rivers of the world, and experience of inestimable value to a large number of officers.

They will prove themselves economical, for, with the improved machinery of the day, there is a vast change in the ratio of speed to the

consumption of fuel, and these vessels, being distributed along the coast, could be readily dispatched at small expense to perform duties that would otherwise devolve upon the larger and more expensive ships.

It is believed that the subject is one that should excite the thoughtful attention of our officers, and induce the appearance of papers from abler pens that will go far towards arousing the interest of our legislators.[1]

A NAVAL OFFICER.

[1] The writer of this hurried article is greatly indebted to the Office of Naval Intelligence for valuable data.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

As, upon the return from an arduous campaign, or a long and perilous cruise, one greets old friends, so does the editor greet, in this first number of the new series of THE UNITED SERVICE, old friends and subscribers; while he rejoices to renew pleasant relations with former contributors, and to welcome new ones.

The necessity of a periodical of a popular nature, in which articles upon important professional topics may appear, and various views and theories may be discussed, upon unofficial and neutral ground, is universally admitted by both branches of the service, as well as by the many influential persons in private life who have not lost the interest in naval and military matters engendered by the late war.

This feeling was most strongly expressed by the regret so generally felt among these classes upon the cessation of publication of THE UNITED SERVICE, some two years ago.

This cessation, it is proper to remark, was in nowise caused by those who inaugurated it, and who carried it on so successfully for so long a time. The monthly has now returned to the original ownership; and the announcement of a new series has been received in the most flattering and encouraging manner, not only by the officers of the sister services but, by the many in civil life who are interested in the subjects which are its particular province.

Were any such incentive needed, it would prove the strongest possible in the endeavor to excel, in matter, as well as typography and general appearance, the first series of the Magazine.

As regards the contents of the monthly, it is intended that, while important professional papers shall have the first place, there will be a due admixture of lighter articles, such as the biographical sketches, service reminiscences, and other interesting matter, which were received with so much favor in the former series.

Current events, and legislation which affects the two services, will receive proper attention; while book reviews, and notices of articles in foreign journals, which may be of interest to naval and military men, will appear in appropriate columns.

THE UNITED SERVICE appeals not only to those on active duty, but to the retired list, as well as to the many officers, now in private life,

who fought the late war through, and who may be glad, not only to fight their battles over again in these pages, but to keep abreast of modern ideas by the same means. In former years it was, indeed, to this very class that the Magazine owed most intelligent and valued support.

In this connection the editor is happy to be able to state that in each number will be published an official bulletin, comprising the different orders, record of casualties, and other information in regard to the different commanderies of the military order of the Loyal Legion. The grouping of scattered items of information in regard to this numerous and highly-respectable order has been a necessity long felt by many of its companions.

Since the renewed life infused into the militia and national guards of so many States, and the institution of annual encampments and musketry contests,—for the purpose of inspecting which military exercises the War Department makes special details of officers of the army, —the volunteer forces have attained a proficiency in all the attributes of soldiership which is most gratifying to every one interested in our preparation to meet external as well as internal foes. From time to time, therefore, information will be given in regard to this "backbone" of our national defenses. The armories of our volunteer corps are the best "clubs" for young Americans; and then THE UNITED SERVICE will, from time to time, take pleasure in following them, and in recording their doings.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE is reissued under the original management. The current number begins a new series. All subscribers of record on the last subscription-book of the Magazine will receive it for such time as their payments entitle them. With an experience of five years of successful management we enter upon this practically new enterprise with confidence in our ability to produce a periodical that shall be of a high order of merit.

We look hopefully to the services for their sympathy, co-operation, and support, feeling that as the Magazine will deserve success it cannot fail to be successful. It gives us great pleasure to announce that most of the old and favorite contributors and many new ones of equal brilliancy have signified their intention of contributing to the pages of THE UNITED SERVICE during the year. Captain Charles King, who wrote for us "The Colonel's Daughter," will in the February number resume his "Trials of a Staff Officer" series, and to the same number Captain Edward Field will furnish a very striking paper on "Battle Tactics," while Mr. E. L. Keyes will contribute the opening chapters of a very breezy and fascinating novel entitled "A Garrison Belle." We do not think it necessary to continue the list of announcements. Performances are always better than promises, and we prefer to let the future numbers of THE UNITED SERVICE speak for themselves. The editorial direction of the Magazine will be in the hands of Mr. L. R. Hamersly.

In conclusion we deem it proper to say that THE UNITED SERVICE was established in 1879 by L. R. Hamersly & Co., and for five years, or until December, 1884, it was owned and conducted by us. At that time we made an absolute sale of the Magazine to Mr. T. H. S. Hamersly, of New York, the transfer being duly recorded in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, and public announcement of the change made by us in the December, 1884, issue. From January, 1884, to April, 1886, Mr. T. H. S. Hamersly conducted the Magazine, and during that period we had no interest, direct or advisory, in its publication. When we decided to reissue THE UNITED SERVICE we bought from Mr. T. H. S. Hamersly his last subscription-book, agreeing to fill all his old subscriptions, which, as announced above, we gladly do.

The copyright of the title not being in use, we, under the laws of the United States, obtained its reissue by application to the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

L. R. HAMERSLY & CO.

THE NEW BOOKS.

REPORT OF THE ADMIRAL OF THE NAVY, 1888. 8vo, pamphlet. 15 pp. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

EACH year the admiral reports to the Secretary of the Navy upon naval matters at home and abroad, with suggestions for the guidance of the Department and the Naval Committees of Congress.

With the strong personality of the officer in question, such a report is seldom perfunctory or colorless, although the Department and the Congress have not always given that attention to his views which the admiral's services and abilities deserve. He has, however, the satisfaction of knowing that such views are of official record, and that many of them may be realized at some future time.

In this year's report Admiral Porter dwells principally upon the apprentice system, torpedoes, and the necessity of fostering the War College, the naval analogue of the Army Artillery School.

Every word of the several pages he devotes to the apprentice system ought to be laid to heart by the gentlemen who legislate for the navy, for neglect, or even lukewarmness in this regard, must be followed, at some future day, by a national disgrace and discomfiture for which some one will be held responsible. That *some one* will not be Admiral Porter, for his warning note is given with no uncertain sound. Readers may smile at the odd way in which he describes the "Trenton" sailing on a cruise, "with a fine body of Germans, Huns, Norsemen, Gauls, Chinese, and others, with about eighty of the whole crew who could speak English,"—persons may smile, we say, but the time may come, may be close at hand, indeed, when such a state of things may cause, not a grim joke, but a national calamity.

The writer recalls a time when, coming home in a sloop-of-war from a foreign cruise, we worked up, under sail, from Sandy Hook to Robin's Reef, and then made sail to studding-sails, alow and aloft, passed up the East River, and then made a "flying moor" in the Wallabout. Could any ship in the navy easily do so now? The answer to that would be, "It is not necessary to do so, at this day."

That is true; but the training, alertness, and seamanship of such a crew is in singular contrast with that of a vessel where the seamanship, to quote the admiral, consists in "hoisting ashes."

Let us have the training-ships, plenty of them, and not a boiler in them except the ship's coppers. Then let us have steam training-ships for the officers, and firemen, and coal-passers, and we shall get good and useful material out of each, to blend in the *personnel* of the modern man-of-war.

The admiral devotes a considerable space in his report to torpedoes and torpedo warfare, at home and abroad. He thinks that, what with apparatus for protection of vessels, and machine guns, mobile torpedoes will not fulfill all that is expected of them. He seems to prefer the Ericsson torpedo, with the Berdan appliances for destroying defenses. Heavy ironclads, and proper fortifications for mounting guns of large calibre, for the defense of our harbors and cities, are touched upon with approval; while he says that the problem of naval tactics is yet to be solved, as no battles of magnitude have been fought with great iron ships since the latter came into existence.

The admiral reserves for almost the last page of his report some amusing touches, when he declares that the apprentice-boys of the "New Hampshire" do not need lecture-rooms, model-room, or gymnasium. "The best lecture-room for the latter would be the 'New Hampshire.' On her capacious decks the officers could deliver lectures through the speaking-trumpet, which would stimulate the boys to handle masts and yards, and furl sail quickly. The best gymnasium is the open double-banked boat, which, while strengthening the muscles, will teach the rowers that which is more important than handling dumb-bells or hanging from cross-bars." E. S.

FOUR YEARS WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. By REGIS DE TROBRIAND, Brevet Major-General U.S. Volunteers. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

This handsome volume of about seven hundred and fifty pages is rather heavy in the hand, and, therefore, better read at the library-table than in the lounging-chair at the fireside. The original French edition, published in Paris more than twenty years ago, overcame this objection by dividing the book into two volumes of very convenient size.

But this is really the only objection to it, for it is a valuable addition to the mass of war literature; and the more valuable because it was written for Europeans, who had little real knowledge of the origin, character, and results of our civil war. A man of intelligence who served creditably throughout the whole of the war as a superior officer naturally has something to tell—and the author tells his story well—from his point of view.

We think, therefore, that the translator has done a real service in placing this work before the American people. It is worth translating, and it is well translated. Gallicisms, into which translators from the French are so apt to fall, have been for the most part avoided, while

there remains a flavor of foreign views and expressions and an occasional idiomatic phrase which, like a *soupçon* of garlic in a dish, gives it a peculiar zest.

De Trobriand's name is still borne upon the army register as a retired colonel,—and he deserves it, for he appears to have been a good Union man and a good soldier. Writing in 1867, when everything was fresh in his mind, he gives, beside the main story of the Army of the Potomac and the conduct of the war, many little touches of personal experiences which are so valuable, as side-lights, to the future historian of the great contest.

It is remarkable how the author appreciated, at an early period, the merits as well as the defaults of the first commander of the Army of the Potomac, while he discriminates fairly in sketching the characters and performances of many of the general officers who had a conspicuous part in the contest. "Phil" Kearney is delightfully sketched, and in a few words; and of that gallant soldier he gives the following anecdote: "General Howard, having lost his left arm at the battle of Fair Oaks, was waiting his turn for amputation in the ambulance when he met Kearney, who, some years before, had lost his right arm in Mexico. The latter, to comfort his wounded friend, could think of nothing better than to propose a bargain with him. 'My dear Howard,' said he, 'if you agree to it we can save some money hereafter. We will buy our gloves together, and the right of each pair shall be yours and the left mine.'"

But before Howard was well enough to wear his glove poor Kearney was no longer in need of any. E. S.

ILLIAN; OR, THE CURSE OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH OF BOSTON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Chaplain James J. Kane, of the navy, is the author of a novel of a very dramatic type which he calls "Illian; or, The Curse of the Old South Church of Boston." In this volume Mr. Kane gives his readers not only a work of fiction but a partial history of the operations of the West Gulf Squadron during the Rebellion.

NOTE.—Back numbers of the first series of THE UNITED SERVICE are frequently in demand by persons who wish to make up full sets. As the numbers are out of print, the publisher is unable to fill such demands; but persons in possession of odd numbers, which they wish to dispose of, may find it to their interest to communicate with this office.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of "The United Service" are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

"One Touch of Nature," etc.

He was an entire stranger. I had never met him before in my life. It was a blazing hot day in Louisiana. I, on my horse, three hundred miles from the nearest garrison, was riding along a dusty road. He, on his horse, met me at a bend of the same. The instant I caught sight of him I saw that he was very drunk. He was reeling in his saddle, lurching from side to side in a manner marvelous to see. Catching sight of one another our horses exchanged whinnies of recognition. He braced up with an effort, made an elaborate attempt at a salutation with his right hand, and, in so during, toppled helplessly forward, the saddle turned, and he lay prone in the dust of the dustiest road I had ever traveled over. Springing from my horse and throwing his reins over a fence-post, I first caught the other animal, reset the saddle, then assisted the gentleman to his feet. He *was* a gentleman despite his inebriety. His dress, manner, and his evident gratitude established a reasonable ground for the belief. With some difficulty I succeeded in boosting him into the saddle, and then assuring him that it was now buckled so tight that no further danger of its turning was to be apprehended, I was about to say adieu, when he stopped me with the following:

"Mush'blizhed, colonel. 'Tire stranger t'me, but I'll do's mush for you nextsh time."

Many years ago an American frigate entered one of the Mediterranean ports, and, upon anchoring, fired the usual salute with the usual rapidity and regularity. Unfortunately, a thirty-two-pound shot, carelessly or criminally left in a gun, invaded the neutrality of a Dutch frigate lying near by, destroyed her galley, and "spiflicated" a Dutch sailor who was quietly eating his dinner, beside lopping a leg from one of his messmates.

This would have been a pretty good shot if we had been at war with Holland, but, being on terms of strict amity and the "highest consideration," the proceeding on our part was, so to speak, rough. The American captain and officers were, of course, terribly shocked and mortified, and, as soon as a boat could be manned, a lieutenant was dispatched to the Dutch frigate with sincere regrets and ample apologies,—neither of which had much effect upon the dead Dutchman; or even upon the one with his leg off. The apologies were so profuse, however, and the distress of the American officer so evidently genuine, that the polite Dutch captain, to relieve his visitor's mind, patted him upon the shoulder, and said, "Nevare mind, sare! Nevare mind! *pl-â-ânty* more Dutchmen in Holland!" E. S.

Our Volunteer Army.

In his annual report to the Secretary of War, Adjutant-General Drum says that during the past summer and fall army officers inspected militia encampments in Alabama, Delaware, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Vermont. He says, "The reports of these officers are both interesting and suggestive. The presence at the several State encampments of members of over 60 regiments, 10 independent battalions, and 20 troops of cavalry or batteries of artillery, representing from seventy to ninety-five per cent. of the total strength

of those organizations, evidences marked interest and steadily-increasing appreciation of the value of a well-regulated militia as the main reliance of a free people for national defense. The regularly-organized and uniformed active militia of the several States, which in 1885 aggregated 84,789, reached 92,734 in 1886, increased to 100,837 in the following year, and on July 2, 1888, represented an available force of 106,814 men. A careful perusal of these reports leads me to make the following remarks and suggestions:

"The *personnel* of the inspected organizations is excellent, and no better material could be found anywhere to make good soldiers. The officers are generally intelligent and fairly up in tactical knowledge, while a general desire is shown to learn.

"Drill and discipline generally fair, in some instances excellent; arms and equipments, except in a few instances, good, but not of uniform pattern,—a very serious defect with regard to arms, but which is confidently expected will be remedied in the near future, consequent on the largely-increased appropriations of Congress.

"Much attention should be given to company and battalion skirmish drills (obviously impracticable, except at camps), as, while movements in masses will, of course, be always required in active service, beyond the range of musketry, the battles of the future will be fought necessarily in open-order formation.

"For the greater comfort of the men in drilling and marching, it would be well if a suitable shoe of uniform pattern were made part of the equipment, to be worn only when on military service.

"Instruction in military signaling should be made part of the education of the troops. A knowledge of the code and use of the flag is easy of attainment, and the instruction of a small squad—say two non-commissioned officers and four privates—in each company would prove of much practical advantage.

"In small encampments it is suggested that two guards, mounting daily (twelve hours each), would afford greater opportunity for instruction in this important duty.

"With a view to the troops in camps receiving the largest measure of benefit from the presence thereat of officers of the regular army as instructors, I beg to recommend that for large encampments future details provide one officer to act as assistant adjutant-general to the command and one to each regiment."

Touching the reports of the officers detailed as professors of military science at colleges and universities, the adjutant-general says,—

"While these reports are gratifying in showing increased results from the labors of the officers detailed as military instructors, the full measure of benefit will not be reached until military instruction and drills are made part of the curriculum of studies, and all students of proper age not physically disqualified are required to attend lectures, recitations, and drills. Notwithstanding the increase in the average number of students during the past year, the percentage of students attending infantry drills (which, for the year ending June 30, 1887, was not quite forty-nine per cent.) reached a fraction over fifty-one per cent. for the last scholastic year. I regret, however, to notice in some instances the small proportion of students receiving military instruction, and the limited interest, involving lack of hearty co-operation, in the efforts of the professor of military science."

The report contains recommendations looking to a new issue of the army regulations on account of numerous recent changes, the reduction of the term of service in the army from five to three years (which will operate to discourage desertion), the reimbursement of the government for expenses of recruiting in cases of discharge, and continuance of details of officers to command light batteries during their lifetime or active service, in view of the peculiar qualifications required of such officers.

The adjutant-general renews his recommendation that the pay of non-commissioned officers be increased so as to range between twenty-five and fifty-five dollars, according to rank.

The report from the military prison at Fort Leavenworth is generally favor-

able, showing a large amount of work performed. At the end of the fiscal year 488 prisoners were in confinement, and it is estimated that from 350 to 450 prisoners will be received annually unless some means of checking the crime of desertion shall be discovered.

The World's War Vessels.

ALL at once the leading maritime powers of Europe announce their purpose of making enormous additions to their navies. Germany, after devoting its money for many years chiefly to armies and forts, is going to build a new fleet at a cost, according to one report, of two hundred and fifty million marks. The French Minister of Marine declares that if such a demand is made his own government will ask an equal sum for a like purpose, and meanwhile it wants forty-two million francs for protecting Brest and Cherbourg. The British Admiralty has a scheme for constructing eight first-class armor-clads, twenty fast cruisers, and unnumbered torpedo-boats, the new line-of-battle ships alone perhaps costing thirty-five or forty million dollars.

A recent British official document showed that England had forty-nine battle-ships, eighty-seven cruisers, and one hundred and seventy-six torpedo-vessels; that France had ten battle-ships, sixty-seven cruisers, and one hundred and forty torpedo-vessels; that Germany had fifteen, twenty-nine, and ninety-six of these respective classes; yet the rage with all these nations is for accumulating more. Italy was credited in the same document with twenty-one battle-ships, twenty-one cruisers, and one hundred and thirty-eight torpedo-vessels; while Russia had nine battle-ships, twenty-five cruisers, and ninety-seven torpedo-vessels. Both the latter powers are nevertheless constantly adding to their fleets. Spain, too, besides the three new cruisers building at Bilboa, is to construct three more at Cadiz, Carthagena, and Ferrol, and a smaller cruiser and four torpedo-boats at the latter point. Three great Russian ironclads, the "Pamiat Azova," "Alexander II.," and "Emperor Nicholas," are progressing, as are the three heavy ironclads, "Tchesme," "Sinope," and "Catherine II."

But the recent increase of the world's war ships in number is less remarkable than the increase in speed, defensive strength, and battery power. The "Piemonte," the new cruiser built by the Elswick Company for Italy, although having a displacement of only two thousand five hundred tons, is capable of discharging against an enemy twice the aggregate weight of shot and shell that could be fired by the largest vessels now afloat, not excepting the enormous "Italia" and "Lepanto," with their nearly fourteen thousand tons' displacement. This result is accomplished by extending the system of quick firing to the heavy 6-inch guns, weighing nearly six tons each, so enabling them to fire about six times as many rounds within a given time as ordinary guns of the same calibre. A battery of this sort would not have the same penetrative effect as guns of a larger calibre, but their volume of projectiles directed against other unarmored vessels or the unplated parts of heavy ironclads must be effective. This is one of the recent developments in naval armaments.

Italy, also, with her huge "Re Umberto," has surpassed the English "Trafalgar" and "Nile," and this vessel is to be followed by the "Sicilia" and the "Sardegna," the latter of which will be supplied with engines reaching the enormous and unprecedented aggregate of twenty-three thousand indicated horse-power.

Spain is rivaling Italy in the feature of speed. She owns the famous twenty-knot "Reina Regente," an unarmored cruiser of five thousand six hundred tons, the fastest vessel of her class. Spain has also six armored cruisers under construction that will go nineteen knots each. When the British Admiralty's gunboats of the "Sharpshooter" class are built, they will lead in their type, with a maximum speed of twenty-one knots; but they only carry quick-fire guns and torpedo-tubes. Much more extraordinary are the two British cruisers of nine thousand tons' displacement, which are laid down to reach a maximum of twenty-two knots, since this

will take twenty thousand indicated horse-power. For speed, without reference to size, Spain can point to her torpedo-vessels "Rayo" and "Ariete," sister craft, built by the Thornycrofts, of which the former was driven at the rate of more than twenty-four and a half knots on her trial. Although large deductions must be made for differences between the measured mile and the long sea voyage, the great gains in this particular are manifest. Less than ten years ago the highest indicated horse-power put into any war vessel was about eight thousand, while now, in several of the largest, eighteen thousand can be found, and twenty-three thousand is contemplated. The smaller vessels also receive an engine-power two or three times as great as what was formerly furnished to equal displacements.

In this hot race for speed and battery-power our country does not propose to be left behind. Great gains have already been made over the old standards, and these gains will be increased by new undertakings, as Congress is likely to learn during the approaching session.—*New York Sun.*

Reuben James.

(*From the Boston Pilot.*)

THREE ships of war had Preble when he left the Naples shore,
And the knightly king of Naples lent him seven galleys more;
And never since the "Argo" floated in the middle sea
Such noble men and valiant have sailed in company
As the men who went with Preble to the siege of Tripoli.
Stewart, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, how their names ring out like gold!
Lawrence, Porter, Trippe, Macdonough, and a score as true and bold:
Every star that lights their banner tells the glory that they won;
But one common sailor's glory is the splendor of the sun.

Reuben James was first to follow when Decatur laid aboard
Of the lofty Turkish galley and in battle broke his sword.
Then the pirate captain smote him, till his blood was running fast,
And they grappled, and they struggled, and they fell beside the mast.
Close behind him Reuben battled with a dozen, undismayed,
Till a bullet broke his sword-arm, and he dropped the useless blade.
Then a swinging Turkish sabre clove his left and brought him low,
Like a gallant bark, dismasted, at the mercy of the foe.
Little mercy knows the corsair; high his blade was raised to slay,
When a richer prize allured him where Decatur struggling lay.
"Help!" the Turkish leader shouted, and his trusty comrade sprung,
And his scimiter like lightning o'er the Yankee captain swung.

Reuben James, disabled, armless, saw the sabre flash on high,
Saw Decatur shrink before it, heard the pirate's taunting cry.
Saw, in half the time I tell it, how a sailor brave and true
Still might show a bloody pirate what a dying man can do.
Quick he struggled, stumbling, sliding in the blood around his feet,
As the Turk a moment waited to make vengeance doubly sweet.
Swift the sabre fell, but swifter bent the sailor's head below,
And upon his 'fenseless forehead Reuben James received the blow!

So was saved our brave Decatur; so the common sailor died;
So the love that moves the lowly lifts the great to fame and pride.
Yet we grudge him not his honors, for whom love like this had birth,
For God never ranks His sailors by the register of earth!

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE following is a list of the Commanders and Recorders of the various Commanderies elected for the years 1888–89:

Brevet Major-General Rutherford B. Hayes, U.S.V., *Commander-in-Chief.*

Brevet Major-General Joseph R. Hawley, U.S.V., *Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief.*

Brevet Major-General Walter Q. Gresham, U.S.V., *Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief.*

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel John P. Nicholson, U.S.V., *Recorder-in-Chief.*

Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania.

Commander.—Bvt. Maj.-Gen. David McM. Gregg, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Bvt. Lt.-Col. John P. Nicholson, U.S.V.

Commandery of the State of New York.

Commander.—Maj.-Gen. John M. Schofield, U.S.A.

Recorder.—2d Lt. Loyal Farragut, late U.S.A.

Commandery of the State of Maine.

Commander.—Lt.-Col. Charles B. Merrill, U.S.V.

Recorder.—1st Lt. Edward M. Rand, U.S.V.

Commandery of the State of Massachusetts.

Commander.—Bvt. Maj.-Gen. Simon G. Griffin, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Col. Arnold A. Rand, U.S.V.

Commandery of the State of California.

Commander.—Lt.-Col. Alexander G. Hawes, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Bvt. Lt.-Col. William R. Smedberg, U.S.A.

Commandery of the State of Wisconsin.

Commander.—Capt. George I. Robinson, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Capt. Charles King, U.S.A.

Commandery of the State of Illinois.

Commander.—Bvt. Maj.-Gen. John E. Smith, U.S.A.

Recorder.—Lt.-Col. Charles W. Davis, U.S.V.

Commandery of the District of Columbia.

Commander.—Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Charles F. Manderson, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Bvt. Maj. William P. Huxford, U.S.A.

Commandery of the State of Ohio.

Commander.—Bvt. Lt.-Col. E. C. Dawes, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Capt. Robert Hunter, U.S.V.

Commandery of the State of Michigan.

Commander.—Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Henry B. Clitz, U.S.A.

Recorder.—Bvt. Maj. George W. Chandler, U.S.V.

Commandery of the State of Minnesota.

Commander.—Bvt. Maj.-Gen. Henry H. Sibley, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Bvt. Maj. George Q. White, U.S.A.

Commandery of the State of Oregon.

Commander.—1st Lt. William Kapus, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Capt. Gavin E. Caukin, U.S.V.

Commandery of the State of Missouri.

Commander.—Lt.-Col. James F. How, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Capt. W. R. Hodges, U.S.V.

Commandery of the State of Nebraska.

Commander.—Capt. George M. Humphrey, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Maj. J. Morris Brown, U.S.A.

Commandery of the State of Kansas.

Commander.—Capt. Merritt H. Insley, late U.S.A.

Recorder.—Lt.-Col. James P. Martin, U.S.A.

Commandery of the State of Iowa.

Commander.—Capt. Mortimer A. Higley, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Maj. Hoyt Sherman, U.S.V.

Commandery of the State of Colorado.

Commander.—Bvt. Maj. Estellus A. Gove, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Bvt. Lt.-Col. Daniel K. Cross, U.S.V.

Commandery of the State of Indiana.

Commander.—Maj.-Gen. Lewis Wallace, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Lt. B. B. Peck, U.S.V.

The following-named gentlemen have been elected Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion:

Pennsylvania Commandery.

Stated meeting held October 17, 1888.

To the First Class.—Joseph Fulton Boyd, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; William Henry Brady, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Christian Frederick Gramlich, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; E. Hunn Hanson, Capt. U.S.V.; Alfred Hicks, Capt. U.S.V.; John Livingston Janeway, Chaplain U.S.V.; Francis William Milnor, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Joseph Phillip Mickley, Passed Asst. Eng. U.S.N.; William G. Moore, Capt. U.S.V.; Harvey Washington McNight, Capt. U.S.V.; Henry Christopher McCook, Chaplain U.S.V.; Kossuth Niles, Lt. U.S.N.; John Henry Hobart Peshine, 1st Lt. U.S.A.; Jacob Franklin Raub, 1st Lt. and Asst. Surgeon U.S.V.; Edwin Malcolm Shepard, Commander U.S.N.; John Shields, Capt. U.S.V.; Anthony Eugene Stocker, Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; James Sterling Yard, Maj. U.S.V.; Samuel Baldwin Marks Young, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V. and Maj. U.S.A; Harry Erben Garsed (by inheritance); Frank Hudson Hawkins (by inheritance); Daniel Lammot (by inheritance); John Yardley (by inheritance).

To the Second Class.—Alexander William Biddle.

Restored to the Roll.—Benjamin Franklin Garvin, Chief Eng. U.S.N.; David Vickers, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.

New York Commandery.

Stated meeting held December 5, 1888.

To the First Class.—Jacob Ridgway Moore, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Thomas Henry Clay Kinkaid, Capt. N.G., S.N.Y.; George Barnard Butler, 1st Lt. late U.S.A.; Harry Littlejohn, Capt. U.S.V.; Lester Sebastian Willson, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; John Hammond, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; Richard Allen Brown, Bvt. Col. U.S.V.; Patrick Oates, Capt. U.S.V.; John Walker, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; James Farley Pettit, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Fidelio Buckingham Gillette, Surgeon U.S.V.; Philander Raymond Clay, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Waldo Sprague, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Rufus Pratt Lincoln, Bvt. Col. U.S.V.; Charles Edmund McKay, Lt. Commander U.S.N.; Alphonso David Rockwell, Surgeon U.S.V.

To the Second Class.—Howard Babcock Lintner and Thomas Smith Leoser.

Massachusetts Commandery.

Stated meeting held November 7, 1888.

To the First Class.—Arlon Sabin Atherton, Capt. U.S.V.; Avin Ballou Capron, Bvt. Maj. U.S.V.; Edward Porter Colby, Acting Asst. Surgeon U.S.N.; Edward Dewey, Capt. U.S.V.; Oscar Walter Farenholt, Lt.-Commander U.S.N.; John Thomas Hawkins, Passed Asst. Eng. U.S.N.; William Taylor McAlpine, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Frederic Oviorne, U.S.V.; James Prentiss Richardson, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Harrison Augustus Royce, Bvt. Col. U.S.V.; Henry Clay Warmoth, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; William Henry Harrison Andrews, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

Wisconsin Commandery.

Stated meeting held November 7, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — **William Buckman Britton**, Col. U.S.V.; **Leroy Grant Armstrong**, Surgeon U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—**Henry Edson Gerry.**

District of Columbia Commandery.

Stated meeting held December 5, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**Charles Edward Phelps**, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; **William Rogers Sturgeon**, Capt. U.S.V.; **James Henry Gillis**, Commodore U.S.N.; **Charles Heywood**, Lt.-Col. U.S.M.C.; **Edward Kirk Winship**, Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N.; **Henry Elijah Alvord**, Maj. U.S.V. and Capt. U.S.A.; **Charles Smart**, Maj. and Surgeon U.S.A.; **Lorenzo D. Bumpus**, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; **Mr. Henry Theodore Munson** (by inheritance).

Ohio Commandery.

Stated meeting held November 7, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**George Crook**, Maj.-Gen. U.S.A.; **Edwin R. Lewis**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Charles Hipp**, Maj. U.S.V.; **Thomas Grover Herron**, Acting Eng. U.S.N.; **Ezra McConnell**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Charles Camp Doolittle**, Bvt. Maj -Gen. U.S.V.; **Wells S. Jones**, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; **W. S. Triesner**, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—**David L. Marvin.**

Michigan Commandery.

Stated meeting held November 7, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**Peter Bowdoin Sanborn**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Oscar Frederick Heyerman**, Commander U.S.N.; **Orville Charles Allen**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Henry Brevoort Bristol**, Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.A.; **James C. Willson**, Surgeon U.S.V.; **Marcus Whitman Bates**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—**Harry Scovel Starkey.**

Minnesota Commandery.

Stated meeting held November 7, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**William Francis Cross**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Warren Granger**, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS. — **Gardner Corning.**

Oregon Commandery.

Stated meeting held November 14, 1888.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—**John Gibbon, Jr.**

Nebraska Commandery.

Stated meeting held November 14, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — **Champion Spaulding Chase**, Maj. and Paymaster U.S.V.; **William H. Killgore**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **James M. Tisdell**, Capt. U.S.V.; **John H. Roe**, Capt. U.S.V.; **William W. Patterson**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **William H. Van Horne**, Capt. U.S.A.; **Darius G. Rhoades**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.

To THE THIRD CLASS. — **Algernon Sidney Paddock.**

Kansas Commandery.

Stated meeting held November 7, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — **Thomas Thompson Taylor**, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; **George Washington Hogeboom**, Surgeon and Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; **John McKnight Bloss**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Richard Ludlow Walker**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Matthew Quigg**, Col. U.S.V.; **Hilton Adelbert Parker**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Thomas Vincent Coddington**, 2d Lt U.S.V.; **Rufus Ferdinand Thorne**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **Albert Bulkley Woolverton** (by inheritance); **Samuel Kyle Cross**, Bvt. Capt. U.S.V.

Iowa Commandery.

Stated meeting held October 9, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**Charles Lawrence Longley** (by inheritance); **Alphonso Noble Nicholds**, late Maj. U.S.A.; **Alvin Manley Whaley**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **John Rickert Amidon**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **Edward Henderson Smith**, Capt. U.S.V.; **James Gamble Day**, Capt. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—**Hugh Reid Belknap, William Green Dows.**

Colorado Commandery.

Stated meeting held November 18, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**Charles Henry Shute**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

TRANSFERS.

Pennsylvania Commandery.

Capt. **John C. White**, U.S.A., to Massachusetts Commandery, August 31, 1888; Maj. **Evan Miles**, U.S.A., to Minnesota Commandery, August 31, 1888; Mr. **E. L. K. T. Messersmith**, Second Class, to California Commandery, September 19, 1888.

Wisconsin Commandery.

Companion **James R. Saville**, to Colorado Commandery, October 17, 1888.

Minnesota Commandery.

Henry Donnell Rockwell, Second Class, to District of Columbia Commandery; Capt. **Theodore Frelinghuysen Forbes**, U.S.A., to Pennsylvania Commandery.

NECROLOGY.

Pennsylvania Commandery.

Mr. **Nathan S. Bosbyshell**, Second Class, May 6, 1888; Capt. **W. K. Lineaweaver**, U.S.V., May 13, 1888; Mr. **John B. Parker**, Third Class, August 17, 1888; Medical Director **James Suddards**, U.S.N., August 31, 1888; Capt. **Daniel F. Farrand**, U.S.V., September 21, 1888; Bvt. Brig.-Gen. **Jacob M. Campbell**, U.S.V., September 27, 1888.

New York Commandery.

1st Lt. **Butler Coles**, U.S.V., October 24, 1888.

Massachusetts Commandery.

1st Lt. **Albert Fenton Upton**, U.S.V., June 8, 1888; Lt.-Col. **William Vincent Hutchins**, U.S.V., July 26, 1888; Acting Passed Asst. Surgeon **Theodore Scott Keith**, late U.S.N., September 13, 1888; Bvt. Lt.-Col.. **Samuel Kneeland**, U.S.V., September 27, 1888.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Gen. **Philip Henry Sheridan**, U.S.A., August 5, 1888; Bvt. Brig.-Gen. **Thomas Lowry Young**, U.S.V., July 21, 1888.

Michigan Commandery.

Maj. **Amasa B. Watson**, U.S.V., September 18, 1888.

Nebraska Commandery.

Bvt. Brig.-Gen. **R. R. Livingston**, U.S.V., September 29, 1888.

LOYAL LEGION NOTES.

THE following is promulgated for the information of the Order:

Changes in Membership, Quarter ending October 31, 1888.

Commandery of	Gain.			Loss.			Net Gain.			Net Loss.			Membership, October 31, 1888.			
	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	Total.
Pennsylvania	26	1	.....	8	2	1	18	.....	.....	.....	1	1	666	25	8	699
New York	8	.....	1	2	.....	.....	6	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	658	25	6	689
Maine	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	75	1	.....	76
Massachusetts	1	.....	.....	3	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	622	23	17	662
California	1	1	.....	4	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	3	.....	.....	504	23	14	541
Wisconsin	5	1	.....	1	.....	.....	4	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	166	5	4	175
Illinois	3	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	304	8	6	318
District of Columbia	.....	1	.....	3	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	.....	411	16	1	428
Ohio	10	.....	.....	21	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	11	.....	1	509	15	7	531
Michigan	6	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	4	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	167	2	3	172
Minnesota	7	1	.....	1	1	.....	6	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	204	11	4	219
Oregon	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	64	7	.....	71
Missouri	7	.....	.....	1	1	.....	6	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	188	3	5	196
Nebraska	2	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	104	7	2	113
Kansas	1	1	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	172	13	4	189
Iowa	5	2	.....	1	.....	.....	4	2	.....	.....	.....	.....	82	5	1	88
Colorado	9	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	9	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	70	.....	.....	70
Indiana	23	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	23	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	23	.....	.....	23
Totals	114	9	1	51	5	2	82	6	1	19	2	2	4989	189	82	5260

Grant's Stoicism.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES, says the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, was in a reminiscent mood last Wednesday night at the monthly dinner of the Loyal Legion.

"I met," said General Hayes, "at an army dinner, some time ago, Colonel Bowers, a favorite aide of Grant's, and asked him during the evening, 'What was the most striking exhibition of fear, anxiety, or a sense of responsibility that you ever noticed in General Grant?' 'Well,' replied Bowers, 'if there was one instance above all others where he seemed to be affected by the stress of care, it was during the five days' fight down in the Wilderness. On one of the days, I think the fourth, the fighting commenced early in the morning and continued all through the day. At the end of the day there had been great slaughter on both sides, and we had not carried a point; we had been repulsed on every side. There was not an absolute defeat, but we all felt that our army had been shaken, and that possibly a severe determined return attack by Lee's army might be disastrous.

"'Just at dark that night,' Bowers continued," said General Hayes, "'we were all gathered about a log fire that was built on the greensward at Grant's quarters. All Grant's staff were about the fire, and as the flickering flames lighted up their faces, it could be seen that they were all oppressed with the greatness of the losses of the day and the preceding days. Nothing was said. The log crackled and sputtered in the fire. Grant stood by looking at the bright flames, his hands behind his back, a cigar in his mouth, saying nothing. Suddenly there broke out on the night air, a mile or two off, a heavy firing. It was evidently a determined attack on our lines. The firing grew, as it came nearer. We all jumped up from our places about the glowing fire and listened eagerly.

"'Grant stood and listened intently to the firing. He said to an officer, after a moment or two,' "Ride forward, see what it is, and come back to me." The officer leaped into his saddle, and galloped rapidly out into the darkness beyond the circle of light made by the camp-fire. Gradually the firing died away, volleys ceased, and soon naught was to be heard save here and there the sharp report of a musket. Grant straightened up, yawned, and said, "I haven't slept any for some time, and I think I'll go to bed." He then tossed away the stump of his cigar and entered his tent.'

"Bowers," said General Hayes, "remarked, 'Grant hadn't slept for three or four nights. He had been in the saddle every night examining the lines and looking after the men.' Grant was in his tent. Through the fly, which was open, could be seen the yellow glimmer of a flickering candle. Grant always kept a candle burning in his tent at night when he slept. Bowers, with the rest of the officers who remained up, after awhile heard the thud, thud of a horse's hoofs galloping rapidly towards head-quarters, and soon the officer who had been sent out to see what the firing meant dashed into camp and dismounted. Bowers got the news from the officer and went in to awaken Grant, for he had gone to sleep. The news wasn't important, for the firing was simply the enemy straightening his lines, or something like that,—not serious. Bowers went to Grant's tent and looked in. He supposed the general was asleep, and he didn't think the news of importance enough to awaken him. Grant was lying on his face and hands, and when Bowers looked into the tent he said, 'Well, Bowers, what's up?' Grant had evidently not gone to sleep at all, tired as he was.

"'That query of Grant's,' said Mr. Bowers, 'was the most striking exhibition of care, anxiety, sensation, call it what you will, that I ever knew Grant to exhibit.'"

General Hayes had all through the story the deepest attention of his hearers, and as he approached the *finale* of the story they were all on the *qui vive* for something startling. It didn't come, and they all laughed. The point of General Hayes's story was that under no circumstances, be what they might, danger or security, did Grant ever, by word or look, express the slightest fear or anxiety about anything with which he had to do.

THE head-quarters of the New York Commandery have been established at No. 202 Broadway, in a new and larger room (No. 11), and will be open daily for the use of the library and inspection of the Commandery, albums, relics, etc.

"THE Battle of Sailor's Creek" is the title of a very interesting paper by Brevet Major-General J. Warren Keifer, read before the Ohio Commandery, October 3, 1888.

THE United Service Club of Washington is in a very flourishing condition. They have just added a new building to the former one occupied by the club, doubling its capacity. They have about four hundred members, half of whom are residents.

At a meeting, held November 10, a committee was appointed to propose revisions to the Constitution, looking, among other things, to increased reading room and library facilities. Members are coming in daily, and after January 1, 1889, the dues are to be twenty dollars a year instead of ten dollars, as now. All this indicates renewed interest in military and naval circles in the club. A very large proportion of the members are Companions of the Loyal Legion.

In the mean time the United Service Club of Philadelphia is steadily growing in favor. Visiting Companions may be assured of a hearty welcome at the pleasant quarters, 1433 Chestnut Street.

"OUR NEW COMMANDER."

General Henry H. Sibley.

Read at the annual banquet Minnesota Commandery Military Order Loyal Legion, St. Paul, June 6, 1888.

COMPANIONS! Why the grateful words withhold
That leap to voice our heart-throbs' loyal swell?

We, honoring, honored are; let lips be bold
In tribute to the name we love so well.

Our new commander! Let the record gleam
With blazonry of all his fame and worth!
No risk of chance or change. No fear of him,—
Rock-buttressed as the pedestals of earth.

In mettled youth the stalwart pioneer
Who strode the forests, scaled the dizzy steep,
Taught the swart savage justice to revere,
And plowed the path of empire wide and deep.

In early manhood builder of the State,—
A leader and a master, laying down
The rod and rifle for the realm sedate
Of legislator and the civic crown.

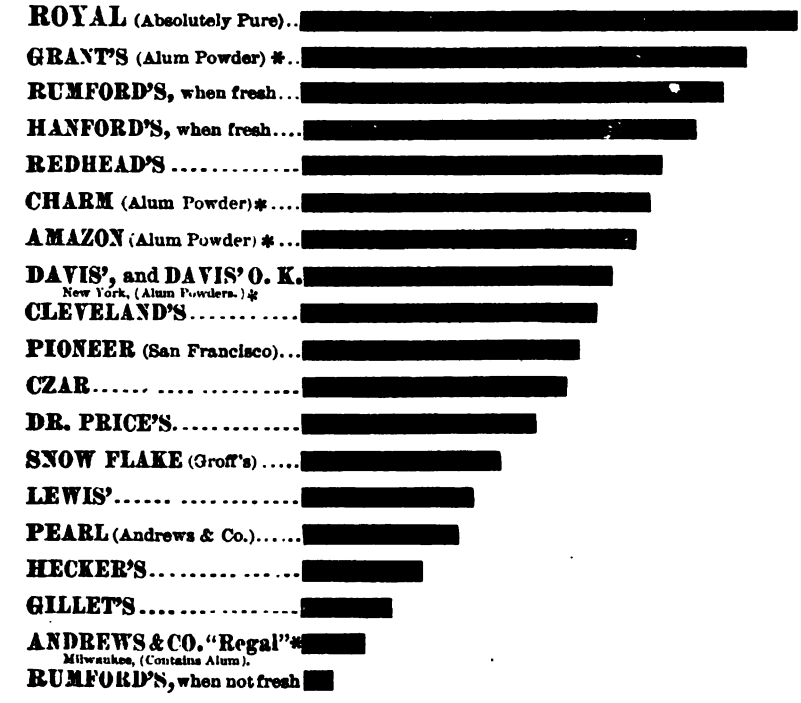
In life's ripe prime the soldier, whose strong arm
To periled thousands wrought deliverance.
Whose cool and prudent prowess quelled alarm
As quailed the foe before his angry glance.

In stately age the counselor and friend,
The splendid model of our men to be.
Serenest sage! Gentlest of gentlemen,
Fit autumn for the summer's fulgency.

His past secure in history's golden urn,
Honored and loved through all life's shining span,
His future safe, late be he ours to mourn
The first and noblest Minnesotian!

H. A. C.

COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.



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NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schedler. A pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof. Schedler only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, besides affording the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair minded person of these facts.

* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a comparatively high degree of strength, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous

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A MONTHLY REVIEW OF MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS.

NEW SERIES.

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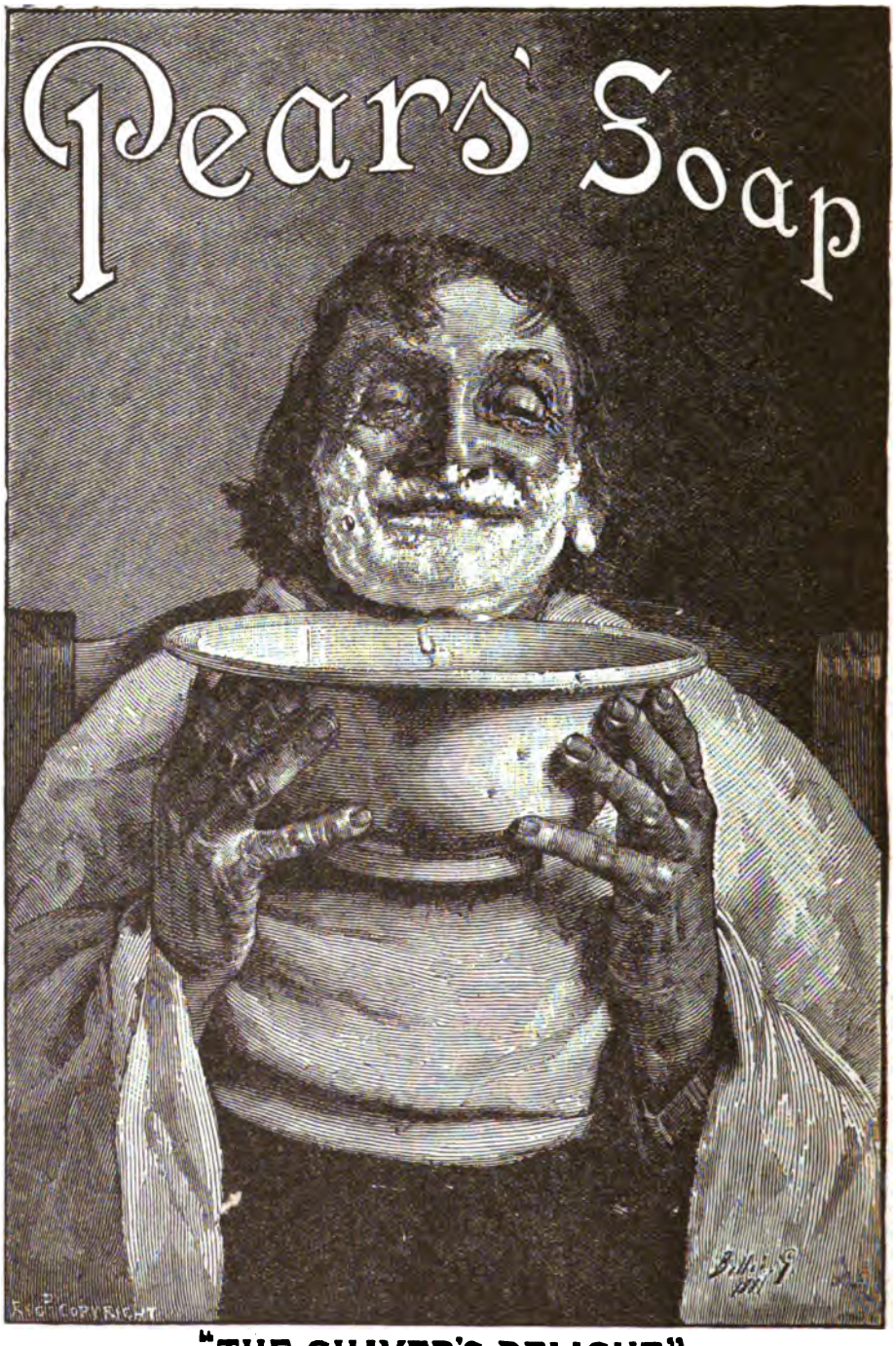

"THE SHAVER'S DELIGHT."

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THE PHYSICAL TRAINING OF THE SOLDIER.

PHYSICAL strength, we are told, was the veritable god of antiquity, and from the remotest times physical exercises were employed to honor national heroes and deities. The earliest example of physical training—that is, of a system designed to develop and improve the physical powers—is found in the competitive exercises of the ancient Greeks and Romans. *Athletæ*, from which is derived "athletics," was the designation of persons who contended for prizes in the public games where bodily strength or skill was demanded; while *gymnasia*, which has given us "gymnastics," was applied to buildings erected for the practice of physical exercises, then as universal as the bearing of arms. Both terms, as well as the institutions they represented, were of Hellenic origin. The gladiator, however, was peculiar to Rome and the Latin provinces. Although often a prisoner or condemned criminal, he was immortalized in marble, while "poets sang his prowess and high-born ladies contended for his favors." In Greece, where the idea is said to have first obtained that the body of man had a glory as well as his intellect, they practiced, with truer refinement, the Olympian and other national games, which included chariot-, horse-, and foot-racing, leaping, quoit and javelin throwing, wrestling and boxing; and thence these sports, to which were added carrying heavy loads, lifting weights, bending iron bars, striking at suspended sacks, training bulls, etc., were transplanted to the Imperial City, where they entered largely into the preparatory training of the Campus Martius. It is easy to trace the effect of these varied and manly exercises upon the Roman soldier, his weapons and manner of fighting. Until after the

era of Cæsar, his straight sword was remarkable for the shortness of its blade, and was worn upon the trusty right side. As luxury and effeminacy invaded the legions, a slave was required to bear his arms and armor; the *pilum*, which, according to Polybius, so notched the hostile blades that they became mere *strigiles* or skin-scrapers, such as were used in their baths, was replaced by the longer pike or lance, and the sword lengthened until it had to be worn upon the weaker left side, where it has ever since remained. Such apparently insignificant changes heralded the decline of the empire and assured its ultimate fall.

During the Middle Ages the ancient gymnastic exercises were superseded by jousts and tourneys, in which feats of fence and of horsemanship were the crowning acts; and the mail-clad knight, mounted upon his barbed and armored steed, held the footman in complete subjection until the invention of gunpowder. This discovery, so democratic in its consequences, has changed the whole system of human warfare. The distance between combatants is ever increasing; brain, not brawn, is said to decide the fate of nations; and yet it may well be questioned if the race is not still to the swift and the battle to the strong. Napoleon's axiom that the force of an army, as well as the quantity of motion, is equal to the product of the mass and velocity, may better pertain, like his famous close column, to the shock tactics of the past; but the quaint saying of Marshal Soult, that victories are won by the soldiers' legs, has still much of truth in it.

One hundred years ago, physical training had almost fallen into disuse; but in 1812 the Royal Military College at Sandhurst inaugurated modern athletic sports. It was not followed by Woolwich, however, until 1840, and the first Oxford *vs.* Cambridge meeting was held as late as 1864. To Sweden has been ascribed the honor of originating the movement, but the Central School of Gymnastics at Stockholm was not established until 1814. In Berlin, gymnastic instruction was formally recognized by cabinet order in 1842, while the Central School was decreed in 1847. France, Belgium, and Italy took initiatory steps in this direction about 1845, and the first founded a central school at Vincennes in 1852.

In all ages athletic sports have been especially practiced by the soldiery, and, indeed, they were first designed to foster the taste for war and the activity and strength needed for using weapons. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that England's foot-ball fields had produced England's soldiers. However this may be, certain it is that the English authorities have declared the ordinary drill "to be insufficient for the requirements of the soldier;" and during the last sixteen years a director of military gymnastics has been appointed, and gymnasiums have been erected at Aldershott, Gibraltar, Malta, and elsewhere, the teachers of which, for the most part, have been prepared

by Mr. Maclauren, gymnasiarch at Oxford. In the latter's words, "bodily power, hardihood, and activity are the very essence of a soldier's life." And he continues: "The restrained position, the restricted and closely localized movements of parade and drill, all deny to the trunk of the body and the upper limbs any exercise whatever." . . . "The power of the man and the serviceability of the soldier are inseparable conditions. Our embodied idea of energy, activity, and strength is the soldier,—these qualities trained to, made subservient to, the exigencies of his profession." . . . "Endow a man with these qualities, therefore, and you endow him with the power of overcoming all difficulties against which such qualities can be brought to bear, against all difficulties requiring strength, activity, energy, dexterity, presence of mind, tenacity, and endurance. You cannot limit a high qualification to a single use any more than you can limit the purpose to which a good coin may be applied; it will fetch its value anywhere and in anything. And so will strong muscles and sound lungs,—in garrison, in camp, or on a campaign, on the march, in the field, in the transport, in the hospital, on any service, in any climate."

For the first instructors under the new system, twelve non-commissioned officers of the British army were selected, and the effect was simply astounding. Mr. Maclauren says of them: "The muscular additions to the arms and shoulders and the expansion of the chest were so great as to have absolutely a ludicrous result, for before the fourth month several of the men could not get in their jackets and tunics without assistance, and when they had got them on, they could not get them to meet down the middle by a hand's breadth." In a month more they could not get them on at all, and new clothing had to be provided. One of the twelve gained five inches in his chest-measure during these five months. According to Dr. Morgan, this would indicate an increase of thirty-three and one-third per cent. in the capacity of the lung-cells and a greatly enhanced functional activity of the organs employed in the vital processes of respiration, circulation, and nutrition, that to many men would be of inestimable value. Mr. Maclauren found, too, not merely an acquisition of muscle, but "a readjustment and expansion of the osseous framework; yet the greatest change of all," he says, "was the change in bodily activity, dexterity, presence of mind, and endurance of fatigue."

In their general acceptation, athletics or gymnastics denote indifferently every exercise which tends to develop and invigorate the physical powers, such as walking, running, leaping, riding, swimming, fencing, rowing, skating, etc.; but, strictly speaking, the former refers to out-door games, sports, pastimes, etc., and the latter to the modern system of bodily exercises usually practiced in a building or enclosure, with or without appliances. In this case, they are known as free exercises. Mr. Maclauren, perhaps the best authority upon the subject

to-day, divides all exercises into recreative and educational, which classification will be readily understood. The former usually suffice to maintain health and strength after growth and development have been imparted by the latter. Of exercise generally he says:

1. It increases the size and power of the voluntary muscles employed.

2. It increases the functional capacity of the involuntary muscles employed.

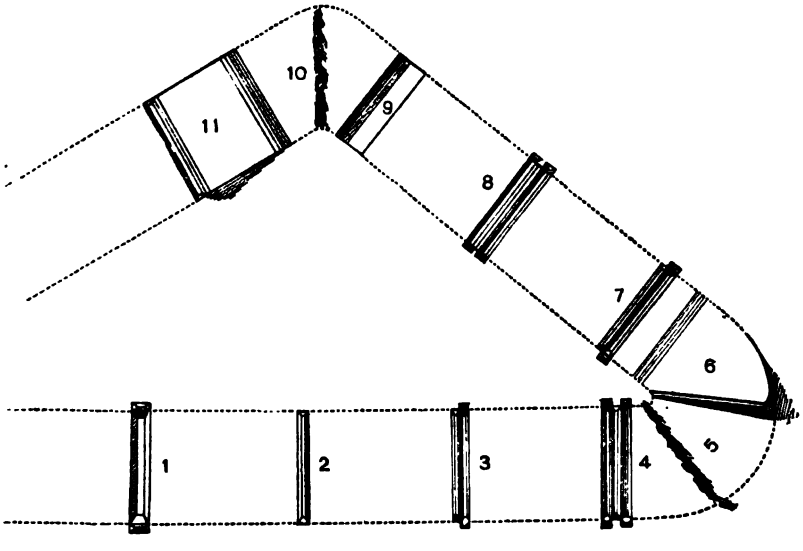
3. It promotes the health and strength of the whole body by increasing respiration and quickening circulation.

According to Dr. Sargent, the size, shape, and structure of the body have a direct dynamic relation to all the vital organs, and appreciably influence the functions of the brain and nervous system.

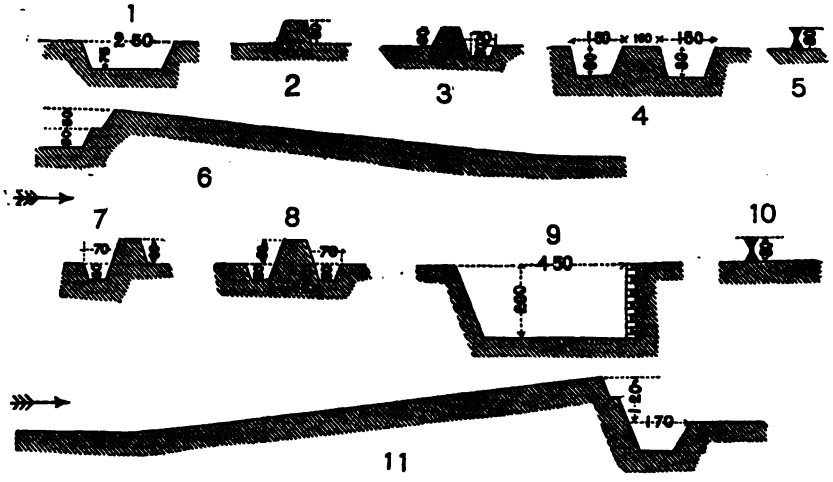
The Queen's Regulations direct that the gymnastic training of recruits begin simultaneously with squad-drill without arms, and continue unremittingly for three months before muskets are issued, while weak and awkward men have a special course of six months, and if then below the standard of efficiency, are reported to the adjutant-general. The daily attendance at the gymnasium of all men under ten years' service is compulsory. Running at half or full speed, with obstacles, carrying weights, implements, or arms and equipments, combined with leaping, is regularly practiced, the object being "to harden and strengthen the trained soldier, so as to enable him to cover one thousand or more yards of ground at a rapid pace, and leave him in good wind and able to use his bayonet efficiently." In the gymnastic training the excellent and very complete treatise by Mr. Maclauren is employed. It contemplates, of course, a gymnasium well stocked in fixed and movable apparatus, and among its admirable features are free climbing and escalading. To these exercises are added fencing with foils, bayonets, and broadswords, swimming, and instruction in resuscitating the drowned. Quarterly reports are made through the Director of Gymnastics to the Commander-in-Chief, which embrace comparative measurements and weights and even photographs taken before and after training. For this purpose Dr. Sargent's ingenious charts, which exhibit graphically the relative strength and proportions of a subject, would be found very useful.

Mr. Maclauren waxes facetious when he writes of the gymnastic training of the French recruit. He says: "Although the boxing which he is taught will never enable him to hit an adversary, he is taught manfully to hit himself, first on the right breast, then on the left, and finally on both together with both hands at once; and last, but not least, he is taught to kick himself behind, of which performance I have seen Monsieur as proud as if he were ignominiously expelling an invader from the sacred soil of *La Belle France*." However this may be, the latest French manual, that of 1886, as its title *Gymnastique*

d'Assouplissement indicates, is merely a means of suppling the recruit, and prescribes flexions for the trunk and limbs with and without arms and equipments, and of running and leaping under like conditions. They are simple but extremely useful exercises. The *pas gymnastique* of this manual, which has a length of thirty-two inches and a rapidity varying between one hundred and seventy and one hundred and eighty per minute, is almost identical with our "double-time." With this step, recruits are gradually taught to cover about one hundred meters (109.3 yards) in forty-five seconds; one kilometer (1039.6 yards) in seven and one-half minutes, and a half-league in a quarter of an hour. At the most rapid gait, the distance is limited to 150 meters (163.9 yards). A plain course or track is first prepared upon level ground, but later, obstacles are introduced with the special view of affording application in the different kinds of leaps and in escalading. The dimensions of the obstacles are gradually increased, but never beyond a safe limit, which, in the leap in depth, is fixed at three meters (3.28 yards). After being sufficiently practiced without arms, the recruit is given his rifle, and eventually his equipments, and thus progressively put over the same course. The track should embrace at least one leap in depth and one wall for escalade; and, for economy of space, it may be made triangular. The following figures give the detailed plan and section. In the absence of a track, any ground with a surface well diversified with accidents may be employed. The running is sometimes interrupted suddenly and the recruits put through the suppling exercises with great precision, and the series of runs and leaps are always followed by rigid movements in close order.



PLAN OF COURSE WITH OBSTACLES.



SECTION OF COURSE WITH OBSTACLES.

English Measures for the Corresponding French.

No. 1.	For	2.50	read	8′ 2″	No. 4.	For	1.50	read	4′ 11″	No. 8.	For	60 and	70	read	2′	and	2′ 4″
" "	"	75	"	2′ 6″	" "	"	1.00	"	3′ 3″	" "	"	50 "	1.00	"	1′ 8″	"	3′ 3″
" 2.	"	60	"	2′	" 5.	"	80	"	2′ 8″	" 9.	"	2.00		"	6′ 7″		
" "	"	1.00	"	3′ 3″	" 6.	"	50	"	1′ 8″	" "	"	4.50		"	14′ 9″		
" 3.	"	60	"	2′	" 7.	"	70	"	2′ 4″	" 10.	"	80		"	2′ 8″		
" "	"	70	"	2′ 4″	" "	"	50	"	1′ 8″	" 11.	"	1.20		"	3′ 11″		
" "	"	50	"	1′ 8″	" "	"	60	"	2′	" "	"	1.70		"	5′ 7″		
" 4.	"	80	"	2′ 8″						" "	"	80		"	2′ 8″		

It was the writer's good fortune to witness several drills by German troops from training-ships in Hampton Roads, and the sight was a revelation. Perhaps no other nation in the world, except Russia, could produce that terribly heavy and toe-depressed "goose step." And what must it be in the Faderland before the Kaiser! Individually, however, they appeared clumsy, a condition impossible to English soldiers. There are a few of the latter in our own service, and there is no difficulty in recognizing them, in or out of ranks, by their smarter appearance and superior carriage. A British officer of experience says of the Germans: "Even after the Johnnyraws have been stretched and twisted and made to throw their legs around their necks and point their toes straight to the rear, they are not well set up." He acknowledges, however, that they can march and fight, which is the essential thing; and to the superior physique of the Germans is often attributed their success in the Franco-Prussian war.

In Austria every barrack is supplied with a gymnasium, where instruction is given, under the direction of an officer, several times a week, while the "setting-up" exercises usually take place daily, lasting ten or fifteen minutes. Swimming is taught by the method of d'Arzy on land, and practically when possible.

Elsewhere in Europe similar conditions prevail.

If asked, in what does the physical training of the American soldier

consist, the writer should be compelled to answer that, other than a modicum of drill, *there is none.* To laymen this declaration may be astounding, but it is not the less true. The dangerous and difficult duty which falls to our troops upon the Western plains is not, properly speaking, physical training, which should precede and fit them for that service. In recreative exercises we are, too, sadly deficient. With the exception of an occasional game of base-ball, in which possibly three per cent. of the command participate, how rarely do we see our enlisted men engage in any out-door sports or pastimes! As for educational exercises, none are prescribed. Swimming, which is both recreative and educational, and should be compulsory, is seldom practiced, even when the opportunity offers. The newly-joined recruit is put through the "setting-up" and squad-drill for a week or two, by which time he gets his Springfield rifle, and, owing to the scarcity of men, often goes on guard before he has learned to salute properly. This scarcity is principally due to the small companies and scattered condition of our little army, and, in part, to the large number of men employed on extra and daily duty. The latter practice is the bane of the service. The soldier's former occupation is entered upon his descriptive list at the time of enlistment, and, if a carpenter, blacksmith, tinner, brickmason, plumber, painter, or teamster, the post quartermaster has him detailed on extra or daily duty, in that capacity, before he has learned to depress his toes. If a farmer or baker, he becomes the victim of the post treasurer, and passes his enlistment in the post garden or bakery. A clerk, and his own captain captures him, to make out the company papers, unless, indeed, the post adjutant forestall him and put the man at work upon the post returns. This officer, if adjutant of his regiment, is on the alert for recruits with musical tastes (whom he assigns to the regimental band), and printers. The post surgeon lays in wait for two or more quiet men of neat appearance and negative qualities for hospital attendants,[1] and those who are not detailed as company cooks and kitchen assistants become the prey of the post police-officer and pass their days in digging ditches and raking dead leaves. Our soldier is everything but a soldier. Verily, instead of the device of crossed cannon, sabres, or rifles, by which the several arms of the service are distinguished, he should bear a shovel *salient* athwart a rake *rampant*, as insignia of his profession or occupation!

Under existing conditions much, but not all, of this is unavoidable, and relief must come primarily from Congress. The writer but states facts; it is not his province to animadvert upon or to criticise them. Some manual labor will always be necessary in a garrison, and should properly be performed by the soldier. After all, it is healthful occupation. But the officers themselves, of all grades, and particularly those exercising distinct commands, are largely responsible for the evils

[1] Since writing the above a hospital corps has been organized.

complained of. The School of the Soldier prescribes four free movements,—a double or gymnastic and a balance step, running and bayonet or sabre drill, but they are rarely practiced. Blaikie says: "The setting-up drill of the West-Pointer in a few weeks transforms the raw and ungainly country boy into a youth of erect and military bearing; and insisting upon that bearing at all times throughout the first year gives the cadet a set and carriage which he often retains through life." This is true; and yet this same West-Pointer, in later years, often tolerates habitual slouchiness in his men, and himself gives up all athletic training. Boxing-gloves, foils and masks, Indian-clubs, and that simple implement, which has been in use in England since the days of Queen Elizabeth, the dumb-bell, do indeed occasionally adorn his quarters, but are rarely handled. A cavalryman is said never to ride when he can walk!

In the writer's day (1868–72) gymnastics were not compulsory even at West Point, except for the new class during the two months succeeding admission. Instead of possessing those essentials,—light, air, and space,—the gymnasium was the darkest, closest, most contracted hall at the institution; in fact, a mere basement in the academic building. Happily the enlightened efforts of the present able and progressive Faculty, assisted largely by Lieutenant E. S. Farrow, Twenty-Second Infantry, the author of a very complete treatise upon the subject and erstwhile teacher of military gymnastics at the Academy, have changed all this, and the matter is now made a special course, under an able instructor, while a new gymnasium is to be erected.

How many of our men can fulfill the English requirement before stated,—that is, cover one thousand or more yards at a rapid pace and be in good wind and able to use a bayonet efficiently? As an experiment, the writer once attempted to double-time a battery of heavy artillery, serving as infantry, for half an hour. Before the expiration of twenty minutes, fifty per cent. were *hors de combat*, and the only serviceable soldier, at the close, was the first sergeant, a gritty Irishman. Now, there are diverse opinions to-day, among distinguished authorities, as to the utility of cold steel against the fire of the modern breech-loader, but there can be none as to the great advantage to be derived from the employment of troops capable of using their legs and reserving their wind. Tom Brown of Rugby makes the hare and hounds, in the game of that name, cover a distance of nine miles without being much the worse for it; and Albert recently walked and ran six hundred and twenty-one miles in something less than six days. In Germany half of this distance is frequently covered by school-boys and their masters during vacation. The preservation of health alone demands exercise. At Amherst College, where a regular system of gymnastics is thoroughly and unremittingly practiced, the sick-list shows an annual average loss of 2.64 days per annum as against nine-

teen or twenty lost in the same period by the European laborer. Blaikie claims that an erect carriage, a firm tread, and a strong, well-knit trunk are within the reach of all, not constitutionally unsound, through moderate daily exercise; and John M. Laflin, the model man of the Vienna Exposition, whose chest measures forty-six inches and biceps seventeen inches, says fifteen minutes a day will do wonders. According to Dr. Sargent, gymnasiarch of Harvard College, there were physically examined at that institution, in 1880, seven hundred and seventy-six men. Of this number, the strongest showed in strength of lungs, back, legs, chest, and arms, as indicated on the chart before mentioned, a grand total of 675.2. At the close of the summer term of 1887, the highest test recorded was 1272.8, and there were over two hundred men in college, each of whose total test strength surpassed the highest test of 1880. Who that has read Ben Hur, however much he may deprecate the occasion for its fatal employment, will not envy the young Jew the extraordinary strength with which, by a single blow, he felled the myrmidon in the palace of Idernee, or the dexterity with which he managed the desert-born steeds of the sheik Ilderim?

One potent cause of the inactivity of our officers, of their apathy in dealing with this subject, is the lack of incentive and slowness, almost absence, of promotion. The captain should be a father to his company; in our army—through no fault of his—he is too often its grandfather. Every rank has its correlative duties, and rank should be, in a measure, commensurate with age. The matter is, however, receiving attention in high places. Surgeon A. A. Woodhull, United States Army, in his prize essay on "The Enlisted Soldier," recently published in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, writes: "Vigorous men must be occupied, and if pleasantly, there will be contentment. Where practicable, swimming, and everywhere formal gymnastics, should be carefully taught. . . . Athletic exercises, hunting and fishing where there is game, . . . should be encouraged and provided for the men. . . . The government seems to consider its whole duty done without having provided for manly development outside of a very narrow technical limit." And Colonel R. I. Dodge, Eleventh Infantry, in his admirable paper (awarded honorable mention) upon the same subject, adds: "In every permanent garrison there should be a gymnasium, and every enlisted man should receive some instruction in athletics. All out-door sports—hunting, fishing, rowing, riding, and games of every kind—should be encouraged. Constant occupation in this varied round of instruction and amusement will give a healthy tone to both mind and body." That literary athlete, Julian Hawthorne, claims that we can improve our physical health and strength several hundred per cent., without ever touching a club or a dumb-bell or pulling a weight, by simple recreative exercises and suitable care of those important functions, the lungs, the skin, and the

stomach. Proper bathing facilities are, indeed, too rare in our army, and in many quarters, both of officers and men, no provision whatever is made for this important, nay, essential act. In Rome, the baths were the biggest public institutions.

But, pending legislation or other authoritative measures, much can be done. Every post commander may accomplish something with the resources at hand, and every captain provide his barracks with a few simple and inexpensive appliances, such as boxing-gloves, Indian-clubs, dumb-bells, a trapeze, or a pair of suspended rings, the possession of which will work incalculable good. A foot-ball is easily obtained, and every company should have one. Dr. Sargent says: "Of all athletic sports, foot-ball is the best game to test a man physically. In the pushing and hauling, the jostling, trampling struggle for supremacy, few muscles of the body are inactive. . . . In spite of the accidents attending the game as at present played, no sport affords better opportunity for vigorous training." It is encouragement chiefly that is needed. Let courses be laid out, and walking-, running-, and leaping-matches be promoted; institute hare and hounds, lacrosse and tennis clubs,—do anything, in short, to give the men something wholesome to think and talk about; and daily, during fifteen minutes after reveille, put them—and especially the "awkward squad"—through the "setting-up" drill until every man learns to walk erect in the image of his creator.

Finally, to quote again from Mr. Maclauren, "a military system of bodily training should be so comprehensive that it should be adapted to all stages of the professional career of the soldier; should take up the undeveloped frame of the young recruit as he is brought to the depot, and be to him in all respects a system of culture,—a system gradual, uniform, and progressive,—a continual rise from the first exercise to the last, in which every exercise has its individual and special use, its individual and appropriate place, which none other can fill in the general system; a system of exercises which will give elasticity to his limbs, strength to his muscles, mobility to his joints, and, above all, and with infinitely greater force than all, which will promote the expansion of those parts of the body, and stimulate to healthy activity those organs of the body, whose fair conformation, health, and strength will double the value of all his after life; which will give him the vital stamina that will be to him a capital upon which he is to depend, and from which he is to draw at all times, at all seasons, and under all circumstances of heat, or privation, or toil. This should be the great object to be aimed at in the early stages of the system; the strengthening, the developing of his body, muscle and joint, organ and limb; make him a man, and as a man give him power over himself. Give him that and you give him the Malakoff of the position; the activities, the dexterities, of the art will fall into his hands.

And then, but not till then, should the practical application begin,—an exposition, earnest, ample, and varied, which will show him how every article of the commonest use may be utilized in emergencies to important purpose, how obstacles of every form and character may be surmounted, and how burdens of every size and shape and weight may be borne; which will show him also—and he will now see without much showing—how every exercise in the system has added something to this end, contributed something to this attainment, twofold in its character, single in its object, to strengthen the man in order to perfect the soldier."

H. R. LEMLY,
Lieutenant U.S.A.

FARRAGUT AND HIS SERVICES DURING THE REBELLION.

HISTORY is ever slow in doing justice to the greater actors whose lives most adorn its pages. Even in these modern days of telegraphs, newspapers, and correspondents, the great majority of the people are long in arriving at a correct estimate of the character and services of men whose worth will, in the future, be well known and recognized; in spite of the writing of libraries concerning the men and events of the times, notwithstanding the numerous memoirs and autobiographies written by the actors themselves, we fail at times to appreciate the full worth and greatness of the hero who passes away in our very midst.

This is especially true of the deeds of David Glasgow Farragut, one of the great characters of modern history. His achievements, along with those of the navy in other places, were not appreciated at their full worth. The early histories of the war misrepresented the conception and achievement of opening the Mississippi, giving the credit of the first to the War Department.

The difficulties encountered, the absence of an adequate force, and the task of creating one, as well as the great results finally accomplished, have been forgotten in the universal attention to the great achievements of the brother-arm of the service on terra firma.

The Prince de Joinville clearly indicates the three tasks before our government at the outset: "The shores of the seceding States must be effectively blockaded, the course of the Mississippi and the whole water-system of the West must be mastered; finally, the rebellious government must be driven from Richmond, its chosen capital." The first of these plainly must be done by the navy, the second could not be done without its aid. One of the first military critics of the day, in speaking of the work done by the navy, has brought his professional tribute to its achievements. Colonel Chesney says, "The important part borne by the American navy in the civil war, its absolute performance of the first part of the task indicated, the principal share taken by it in the river campaign, which cut the seceded States in twain, the vast weight due to its exertions in the great successes of the Federal generals, have been but little noticed as compared to the din and stir of the great battles with which the New World rang; yet nothing is

more surprising in the great contest—no military, political, or financial success has more completely defied expectation, prophecy, and precedent—than the work wrought by this arm of the Union forces, and wrought by it in the very process of creation out of actual nonentity."

But this will be righted by "the slow-grinding mills," and some day the navy and its leaders—Dupont, Dahlgren, Porter, Davis, Foote, and Farragut—will have their just place in the estimate of the deeds done in the greatest of civil wars.

It seems to be a great historical fact that when occasion arises, there comes, often from comparative obscurity, some particularly fitted or talented one, some born king of men, to fill the place of leadership in battle, at the helm of state, or in the national council. The career of Farragut during the civil war seems to illustrate this, and, at the same time, to demonstrate that such advancement is not always due to transcendent genius, to the favor of opportunity, or friendly advancement, but oftener to the character and talent of the man, improved by long and faithful pupilage in a chosen or imposed career, fitting him for great deeds by the accumulated fruits of years of devotion and duty.

The life of Farragut is so well known in its main details, and has been so ably written by his son, that we need only to outline so much of it as shall indicate the character of the man, and show why he must have been chosen for the important task allotted him.

Farragut may be said to have grown up in the service. His ancestry, near and remote, was of the sea. His forefathers dwelt in one of those island empires of the Mediterranean whose sons were soldiers renowned in all the great armies, from the time of the Romans to modern days. His father was an officer in our younger navy, and he became a waif of the sea before his tenth year, cutting off all home ties, and resolutely sailing, at the call, and under the care, of Commodore David Porter, on the renowned cruise of the "Essex" in the South Pacific during the war of 1812.

Thus, under that brave and skillful seaman, the legalized successor of Hawkins and Drake, and bold predecessor of daring "Alabama" and "Shenandoah" leaders, his school was the deck of the "Essex," and his youth was spent in the stormy scenes and bitter experiences of her career. In her he experienced the varied vicissitudes of the seaman's life,—was nearly wrecked on our own stormy coast, tossed in the terrific storm off Cape Horn when the oldest sailors thought the ship lost, participated in the many captures made, and, child as he was, commanded one of these prizes. In this situation, although not twelve years old, he displayed that resolution and decision that were the greatest characteristics of the full-grown man.

In the conflict that terminated the adventurous career of the frigate, which succumbed to the attack of two foes in neutral waters, our young hero bore himself well, and received his first wound, and the com-

mendation of his captain, who regretted that his youth prevented promotion.

An incident that occurred on his return to this country in the cartelship shows that he early formed his opinions on points of professional technics, and the opinion then expressed was ever afterwards maintained. The "Essex, Junior" had run in under the guns of a small battery on the Horseshoe near Sandy Hook. Through some mistake the battery opened fire on them, without doing much damage. Farragut says he then formed the opinion that it was not so terrible a thing to lay under a battery,—an opinion which time seems to have strengthened.

We need not follow him to the Mediterranean, where he next cruised in time of peace, only observing that he was distinguished for his studious habits, and that he acquired a remarkable facility in the use of foreign languages. His studious habits gained him friends among the older and more mature officers, to his great advantage. Porter paid careful attention to his schooling, having the boys instructed while on shipboard, and sending David to school when ashore.

The chaplain of the fleet having been appointed consul to Tunis, begged to take young Farragut with him, and continued his schooling. In a subsequent cruise Farragut's common sense is seen in his comments upon the discipline of a "crack ship." Although none loved discipline more than he, we must applaud his remark that he thought it unwise to harass and worry the men so much to gain the reputation of having a smart ship.

During a voyage home in a merchant vessel at the end of his cruise, we again see displayed that decision and resolution for which he was afterwards remarkable. A strange craft drawing near was thought a pirate, and the crew were terrified, until Farragut infused into them a spirit of resistance, organizing them for that purpose, and preparing to lead them.

Farragut served under his old patron in the exciting campaign against West India pirates, where he gained much valuable experience, participated in many exciting brushes with the pirates, and went through a siege of the yellow fever.

After a round of service in the Mediterranean and in South American waters (when he commanded the brig "Boxer" at the age of thirty-three) and on shore duty, we find him again in the Gulf, in command of the "Erie" during the war of France with Mexico. He witnessed the bombardment of Vera Cruz by the French, noting with prophetic eye the results of the fire from shell-guns against forts, and the seamanlike way in which the French ships were handled. On the breaking out of the war of the United States with Mexico, in 1845, he addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Navy asking to be employed in the

Gulf, urging his former experience, and expressing the belief that one ship of the line and two frigates could reduce the works. But the authorities were against him, and the task was not attempted.

His services in California, where he was sent to establish a navy-yard, were eminently useful. During the troubles connected with the Vigilantes he declined to interfere, although firm in protecting government property and officials.

A strong demand was soon to be made upon his patriotism and his judgment. Born in the South, married to a Southern lady, and stationed for years at Norfolk amidst Southern influences, it became necessary, on the first symptoms of an outbreak, to decide which cause to espouse. Most of the officers of Southern birth left the service, and some of them were his future antagonists, but with him there was no hesitation. He cut loose from his surroundings at Norfolk, moved North, and offered his services to the government without stipulating any particular service.

He was now sixty years old, bore the highest rank in the service, —that of captain,—was hearty, vigorous, and alert, but had never commanded a fleet.

The necessity of opening up the Mississippi in its whole length was early recognized, but when the plan of attacking the lower forts was first broached, it met with little encouragement. Secretary Welles says, "In general and desultory conversation with military and naval men and others, the passage of the forts and capture of New Orleans was spoken of as a desirable but not a practicable undertaking." Assistant Secretary Fox, however, seems to have urged the plan. Admiral Porter approved it, suggesting the mortar fleet as an aid, and, in spite of the military critics, it was adopted.

The choice of a commander was of the first importance. "The duty to be imposed on him was novel, and required courage and activity, a vast and peculiar energy, with great self-reliance, discerning judgment, and ability to discriminate and act under trying and extraordinary circumstances."

We owe to Admiral Porter, the son of his old patron, the suggestion of the name of Farragut, as Porter has told us. When offered the command, Farragut readily accepted it, with no fault-finding with plans not his own, no finding difficulties, no asking impossibilities. Parts of the plan doubtless found little favor in his eyes, but he accepted them heartily nevertheless. He never for a moment doubted of success, and declared that his first duty was to obey orders and to take any risk that might be imposed on him in the performance of his duty, and that he expected to pass the forts or never return.

The difficulties, however, were doubtless apparent to the veteran of two wars. The force at the command of the department, small as it was, must not be entirely withdrawn from the blockade, and hence the

commander of the new expedition might not have a choice of his fleet. The base of his operations was two thousand miles from the seat of government, on a hostile coast, whose shallow waters must be blockaded, no supporting land force was available, and the scene of his operations was not his accustomed element, the open sea, but the current-swept and shifting course of a tortuous stream, against forts of great strength, an obstructed channel, and a hostile fleet, whose strength rumor greatly magnified.

Success, however, was the watch-word, and Farragut began the work of organization early in 1862, on arriving on the station. After the arduous task of getting the heavy ships over the bar at the mouth of the river was accomplished, he proceeded to put his ships into the highest state of efficiency. A land force had finally been sent to take possession of the conquests of the fleet. There was finally gathered together under his orders a fleet by far the most powerful that had ever been assembled under the stars and stripes. It consisted of five heavy steam-sloops, one sailing-sloop, three light sloops, nine gunboats, and a supporting fleet of four gunboats and twenty-one mortar-schooners, under the command of Captain D. D. Porter. The fleet carried one hundred and seventy guns, in addition to the mortars. Few of these guns were rifles, but many of the smooth-bores were 9-inch Dahlgrens, and especially the batteries of the heavy sloops.

Opposed to this force were forts, obstructions, fire-rafts, an iron-clad ram, and some seventeen gunboats. The forts were not of the strongest, but were sufficiently formidable, it was generally believed, to stop any wooden fleet. They were placed at the lowest turn in the river, where an English fleet had been stopped for nine days, in 1815, by a fort far inferior to these.

Fort Jackson, to the left hand of the ascending fleet, was a star-shaped work, built of stone, and mounting seventy-five guns, three of them heavy rifles. Fort St. Philip, on the other bank, half a mile above, was a stone and brick work, but little inferior to the former, mounting fifty-three guns. Below the first were the obstructions, consisting of nine hulks, moored across the channel, and connected to each other and to the shore by heavy chains. The Confederate flotilla lay just above the forts, and carried thirty-nine guns. The ram "Manassas" was known to be among these, and her sudden appearance, some time before, at the mouth of the river, had spread consternation among the blockading fleet. There was another ironclad nearly ready for use, but she did not succeed in getting out to do any damage. The current of the river here ran three knots strong, and the wooded banks of the stream were lined with sharp-shooters, ready to pick off the men in the tops and on the exposed decks. So formidable did the works seem that a French admiral and an English captain, who inspected them just before the action, reported them impassable.

Farragut seems to have expected little from the mortar-fire, and impatiently waited six days for them to reduce the forts, and then dashed on up the river. The mortars undoubtedly contributed to the result, and accomplished all such fire can do.

In the preparations for the coming conflict the thoroughness, the seamanlike tact, and the trained experience of the veteran of fifty years' service are apparent. His order was comprehensive and concise, every suggestion that could add to the efficiency of the vessels having been adopted. Steam had changed the old order of things, and, along with the advantage of being rid of the cumbrous sail-gear, had rendered the ships more vital, and thus the protection of the boilers and engines was desirable, and was sought as far as possible. Farragut, self-reliant in all things, listened with a ready ear to the plans proposed for the attack, but modified them as he thought desirable.

The obstructions having been removed, under a heavy fire, the signal to weigh and proceed up the river was given on the morning of April 24, long before the first streaks of the gray dawn had shone forth, and the single column of vessels, in three divisions, with the admiral in the centre, started up the swift and tortuous stream.

The fire under which they advanced was the heaviest that a fleet had ever encountered. While still abreast of Fort Jackson, the ships were exposed to an enfilading fire from Fort St. Philip, and just beyond lay the Confederate fleet.

The sombre gloom was partially dispelled by the glare of numerous fire-rafts, sent down from above, which threw into broad relief the forms of the approaching ships, thus rendering them better targets. These were flat scows filled with pine-knots, and they were allowed to drift with the current, or were pushed by tugs. The admiral's ship was attacked by one of these, and, grounding in her efforts to avoid it, the blazing raft was pushed against her, setting her on fire as high as her tops. Her situation for a moment was perilous. "My God! is it to end thus?" said Farragut; then, recovering his wonted confidence as the disciplined crew sprang to the rescue, speedily extinguishing the flames, and the ship backed off, he calmly paced the deck, compass in hand, watching her regain her place. Groping on in the dark, receiving in turn the deadly fire of the forts, and avoiding the floating rafts with difficulty, the vessels encountered the fleet above. The lighter ships in advance bore the first brunt of the attack, and the "Varuna," swifter than others, boldly dashed in advance into the very midst of the enemy, attacked and destroyed four vessels, and, as the lingering daylight appeared, was assailed by two rams. Being a light merchant vessel, she was soon destroyed by their blows, not, however, without vengeance on her foes. The "Brooklyn" was twice rammed, but beat off her opponents and destroyed an attacking steamer. As daylight approached, the fleet anchored above the forts, all but three smaller ones, caught

at daylight in a heavy fire, having safely passed, with but one lost.

But the end was not yet, for the ram "Manassas" now gallantly fought her dying struggle. As she approached up the river, the powerful paddle-wheel "Mississippi" started to ram her, but she avoided the blow, received a deadly fire, ran ashore, and surrendered.

Between the fleet and New Orleans was the heavy battery at Chalmette; but this could not stop it, although it gave the tired crews a half-hour's contest before the gunners were finally driven from their posts.

And thus the great feat, believed to be impossible, was accomplished in the most dashing and brave manner, with the loss of but thirty-five killed and one hundred and twenty-eight wounded, and but one ship destroyed. "I trust," says the report of the admiral to the Department, "that it will be found that I have carried out my instructions to the letter, and to the best of my ability." Who now doubts it? and how splendid those abilities that, despising all obstacles, could gain so signal a victory where defeat seemed to others certain!

The high authority above quoted says the passage of the forts was "the greatest naval victory since Exmouth's victory at Algiers." He also says that Secretary Welles's words, characterizing it as "one of the most remarkable triumphs in the whole history of naval operations," is fully justified by the daring with which unknown obstacles were faced, and the vast importance of the victory gained.

The task was not yet accomplished. The first and greatest step was gained, but the river, from New Orleans to Vicksburg, was still in the hands of the insurgents, and the duty of clearing it was assigned to the successful fleet.

And now commenced a period of anxious and perilous toil, in which appears prominent the patient devotion to a duty irksome to the sailor, hemmed in with his great ships in the narrow river, whose banks were lined with hostile cities, and whose high bluffs were crowned by formidable batteries, perched far above his unprotected decks. Every needful thing seems to have been lacking,—anchors, coal, provisions, pilots,—and the ships sadly wanted repairs. We hear complaints of these things, not in official reports, but from private letters to his family, published long afterwards.

The Department having found its Hercules, set him to work at the Augean task of "clearing up" the river.

The first encounter was at Vicksburg. Here was no light work. The high bluffs to the right were crowned with formidable batteries, and a sudden turn in the river made the navigation very difficult. The admiral here formed his fleet in double column, the three heavy sloops to starboard, the lighter vessels to port, in the intervals between the former. The fleet advanced steadily and deliberately under the heavy

fire, replying gallantly to it, while the bombs from the mortars below did deadly work upon the gunners in the works. For two hours the ships advanced under this terrific fire, those in advance occasionally stopping to wait for the others, but all passed save three, whose captains, after a gallant fight, misunderstanding the orders, dropped down-stream and anchored.

The admiral reported that the batteries had been passed, and could be passed again, but that a large land force would be necessary to take the place. The sequel proved the correctness of his views.

Farragut now joined the fleet of Davis from above. His duties called him to Pensacola for a while, where he recovered his spirits, damped by the fever-breeding vapors of the river. The destruction of the "Hatteras" and the loss of the "Galveston" greatly annoyed him, but he was soon back in the river to finish his task and gain new laurels.

Disasters had befallen our fleet above, and the Confederates had regained control of the river from Vicksburg to Port Hudson, and had erected batteries at the latter place and at Grand Gulf. The light armored vessels of the upper fleet could not silence the fire of these forts, and Farragut at once saw his duty and did it. Port Hudson must first be passed. Nineteen heavy guns were mounted in the works eighty feet above the river, which here, as at Vicksburg, took a sudden turn in its course, making it almost necessary to use daylight in passing. A dangerous shoal, but half known to such pilots as could be procured, made out from the point where the river turned, but the admiral, disregarding these obstacles, chose the night again as the time for passing the batteries. As disaster to the engines from the plunging shot from above was to be feared, each of the three heavy sloops was attended by a smaller consort lashed to her port quarter, while the side-wheel "Mississippi" was left without such aid. To add to the difficulties of the situation fires had been kindled on the bluffs, and the smoke from these made it nearly impossible for the pilots to keep the narrow channel. The admiral here took the lead in the "Hartford," and at 10 P.M. of the 14th of March the passage was attempted. All that forethought and experience could do to obtain complete success was done, but the difficulty of navigating the river in the smoke and darkness were against complete success, and the admiral and his little consort alone succeeded, favored, perhaps, by the advance position. All the vessels grounded, and the "Mississippi," fast ashore and exposed to the deadly fire, was finally abandoned and fired. The other two sloops, injured in their motive-power, were compelled to turn down-stream. The contest had been a very unequal one, not more than forty guns in broadside being opposed to the batteries above, but it was due rather to the dark and smoky night, the intricate navigation, the swift current, and the weak engine-power of the vessels, that they failed to pass the forts.

The object sought was gained, however, by the passage of the

"Hartford," and the river was virtually under our control from that moment. Four months more of river work awaited the admiral, separated from his fleet, exposed to boat attacks by night, unable to obtain vessels suitable to the work, and patiently performing tasks which it seems he might have been spared. But the work accomplished in weakening the enemy's position by maintaining the blockade of the Red River materially contributed to the downfall of Vicksburg and to the complete mastery of the river-course.

In the execution of these less heroic duties the sterling qualities of Farragut are conspicuous. Patience, watchful devotion to duty, activity, and skill were here as apparent as in action, and the services performed by Farragut here should not be forgotten in valuing his deeds.

After this continued service of nineteen months, Farragut was now permitted to take his shattered and now historic flag-ship North, where he was received with welcoming plaudits as the hero of New Orleans, the importance of whose capture the shrewd merchants of the metropolis were quick to see and appreciate. It was found that his ship had received two hundred and forty shot and shell in her hull.

In the early part of January, 1864, he was back in the Gulf, organizing his recuperated force for the crowning deed of his memorable career during the war. Mobile, with her noble bay, protected by strong forts and obstructed channels, had served too well the purposes of the blockade-runners, and it had long been Farragut's wish to attack the forts, but it was of the first importance to open the Mississippi. Besides, supporting land forces were needed, and ironclads also, which could not be sooner spared. Farragut had always expressed a distrust of ironclads, an opinion partly the result of education, partly justified by the first crude attempts at protecting ships, but he saw that armored ships would be necessary here to encounter the formidable ram "Tennessee."

His heart was certainly in this work. Here the sailor was on his element, and had sea-room to manœuvre in. With the same vigilant care as at New Orleans he superintended the preparations, issued his orders, and inspired all with his zeal and confidence. No doubt of success seems to have entered his mind, although he prepared for all contingencies but that. The situation, however, might well cause a less confident commander to hesitate. The narrow ship-channel threaded its way between shoals and sandy islands, close under the walls of Fort Morgan, bringing the entering ship within range of the eighty-six heavy guns mounted there, and the twenty-nine others in the water battery. Three miles to the northwest was Fort Gaines, mounting thirty guns. The flats and shoals between these were traversed by lines of torpedoes and other obstructions, while an entrance to the westward was defended by the four guns of Fort Powell. Perhaps the

torpedoes were the most dreaded, and careful observations were made to enable the attacking force to avoid them. A fleet again awaited them after these obstacles had been surmounted. It was a small one, but its principal vessel, the ram "Tennessee," was known to be more formidable than any yet encountered, and her commander was an old and experienced veteran, a foeman worthy of Farragut's steel. She was armored with five-inch armor, had a metal prow, and her heavy rifle-guns were well mounted in a protected battery. Three wooden gunboats, mounting seventeen guns, supported her. The attacking fleet consisted of seven sloops-of-war, seven gunboats, and four monitors. Southeast of Fort Morgan were anchored five light steamers to aid by a fire on the fort, and to the westward of Fort Powell a small flotilla supported the landing of the troops, and shelled that work.

Soon after seven o'clock on the morning of the 5th of August, 1864, the engagement began, the ships approaching the fort in single column, with a gunboat lashed to the port side of each sloop, and the four monitors in separate column between them and the fort. The occurrences of this most stirring and graphic fight have been so well told and are so well known that we need not linger over it. As the gallant Craven, who fired the first gun, approached the buoy marking the line of torpedoes, the ram "Tennessee" approached, awaiting his attack. Disregarding the obstacles, and eager to meet the foe, he dashed on to the westward of the warning buoy.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning the "Tecumseh" struck one of the unseen weapons, and sank from sight, with most of her officers and crew. For a moment the advancing column hesitated. The "Brooklyn," in advance, was in danger of becoming entangled among the torpedoes, and her gallant commander hesitated, stopping and backing, to extricate his vessel from her perilous position. The line was thus thrown into temporary confusion, the ships for a moment ceased firing, while the fort, taking advantage of this, redoubled its terrible volleys. As the smoke of battle clears away from the tops and decks of the ships, the central figure is the heroic Farragut, high up in the rigging of the "Hartford," just astern of the "Brooklyn." One of those decisive moments had arrived when it devolved upon him to wrest victory from apparent defeat and display those great qualities of leadership which we have seen he possessed.

Without an instant's hesitation, as if despising such hidden foes, he dashed right across the line of torpedoes, followed by the other ships, and the victory was won, after a hard hour's contest. A short but spirited fight with the ram ended in driving her under the guns of Fort Morgan, and the gunboats made short work of the other vessels of the Confederate fleet. They were not yet done with the ram, however. With Quixotic chivalry Buchanan once more advanced to the attack, after the fleet had anchored in the bay, gallantly contending

against the sloops and monitors, until, rammed by each in turn, his defectively-protected stearing-gear injured and himself wounded, he reluctantly surrendered.

The work of Farragut was done. The country owes a debt of gratitude to his memory which has only been partially repaid. Compared with the favors lavished upon the successful leaders of the brother-arm of the service, his reward was meagre indeed. Not that the "ungrateful republic" did not show him gratitude in voting him thanks and by making him the first American admiral, but that in the general neglect of the navy and ignorance of the important part performed by it in the great struggle for the Union the sovereign people should not have seen the value of his services, the greatness of his character, and that not a tithe of the praise that has been lavished on other leaders was his.

The heroic greatness, the high professional qualities, the decision of character, and daring bravery shown by Farragut in his personal leadership in these contests outshine the qualities and deeds of many a hero of greater past renown. To thorough mastery of his profession he added restless energy, devotion to duty, a buoyant, cheerful spirit, personal bravery, great self-reliance, and stainless honor. He was apparently disdainful of obstacles and ever confident of success. While he did not fail to see the power and importance of the new weapons, the ram and the torpedo, he did not give them a great place in his calculations, believing in the power of his heavy ships to match the one and doubting the certainty of success of the other.

I can pay no greater tribute to his memory than to quote the words of our most versatile poet, the genial Holmes,—

> "I give the name that fits him best,
> Ay, better than his own,—
> The sea-king of the sovereign West,
> Who made his mast a throne."

F. S. Bassett,
Lieutenant U. S. Navy.

A GARRISON BELLE.

I.

A SUPERB, glorious May morning. Robert, or Bob Lawrence, as he was usually called, had marched the guard in review before the new officer of the day, and is now making for his quarters, to exchange the uncomfortable, heavy helmet and tightly-fitting dress-coat for the more agreeable blouse and forage-cap.

As he reaches his quarters he sees two horses, saddled, being held by an orderly in front of the next set, which was the residence of Captain Crumbs, Ninety-third Infantry.

The household consisted of Captain Crumbs, his wife, and Miss Lilian Langlie, of New York, Mrs. Crumbs's sister. Noticing that a side-saddle is on one of the animals, Lawrence mentally whispers, "I fancy the fair one is going for a spin this morning." With this reflection he enters his quarters.

Scarcely has he donned his blouse and cap when the clatter of horses' feet draw him to his window. This is what he sees: Miss Langlie, mounted and alone, being borne directly across the parade-ground at a gait which convinces him is even too fast for one who had shown a decided preference for hard riding.

"That beast is running with her!" he says; and in another moment he is out of the house, on the back of the other horse, and following in her wake as rapidly as word, spur, and blow will permit.

On she goes, straight across the parade-ground, over the hill by the hospital, down the decline on the other side, then up the valley by the river's brink, as straight in her course as she is in her saddle. After her comes Lawrence, breathing an inward prayer that she may not lose heart, and that the brute will not stumble before he overtakes her.

Yes, he is gaining on her. The rough, large-boned beast he is astride is sixteen hands high, and his long legs clear at each bound nearly twice the space made by the small but spirited animal which is dashing on before him.

Now they are neck and neck. Lawrence leans over and catches the rein held loosely by Miss Langlie, and in a moment more the nearly blown animals are at a stand-still. Not until then does he turn

and look at the motionless rider. Yes, motionless and unconscious. There she sat as erect and graceful as if on parade, yet wholly insensible.

Jumping from his horse, Lawrence slips his arm through the reins of each bridle, and then tenderly, gently he lifts her from her horse and lays her on the soft buffalo-grass, with his blouse rolled into a wad supporting her head. A brisk rubbing of her hands and a draught from Lawrence's flask—Bob always carried a flask—soon produced consciousness, and Bob thought the weak "Where am I?" quite the sweetest words to which he had ever listened.

"You are on the plains of the Indian Territory, and now in a capital position to study astronomy, were it night," was the reply. "That beast gave you rather a bad toss. Are you hurt?"

"I don't know."

"Then I shall mark you 'duty' at once; and, as you have an engagement to ride with Captain Crumbs, we better be getting down there. Your curb-chain broke, and that brute bolted with you. But, ye gads! if you always ride so straight, you will shame half the fellows in the regiment. Here come some of them now."

Yes, quite a party was in view, dashing over the prairie to see how the chase ended, and had witnessed—though unknown to him—Bob's every action attending the rescue. The junior major, on his large sorrel, was on the lead. Close behind him was "Pinky" Scott, urging to her utmost his little black mare, which had won for him many *pesos* in that trial of speed between the horses of Sonora and of the service, run within sight of adobe-built Tucson in the ever-memorable ides of '73. And the surgeon, "Pills," was bounding along on a packer's mule, which he had seized, without leave or license, from the corral.

"Very gracefully done, Mr. Lawrence," said the major, as he drew near.

Bob looked annoyed as he answered, "Yes; she fell as neatly as Fannie Davenport in "Camille." The beast put his foot in a gopher-hole. She is not hurt, however, and we better be getting back."

Bob quickly transferred his curb-chain to Miss Langlie's bridle, and the party, none the worse for the little run, returned to the fort. Bob surrenders his horse to Crumbs, and humming, dreadfully false, that exquisite song of Francesca, given to us by Mallock in "The New Republic," he saunters across the parade-ground and enters his office.

Robert Lawrence, first lieutenant and adjutant of the Fifty-fifth Regiment of Cavalry, was a generous, honorable, large-hearted, good-looking, popular fellow, of five-and-twenty years of age. He had accepted a commission in the army six years prior to the opening of my story, simply because he was tired of balls, germans, flirtations, and the other diversions open to a well-born, well-bred man in the East. He had seen no one during his tour of service on the frontier who so reminded him of the past and the dear old girls at home as did Miss Langlie;

and it seems needless to add that even a glimpse of this fair being was a very refreshing sight to the susceptible, wayward Bob. Yes, wayward; for Bob was wedded to his matutinal decoction between morning stables and breakfast, and he confessed to being fonder of draw-poker than of food. At the same time he was always fit for duty, and his winnings were not infrequently returned. Yes, my hero, to a certain extent, was wayward, but he was not unprincipled. A vast chasm yawns between the two, though it be swiftly and mercilessly bridged by that "Big Stupid," which some one, Thackeray, I think, named the Public. Lawrence was a man of culture, and culture has been defined as the union of fastidious taste and liberal sympathy. He would have cut out his tongue, he would have cut off his hand, rather than say the false things or commit the base acts which many men who are recognized as stainless by the Big Stupid do with impunity, if with a certain degree of secrecy. He would have been unpopular with the large majority,—as every man must be unless he be a fool or a sycophant,—for he was clever enough to have ideas and opinions of his own, and sufficiently independent to accept these as his counselors.

Lilian Langlie was a bright, pretty New York girl of nineteen or twenty. Her tall, snug, graceful figure was perfect; so were her large gray eyes and her teeth; but her nose, though straight and shapely, was a trifle too thick, and her lips were open to the same criticism. Yet with her superb complexion, her fresh, brilliant coloring, and her delightful manner and manners, she was an extremely captivating young woman,—"Decidedly fetching," as "Pinky" Scott put it, before she had been in garrison an hour. Lilian had come to Fort Furnish to make her sister, Mrs. Crumbs, a long visit, and she had been there one week when the incident which I have related occurred.

* * * * * * * *

Another glorious morning following the one which witnessed the flight and rescue of Miss Langlie. Bob has signed the little triangular billets bearing the countersign, and the name of the luckless worthy who on the morrow will wear the sabre. This being the only work he finds for him to do, he walks across to his quarters, lights a fresh pipe, and, taking a letter and an oxidized silver-handled whip from his table, he saunters out. Just as he nears Captain Crumbs's quarters the door opens and Miss Langlie appears.

"Good-morning," said Bob; "I was just coming to ask if you cared for a stroll. 'Tis a lovely day, and I'm 'off' for a while."

This was not strictly true. Bob had taken his letter with the intention of going to the trader's store to mail it, after which to do—to do—well, to do whatever the other fellows might be doing. However, Miss Langlie does not know this; so, saying she would enjoy a walk above all things, she catches up a broad-brimmed straw hat, ornamented with a thick roll of white tulle and a bunch of unthreshed oats only,

and joins Bob, who is lingering at the gate, tapping with his whip the toe of his spurred boot.

On they go, up the long board walk by the commanding officer's quarters, out beyond the infantry barracks, down the little slope, around the point of the bluff, until they near the river; then up its shaded banks till a huge old cottonwood is reached, where, at Bob's suggestion, they sit down.

"Cavalrymen pride themselves on not being able to walk any distance, do they not?" asks Miss Langlie.

"I don't know," answers Bob. "There used to be something of the kind in the old army. My colonel says that when he was a 'sub' in the Second Dragoons he used to have his horse brought to his chamber and ride into his breakfast-room. I don't care to walk far alone, I confess."

"Do you fish?" is the next question put by Miss Langlie, as she glances at the swift current flowing at her feet.

"I used to, years ago,—for compliments; but I have not seen a hook or fly since I left the East. Besides, I would not care to eat a fish that could live in such a nasty stream. One can hardly realize that this reddish-brown liquid is called by the same name as the turquoise-colored fluid which flows in the 'Hudson's liquid veins.'"

And so they sit, so contented, so happy, discussing books and music, dancing and riding, the East and the West, and a thousand other topics, until it dawns upon Miss Langlie that it is her first stroll with Mr. Lawrence, and that the day is half gone.

From a letter Robert Lawrence wrote that evening to his friend, Jack Warner, of the artillery, I will quote one paragraph:

. . . "I thought I was done with all such nonsense long ago; but, ye gads! you should see her. 'Tis a sure enough, petrified smash, and, I fear, hopeless. I am utterly gone. I cannot eat, sleep, or drink with any comfort! *I would even let her strike 'Lancelot'!*" . . .

This expresses Lawrence's feelings far better than can I; and as one soldier is in the guard-house for drawing his brush the wrong way across the brute's back, and another is serving a three months' sentence for giving him corn instead of oats, when he would permit one to strike the animal, his utter "goneness" may be imagined.

And so the days rolled by as days will, though they seem to drag so heavily, so wearily; and, to some, alas! it is not all seeming.

II.

At the time of this narrative Fort Furnish was the head-quarters of the Fifty-fifth Cavalry. Five troops of this regiment, with its band, and two companies of the Ninety-third Infantry, comprised the garrison. Fort Furnish is in the Indian Territory, that tract of land styled

"God's own country" by a certain class of agnostics, who give to their Maker the bad taste to prefer a climate which is never the same for two consecutive seasons. Scouting-parties have had to choose between burning their bacon for fuel or freezing to death; gnats, mosquitoes, and other insects have driven human beings to suicide and dumb brutes frantic; "northers" have knocked down rows of quarters as if they had been ten-pins; Indians have butchered numberless families; parties have perished of thirst in their endeavor to find water; and liquor has retailed as high as one dollar per glass! All this in a clime and section termed "God's own!" It will not do. My belief is that his satanic majesty has held undisputed sway over this realm ever since our wise ancestors left it as it was bequeathed unto them,—unexplored territory. How hideously ungrateful is human nature! how wretchedly forgetful and unappreciative is man! Some of the most enjoyable days of my life, some of the golden moments which are the brightest stars in the firmament of my memory, were spent at old Furnish; and weeks of unalloyed happiness have I known upon the broad, virgin prairies and beside the wild waters of the territory which I now consign to the devil. Forgive me, fort; forgive me, land. What I have said to your discredit is all true. But why should I be so commonplace, so worldly unjust, as to paint your sins only and leave your virtues unsung? By way of atonement, let me remind you that we are frequently unkindest to those we love the best. There are times in the existence of us all when we seem seized with a desire to hurt, to break, to rend the very beings who are the most precious to us. And knowing, as we do, that the wounds will soon heal, we stab deeper and deeper into the loving, loyal bosom which throbs for us alone, and on whose palpitation our own life depends. Once more, I say, forgive me.

But to my story. I have said the band of the Fifty-fifth was at Furnish. It was regarded as the very best band in the service; and, as the colonel and adjutant did not look upon it as their individual property, nor view it as a bunch of exotics, which, alas! is too frequently the case, music was a daily and nightly occurrence. Hops and germans were the order of the day, and Furnish was not "half a bad post," as young Taber of the Ninety-third grimly remarked when he received his six months' leave of absence.

Miss Langlie was the only young woman at the fort. The garrison, however, boasted of eleven others of her sex; two of this number were brides of a few months, the others had been in the two-in-one state for some years. Receiving, as she did, all the admiration and most all the attention of the young officers, Lilian was naturally causing the others of her sex—some others, perhaps, I should say—to experience a feeling of jealousy and envy, which they endeavored to persuade themselves was not the case. But it was. Pretty Mrs. Shotgun of the infantry does not mix an eleven o'clock toddy for Lawrence with the same

regularity as was formerly her wont; nor is "Pinky" Scott seen so often on the piazza of Mrs. Sabres's. Ned Trolls still drops in to see Mrs. Trumpets,—to be sure he does,—but not so frequently as he used to, nor does he tarry so long. It will be observed that though Miss Langlie was a Godsend to the officers, especially to the subalterns, yet she was the source of much annoyance to some other inmates of the garrison.

Before Lilian had been at the fort a fortnight, Mrs. Trumpets, in strict confidence, confided to Mrs. Sabres her opinion that Miss Langlie was "fast;" a thing, as she said, "Bad enough in a married woman, but simply *atrocious* in a young girl."

Mrs. Sabres was inclined to agree with her visitor, and admitted that Mrs. Shotgun had arrived at a similar conclusion. But it would have puzzled these idle, gossipy, jealous women to have pointed to one act, or to have quoted one expression, of Miss Langlie's which savored in the least of fleetness; and, to their shame be it said, they knew it. However, they were resolved to so stamp her; and, having intentionally wronged her, the modicum of conscience which still remained with them would not permit of their feeling comfortable in her presence.

Truthfully has it been said of you, O woman, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Whatever you may be in the future, Lilian, whatever life with its trials, its temptations, and its vicissitudes may make of you, *now* you are pure and stainless in thought, deed, and action:

> "No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water
> More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee."

Miss Langlie was clever enough to see who were her friends and who were her enemies. Among the former, those upon whom she could rely, may be mentioned Mrs. Sinclare, the colonel's wife; the major's wife, Mrs. Robbins; Mrs. Captain Carter, one of the brides; and Mrs. Captain Yaton. Among the loyal ones of the infantry, Mrs. Rowe and Mrs. Slater stand prominent, with, of course, her sister, Mrs. Crumbs. So Lilian did not lack pleasant society of her own sex.

Miss Langlie had now been at the fort one month. During this time walks, drives, and rides had been of daily occurrence; but it could not be said, even by her enemies, that Lilian had shown any partiality to her numerous admirers. She was polite and gracious to all. If she had a preference for any one of the young heroes who worshiped the hem of her garments and the ground she walked on, it was her own secret.

Lawrence had taken quite a number of strolls with Lilian since that first walk up the river, and we find him again to-day sitting by her side under the same mammoth cottonwood, whose spreading branches are such a grateful protection against the hot June sun, which glares down with almost feverish heat. Lilian is speaking:

"Will you forgive me for what may seem like impertinence in asking, and promise to do something for me?"

"You cannot be impertinent to a lieutenant," Bob replies. "You know the old saying, 'Subalterns have no rights, they are allowed a few privileges.' One of mine is being in a position to do anything for you."

"Well, I wish you would promise me not to drink any more while I am here. I have never seen *you* any the worse for liquor; but I know how you all live here, and I think it simply terrible."

Lawrence was completely taken aback when he learned what was expected of him; but he hesitated an instant only.

"I promise, Miss Langlie," he said. "Rum and I are strangers while you are one of the garrison. Now, will you do me a favor?"

"If I can," was the grateful reply.

"Kiss me!" Sudden, unexpected as the request is, Lilian raises her fresh, pretty face to Bob's, and their lips meet.

"If there ever was an innocent, charitable kiss that is one," said Robert, "and may I never know another if I fail in my promise."

A brief silence ensues. Lawrence removes the short, straight-stemmed brier pipe from his mouth, and says, "You were in society in New York last winter, were you not?"

"Yes," was the answer; "it was my first winter."

"And a pleasant one?" inquires Bob.

"Yes—no; I don't know."

Beastly indefinite, thinks Robert, though he says, "With your face and figure you could scarcely do one season East without having more than one heart laid at your feet."

"Is that what constitutes a pleasant winter?" asks his fair friend. "If so, I suppose I must say my first winter was a success."

"And was *he* successful?" ventures Bob, throwing great emphasis on the personal pronoun.

Lilian looks annoyed. Bob, quick to detect the slightest change in the features he has learned to love so well, could have killed himself for having asked the question.

"Pardon me," he says; "I have no right to ask you. But will you not tell me about that winter,—how it ended, in fact? It is not idle curiosity, Miss Langlie—Lilian, which makes me ask. I love you with all the love a man can give a woman; with a love which is as strong and true as I fear it is hopeless."

Lilian did not blush, nor cry, nor fret, nor express surprise, nor do any of the absurdly ridiculous things which many young women are represented as doing under similar circumstances. She knew instinctively that Lawrence loved her, though no word of the kind had been heretofore spoken, and she was prepared—as most young women are—for the frank confession. She soon breaks the silence,—

"I will tell you candidly that I like you better than any one else at the fort, and as every one has one confidant, I will choose you for mine. My winter was, I suppose, much like the first season of every *débutante*. The men were all polite and kind, and I fancied I enjoyed it all. I believe that I did for a while. Towards the close of the season a man whom I liked least of them all asked me to marry him. I told him it was impossible. My mother was greatly vexed when she learned of this, and absolutely commanded me to accept him should he so far honor me again. He did so, and I obeyed orders. Quite a military expression, is it not? That is about all I have to tell. I wrote to my sister to ask me here, because I wished to see as little of Mr. Greene as possible."

"Then you do not love him?"

"I detest him! I *loathe* him!"

"How dreadful! how horrible!" mutters Bob. "I used to know a Greene, but it cannot be he."

"What is the name of your Mr. Greene?" asks Lilian.

"'Tis very odd, but really I do not know; we belonged to the same club, too. He was a sleepy kind of a fellow, always yawning or dozing, and he went by the name of 'Opium.' He also went to the bad, and I lost track of him. It cannot be he; but how dreadful! Do you mean to marry him?"

"Mamma says so."

"My dear young woman," says Lawrence, taking her hand, and adopting a tone and manner entirely unsuited to his years, "parents' wishes should be respected to a certain extent. You have too good sense to make a purgatory of your whole life simply to gratify a whim of mamma's."

"It is not a whim," interrupts Lilian; "she says he has her in his power."

Oh, how the blood tingled in the veins of that young cavalryman! If he might have that hateful Greene and that heartless mamma in his presence, if for five minutes only! His poor darling to be sold to this monster because he had mamma in his power! It was preposterous!

"Lilian," he says, "you do not want to marry this Mr. Greene?"

"After what I have said, need you ask me?"

"Then you *shall not!*" exclaimed Lawrence, with all the force he could throw into his words, and in a manner which implied his decision was final.

"Tell me now," he asks, "was there another whom you did wish to marry, and whom you put aside for this Mr. Greene?"

"No," answers Lilian.

"Then you love no man, and are engaged to Mr. Greene simply because your mother so desires it? Is this the situation?"

Lilian turns her head away, and looks up the valley. Way up

beyond the bend of the river, where the cavalry herd is grazing, her gaze is fixed. Not a word is spoken. Her hand still rests in his. Lawrence cannot see her face, but just a narrow little strip of her fair cheek is exposed, and this he sees turn to a delicate pink, and then deepen into a bright vermilion.

Oh, Lawrence, Lawrence, you dolt! you great stupid! cannot you see? Cannot you feel, instinctively, as did she? Are you blind and invulnerable? Cannot you see in those large, gray, beautiful orbs, now swimming in little sparkling seas, as she turns them up to you and says, "Yes, I suppose that is the situation,"—cannot you see, I say, that you are the one she loves? Of what earthly use have been your flirtations and *affaires* of the past if your knowledge of woman is so ghastly deficient?

"Then," said Lawrence, entirely oblivious of the true state of things, "my first act will be to release you from this engagement. Have I your permission?"

"Willingly, and my prayers for your success."

Hark! "officers' call" at this hour! What can it mean? Lawrence looks at his watch; just eleven o'clock.

Had not the thrilling notes of that bugle reached them, who shall say what might have been said, what might have happened?

Her hand is still in his; but Lawrence is too thorough a soldier to let his pleasure interfere with his duty, so, springing to his feet, he says,—

"We must go back. Something has happened. Remember, you are *not* to marry Mr. Greene!"

Then the little hand is slipped from the brown palm, and they, rather anxiously, seek the fort.

III.

Yes, something had occurred. A courier had just arrived from the Indian agency with the news that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes had broken out, killed their agent, and were leaving for the north to join that prince of devils, Sitting Bull, or, more properly, Lame Bull.

Lawrence leaves Miss Langlie at her door and hastens to his office. He finds the colonel there in conversation with the quartermaster. The colonel addresses Robert:

"Mr. Lawrence, issue the necessary orders for the five troops of our regiment now here to take the field at once. Two troops to strike straight for the agency; the other three to go north and try to head the rascals off. Twelve days' rations will be sufficient. Have 'boots and saddles' sounded in one hour from now."

Lawrence quickly obeyed; the orders were issued, the rations

were packed. And, in one hour's time from her parting with Robert, Lilian saw five fine troops of cavalry moving briskly out of Furnish.

They had been gone possibly thirty minutes when Bob enters the colonel's quarters.

"Colonel," he says, "Captain Sabres has no lieutenant with him, may I go? I have not been out for some time."

The jolly, good-hearted old colonel sees the eagerness with which the request is made, and instantly gives his permission, adding, as he does so, "If you come on a nice robe, bring it to me."

Ten minutes later, Bob, attired in a blue flannel shirt, buckskin trousers, supported by a belt, through which two revolvers are thrust, and a large felt hat, throws his leg over Lancelot, who was pawing the air at his door, and, waving an adieu to Lilian as he passes her window, trots rapidly out of the fort.

The three troops which had been designated to go "north and head the rascals off" were Sabres's, Ducats's, and Doons's. The two to go direct to the agency, Carter's and Yaton's. Let us follow the latter.

By making forced marches the agency could be reached in three days, no sooner; and this Carter, who was in command, decided to do. It was about noon when he left the fort, and not until nine o'clock that evening were the animals unsaddled and fed. Three hours later they were again moving over the rough, cactus-crowned plain, which stretched out to the long line of bluffs beyond. At dawn camp was made. The weary beasts were turned out to crop the short, sweet buffalo-grass, which covered the selected site, and the cooks, with a hearty good-will, proceeded to get breakfast. By ten o'clock the little column was again in motion. No sign of Indians had been seen. Two cowboys had passed, on their way to the fort. These reported to Carter that the agent and all his employés had been killed, the women captured, and the agency burned. But due allowance was always made when information was received from such sources.

On, on they push, pausing for a few hours only at a time, and the noon of the third day found them at the agency. The buildings were all intact, but in one, spread out on the floor, with a picket-pin driven through his mouth, lay the poor agent. Close by, with a scalpless head, lay his young clerk. Outside the main building were stretched three Mexicans, horribly mutilated. The luckless trader was found back of his store, with eighteen arrows in him. This sight caused the heartless private Gulhagan of G Troop to remark, "That for all the world he looks like an onery porcherpine."

It was a sad, disgusting, exasperating sight. It might have been a trifle less so had the bodies of the women—the agent's wife, daughter, and sister—been found with the others. The fact of their not being there showed they were destined to experience a fate still less merciful.

Carter took the scene in at a glance, and, turning to his lieutenant, he said,—

"Gruton, I believe you know a little Cheyenne. Go to that red devil standing there and tell him that twenty regiments of cavalry from the south and forty from the north are marching on his relations, and that if they should be found off their reservation the last one of them will be butchered. Tell him to send a message to this effect, and give them a chance to come in."

Gruton started, and, with his knowledge of the language vastly aided by his information respecting signs, he imparted to Left Hand—for it was no other—the falsehood he had been directed to tell. That he made himself understood could not be doubted, for a few moments later two young Indians were bounding across the plain in a northerly direction, as fast as if they had an engagement to dine with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Carter at once summoned Naoock, or Left Hand, into his presence, and, with Gruton as interpreter, directed him to gather the remaining Indians together in line. He readily complied, and fifteen minutes later about four hundred of the greasiest, dirtiest-looking devils that ever wore a government blanket were congregated on the mesa back of the agency. They were then told to surrender their arms and ponies. They demurred, and a fight seemed imminent. But eighty stanch dismounted troopers, with carbines loaded and at a carry, were in line, waiting for a signal only. And this body of men seemed to have a peculiarly pacifying influence over the red men, for they gave up their arms and ponies without a murmur. Carter posted sentries at different points of the village, so that to leave it without permission was an impossibility. He held the four hundred warriors and their families captives for the time being, and sent a courier back to the fort with a report of his action.

* * * * * * * *

But while we have been down at the agency with Carter's command, Sabres, with his three troops, has been pushing to the northward. Lawrence overtook them about three miles from the fort, and riding up to Sabres, said,—

"Captain, I am ordered to report to you for duty."

"D— glad of it, Mr. Lawrence! d— glad! If we had a few more Weather Bureaus in Washington, and a few more arctic picnics on the high seas, there wouldn't be a d— lieutenant west of the Missouri!"

Sabres was the recognized champion grumbler of the corps, and this is saying a great deal. But he was so just, so good-hearted, and so intensely amusing that he was universally popular. They used to tell a story of him to this effect:

He was serving at Fort ——, in Texas. It was a lovely Septem-

ber morning. Guard-mounting was just over. The band was playing different selections from popular operas. The sky was a beautiful sapphire. Two little white feathery clouds were racing across the blue dome. These were the only things which seemed to be stirring as Sabres came out on his piazza, and, crossing his arms behind him, as was his custom, he began walking rapidly up and down. Presently he paused and looked around. No, there was not a cat, not a dog, not even a soldier in sight on whom he could vent his wrath. His walk was resumed. A moment later he caught sight of the two little fleecy clouds. He stopped instantly. The veins in his neck swelled as if they would burst. He doubled up his hand, and, shaking his clinched fist at these innocent objects, said, with all the awful fury of his matchless passion, "Yes, scud! d— you, *scud!*"

"Pinky" Scott, who vouches for the whole thing, says he never saw anything quite so superb.

But Sabres is scudding himself now at the head of his little command across the plains of the Indian Territory, and we must join him.

At the same time Carter reached the agency Sabres's column struck a fresh trail leading from the agency and going to the north and west. It was apparent to Sabres that Indians had passed but a few hours previously, and with renewed ardor they pushed on. About five miles before them stretched a long ridge of buff-colored bluffs. Unless the Indians had placed lookouts on some high point this range protected their approach, or rather shielded the command from observation. The first range was crossed, and they had descended into the valley beyond to find only another range of hills confronting them. The trail was broad, fresh, and distinct. On, on they go. Just as they are nearing the second range Lawrence asks permission of Sabres to ride ahead with "Pinky" Scott.

"Yes, for God's sake go!" was the reply. "You two fellows remind me of the children in a village school who are always holding up their hands and wanting to '*geo* eout.' Go on, I tell you, and do not let me see you again till you've located them."

So Bob and "Pinky"—each in his heart voting Sabres a jolly good fellow—trotted merrily forward. It was quite dark as the two young horsemen gained the backbone of the second range, and nothing could be seen to indicate life in the silent valley below.

"I believe from yonder ridge we shall sight the devils in camp in Skull Valley," said "Pinky," who was not altogether a novice in this most inglorious and unsatisfactory pursuit, Indian warfare.

"I hope so," said Bob, as they jogged along.

"Pinky's" prediction was verified beyond his wildest fancy. Just as they reached the summit of the ridge countless little glimmers of light in the valley below said, as plainly as could tongue, "Indian camp."

"Ride back, 'Pinky,'" said Lawrence, "and tell Sabres. He may want to cross lower down and come upon them up the valley."

Sabres was just beginning the ascent of the last range when "Pinky" reached him with the joyous news. Yes, he would take his own and Doons's troops lower down, and send Ducats straight to the left and front, to be ready to cut them off should they attempt to retreat up the valley. The plan of attack was this: Sabres, with his own and Doons's troop, was to cross the range lower down and come stealthily up the valley. Doons's troop was to dismount, deploy, and get as near to the silent camp as discretion would permit. At dawn they were to open fire on the camp. Almost simultaneously Sabres, with his troop, was to charge down upon them. This would naturally cause them to turn up the valley for safety. Should they do so, Ducats, with his troop, would be in readiness to receive them; then the fun would begin in earnest.

The intense darkness of the night was a great protection to the horsemen; and now, with every man in his place, they await the first streak of dawn. "Pinky" Scott, who belonged to Doons's troop, is seated tailor fashion not fifty yards from a small fire, with a grim smile lighting up his handsome face and a Springfield rifle thrown across his lap. Bob remained with Ducats. "To take in the second act," as he expressed it.

Bang! bang! bang! Zip! zip! zip! Ki yi! Bow wow! Ye gads! what a picnic, what a circus, what a pandemonium greeted the dawn of that divine morning! The surprised, frightened, bloodthirsty devils sprang from their blankets, and, seizing their weapons, sent many well-directed missiles at the disturbers of their rest. The troopers soon discovered that if they were not confronted by "foemen worthy of their steel," they, at least, were contending with a more formidable enemy than the cowardly Apaches of Arizona, with whom they had had many disputes.

It was truly wonderful how, without any organized system of defense, without any sort of discipline, these Indians sprang from a sound slumber, and instantly began fighting bravely, covering the retreat of their women and children, mounting their ponies, and yelling and firing at one and the same time. But Doons's men are playing the mischief with them now; and here comes Sabres on the run, company front, instructing his troopers at the top of his powerful voice to "give the red devils hell!" (This was prior to the birth of sheol.) Instructions which were strictly followed.

Arrows and balls are flying through the air, chasing each other like grains of sand in an hour-glass. "Pinky" Scott tumbles a fiendish-looking creature out of his saddle, and appropriates his war-bonnet, saying, as he does so, "Not such a nasty favor for the german!"

Yes, the Indians are giving way; they are turning and flying up

the valley. And now out jumps I Troop, with Ducats and Lawrence well to the front. The Indians for a moment are panic-stricken. They thought their way was clear in this direction. They discover their mistake too late. Ducats's men open upon them with a perfect fusilade! Troopers pick out their individual game, and then proceed to pot it.

Bang! bang! Zip! zip! A miniature Bull Run for a while! Above the din, beyond the smoke, Lawrence hears a scream, which almost causes his heart to cease beating. 'Twas a woman's voice, and a white woman's too!

Yes, there she goes! White arms and white skirts are discernible at the pommel of that red devil's saddle, as he is making up the valley fast as his fleet little pony can carry him.

One glance is sufficient. Driving his spurs into Lancelot, Bob is soon tearing along after him, utterly regardless of the distance he is putting between himself and his comrades. The Indian sees he is followed, and knows full well that his little pony, tough and fast though he be, is no match for the huge thoroughbred animal, which is straining every nerve to overtake him. He wheels in his saddle and sends a bullet zipping by Bob's ear.

"No strike!" yells Lawrence, as he urges his beast forward.

The Indian loosens his belt, and, to lighten his burden, throws a superb robe, beautifully worked with stained porcupine-quills on the prairie behind him.

"Thanks!" once more yells Lawrence; "the colonel told me to bring him one."

And now Bob is not twenty yards from him. The Indian again turns and fires. This time Lawrence feels a peculiar burning sensation in his left shoulder,—"As if some fellow had dropped the lighted head of a match on me," he said, later. Almost simultaneously with the warm sensation, Bob sends a bullet from his revolver crashing through the brain of the fiend before him. Down goes the Indian, and down goes his unconscious burden. Bob springs to the ground and raises her head. How pretty, how pale, how utterly helpless she is! How cold, how white is the soft little hand Bob takes and begins to rub smartly!

"Thanks to swearing off," he muttered, "I have no flask! But what the dickens is this?"

He is looking down the valley in the direction whence he came, and this is what he sees: an Indian riding towards him at full speed. Bob seizes the rifle of the dead Indian beside him, and, as he does so, he sees the approaching savage lean gracefully from his pony, and, without slackening his speed, pick up the discarded buffalo-robe.

"Drop the colonel's robe, you red rascal!" shouts Bob, as he pulls the trigger of his rifle. The pony drops dead; the robe falls over him

as if it were his winding-sheet. But the Indian, who is unhurt, turns and bounds off in the direction of the agency at a gait which led Lawrence to remark afterwards that he would back him for twenty miles against any coyote that ever howled. The robe is made into a roll and thrown across Lancelot's withers, and then Bob once more turns to the unconscious maiden,—the dead agent's nineteen-year-old daughter.

"What am I to do?" he mutters. "I have no water, no liquor, absolutely nothing to aid in restoring her to consciousness!"

The rifles cracking lower down the valley tell him that the fight is not over, and he longs to be back there. His left arm is not painful only, but helpless; and how to get the insensible woman on his horse by the assistance of one arm is as yet an unsolved problem. However, it must be attempted. He brings Lancelot close to where she lies. "Now, stand still, old boy," he says, as he raises the poor girl and leans her against the horse. Lancelot seems to know what is required of him,—he stands motionless. Bob springs into the saddle; then, by leaning well over, and getting his arm around her waist, he manages to raise her and lay her on the robe before him. Not a very comfortable, secure, or graceful position certainly. Still, she is safe, and entirely insensible to the jolting caused by the movement of Lancelot's legs.

Slowly he returns with his precious burden. Carefully he picks his way back to where he knows he can procure some stimulant for his poor patient. He had made about half the distance, when he sees "Pinky" Scott, arrayed in his war-bonnet, riding towards him.

"Where did you get your Gainsborough, 'Pinky'?" shouts Bob.

"Borrowed it from a dead Indian," was the reply.

"Let me look at it," said Bob.

"No," was the answer. "In years to come you may see it in the Army Museum at Washington labeled, 'Presented by the late General Granville Egerton Scott, *alias* "Pinky."' But what the mischief have you there?"

"One of the agent's legacies. Have you any rum?"

"I have some of Weeks's lightning." Weeks was the trader at Fort Furnish.

"Trot her out," said Bob.

"Pinky" produces a villainous-looking black bottle and hands it to Lawrence.

"Come around here yourself," says the latter. "I cannot manage it; this arm is useless."

"Are you hit?" asks "Pinky."

"It feels that way," was the reply. "There now, I'll hold her head, and you pour the stuff down."

Gently, tenderly, the pretty face is raised, and "Pinky" pours a goodly quantity of the fluid between the pale, parted lips. Her eyes almost instantly unclose.

"Ye gads! how the stuff acts! What wonderful medicine it is!" quoth "Pinky."

"Yes," answered Bob, "as medicine. It is given to us on a rag, as medicine, when we are babies; it is given to us in a teaspoon, as medicine, when we are old and dying; but, during the interim, we are told that it is poison!—and I'll be shot if it isn't!"

Yes, the fluid, bad as it was, brought her back to life. Oh, what joy, what a relief to find she is being borne farther and farther from her savage captors!

"Perhaps you might manage to sit up now," says Bob. "If so, I will give you my horse and walk beside you."

Yes, she could ride. So Bob surrenders his saddle, and "Pinky" Scott rides jauntily into camp with a pretty maiden mounted on Lancelot beside him.

The fight is over. Fourteen troopers lie stretched upon the plain never to rise again. Some twenty more have been moved lower down the valley to have their wounds dressed. Many of the dead Indians had been packed away by their brothers in iniquity, but some sixty lie where they fell, proof positive that the United States cavalry is not quite the worthless band the Eastern editors would lead a credulous public to suppose. Oh, if the fighting capacity of these knights of the quill was but one-half so great in their arms as it is in their tongues and their pens, we might put an army in the field which, with even a stag for its leader, might defy the world!

The agent's widow and sister were rescued by Sabres and McGulligan of his troop, in a hand-to-hand encounter; and the meeting of the three women, who had so narrowly escaped a fate too hideous to mention, may perhaps be imagined.

Yes, the fight was over. *Travois* were improvised for the transportation of the rescued women and the wounded men. Then the dead soldiers are buried:

"In the same deep pit their bodies were deposited."

A volley for each dead trooper is fired over the spot where they are laid to rest. And then, while officers and men stand uncovered, the I Troop trumpeter sounds the farewell "taps." Fifteen minutes later, Sabres, at the head of his little command, is marching back to Fort Furnish.

Scarcely had the column moved, when Lawrence, riding up to Sabres, said, "Captain, if you do not need me, I should like to go straight on into the fort."

"Need you? The bones of the virgins! I have risen to be senior captain of cavalry, sir, without your aid! I guess I can manage to scramble along from here to Furnish without your assistance! Go? Of course you can go! You can go to the devil, sir, and take that

wild 'Pinky' with you, or in a few moments he will be snapping his fingers to 'geo eout'!"

So once more Bob and "Pinky," or Damon and Pythias, as they were sometimes styled, rode in advance of the column, and once more they voted Sabres a cracking good fellow.

"What do you mean to do, Bob?" asked "Pinky;" "go straight through?"

"Yes," was the answer; "if your brute can stand it, we can get in by to-morrow night. To tell the truth, this beastly scratch in my shoulder feels far from comfortable, and I want 'Pills' to snake the ball out."

"Jeff can stand it, if Lancelot can."

"I will answer for him," replied Bob; "come on."

So on they jogged, discussing incidents of the late scrimmage, and rejoicing that such good fortune had fallen to the lot of jolly old Sabres.

At length "Pinky" turned to Bob and said, "I say, old fellow, you look beastly pale. Let me give you a dose of rum."

"No, thanks," was the reply; "I'm on the water-wagon."

"Oh, I know that; but I mean as medicine," responded "Pinky."

"I am not a baby, nor am I an old man dying, so I cannot take it as medicine," was the answer. "This is that cussed interim, and now it is but poison!"

On, on they go, over bluffs, across valleys, stopping only to feed, rest, and water their animals, and by nine o'clock the next evening they ride into Furnish.

"Say, 'Pinky,'" said Bob, "you ride up and see the colonel. I will go straight to the hospital."

Bob's "scratch" proved to be rather an ugly fracture of the shoulder-joint. After breaking the bone, the ball had passed completely around the arm, very near to the surface. By making a small incision, the surgeon easily extracted it from the side opposite to that from which it entered. Then the wound was dressed and bandaged, and, with his arm in a sling, Bob sought his quarters.

Sabres arrived a day later with his prisoners and the dead agent's family. Carter was still at the agency "waiting orders." Indians were coming in daily, and crawling back into the lodges they had deserted.

At length two citizens, representatives of the Interior Department, —that department whose mechanism is as intricate and wonderful as our own interiors,—appeared at the agency, with titles a yard long. The chiefs and head-men of the tribes were asked to commune in council with these august beings. They accepted the invitation. The representatives then told the assembled group that if they would be good Indians they would increase their rations, add several thousand acres

to their reservation, restore to them their arms and ponies, and see that their captured relatives were returned to them unharmed. Furthermore, they promised to use every endeavor to influence the President to follow the example set by a late predecessor, and see that sole leather trunks, "snide" shirt-studs, and silk hats were forwarded to them.

Certainly they would be good Indians! To be sure they would! "Heap good!"

So the worthy representatives and their titles returned to Washington, and wrote voluminous reports of the amicable manner in which they had adjusted the recent difficulties between the southern Cheyennes and Arapahoes. At the same moment the red, drunken devils were dancing on the graves of the dead agent and trader, drinking corn-juice to the health and prosperity of Uncle Sam, whom they one and all voted a grand old ass.

So, Carter's occupation being gone, he returned to the fort, and the garrison, barring the dead soldiers, is once more as we found it.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF A CRIME.[1]

So much has been said, so much has been written, in relation to the man who stood at the helm when our country was struggling in the throes of the mightiest conflict in the history of the world, that it is difficult for one who was but an humble unit in the great army that fought for the maintenance of our union of States to write anything pertaining to that gloomy hour on the night of the 14th of April, 1865, which would not be characterized as a plagiarism.

Nevertheless, it was the great and sorrowful misfortune of the writer to have been an eye-witness of the greatest tragedy of modern times.

On the 8th of April, 1865, I arrived with my company of fifty marines at Philadelphia, from Turkey Bend, on the James River, where I had been ordered after the fall of Fort Fisher.

We left for Washington the next day at 11 A.M. I remember well with what pride I marched my little command through the streets of the loyal city of Philadelphia to the station at Broad and Prime Streets. We received an unexpected ovation from the good citizens along the route, and you can readily appreciate how the inmost recesses of our hearts were stirred as we marched proudly along, welcomed by the bright smiles of fair women and the cheering words of brave men. We reached Washington in due time and were assigned to duty at the barracks in the navy-yard.

On the morning of the 14th of April, the daily papers announced that the President, General Grant, and other distinguished men would be present that evening at a representation of "Our American Cousin" in Ford's Theatre.

I determined to go, and in company with a brother officer, a native of Washington, left the barracks at 6 P.M. We walked leisurely down Pennsylvania Avenue until we reached the old Kirkwood House, where Vice-President Johnson was then living. We entered, and, seating ourselves in the reading-room, my attention was soon directed to an individual who came in dressed in dark clothes, a slouch hat, trousers inside of his boots, and Mexican spurs strapped to his heels. He spoke to my friend, and passing on, entered the bar-room, where I saw him

[1] Read before the United Service Club of Philadelphia.

refresh the inner man. In response to my natural query in regard to this man, the answer was, "His name is Harold, a 'ne'er-do-well,' whose father occupied a clerk's position in the navy-yard for many years, but who is now dead." This was about 7 P.M.

At the proper time we entered the theatre, having secured seats three rows from the stage on the left-hand side. The President's box was in the second tier on the right, so that we had an uninterrupted view of the occupants of the box from our position.

Soon the President came in with his wife, Major Rathborne, and Miss Harris. Mr. Lincoln sat in a rocking-chair close to the front of the box, and next to the front row of seats outside. A person seated in that row could have easily touched the President. Mrs. Lincoln sat directly opposite her husband, Miss Harris in the rear of Mrs. Lincoln, and Major Rathborne in the rear of and to the right of the President.

The house was, of course, crowded from pit to dome. The three rows of seats directly in our front remained vacant during the first act. During this act occurred an incident which did not seem of particular moment at the time, but viewed from the light of subsequent events became of terrible and significant import when recalled.

John Wilkes Booth walked down the left-hand aisle to the proscenium box, and, leaning his arm on the projection of the stage, took in the situation with an apparently cool and critical eye. He was dressed in an evening suit, with white satin waistcoat, which was the fashion in those days. Soon he sauntered out as deliberately as he had entered, and the incident passed from our minds, only to be recalled vividly when the tragedy was consummated. Soon the curtain fell, and immediately afterwards a crowd of men came in, completely filling the rows of seats described as vacant.

The President sat chatting during the interval, and all careful observers concurred in the opinion that he exhibited a buoyancy of spirits greatly in contrast with his usual manner. He seemed to fully appreciate that he was surrounded by sympathetic and loyal hearts; that the dark clouds were dissipated, and that a regenerated nation had arisen, phœnix like, from the ashes of internecine war.

But, alas! the dread shadow of death was even then insidiously approaching, and soon its icy hand would blot out forever a noble life.

Why was not that occult power, so often discussed by learned men, that premonition of sudden calamity, vouchsafed to the illustrious victim, or to some of us in that crowded assembly, to warn us of his impending doom? A few moments before the rise of the curtain on the second act, Mr. Lincoln arose laughingly from his chair, retired to the rear of the box, put on his overcoat, and resumed his seat.

The curtain rose slowly on the second act, and while all were enjoying the eccentricities of Asa Trenchard, "our American cousin," a muffled pistol-shot was heard. It seemed at the first second of time

to have come from behind the scenes; then the stillness of death ensued; an overpowering sense of something awful pervaded every mind; when suddenly a woman's piercing shriek rang out, a noise of scuffling in the President's box was heard, and immediately an agile form sprang upon the rail of the box. He poised himself for a second, long enough to shout in stentorian tones those memorable words, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" jumped to the stage, his spurs tearing the flags with which the rail was decorated, and fell upon one knee. Like lightning he arose, and with a bowie-knife in his uplifted right hand, glided rapidly across the stage to the left, facing the audience as he passed, his eyes glaring with the wild light of insanity. Miss Harris, with frantic cries, endeavored to seize the assassin by the tails of his coat, but they were torn from her grasp, and she could only exclaim, "He has shot the President."

Major Rathborne was disabled by a stab in the arm, and Mrs. Lincoln had fainted at the feet of her husband. Thus the great tragedy was accomplished.

As soon as Booth disappeared many gentlemen jumped upon the stage and hastened to the rear entrance which opened into an alley. Nothing could be seen; the alley was deserted, the assassin and his confederate, Harold, had disappeared in the darkness.

Within the theatre great excitement for a time prevailed; men wept and breathed vows of vengeance. Laura Keene appeared in front of the foot-lights, and with uplifted hands to heaven cried in impassioned tones, "Kill him! Kill him!"

The prompt appearance of the provost-guard soon calmed the excitement of the people, and they quietly and sadly dispersed.

The unconscious President was placed upon a mattress and removed to the house opposite, where he died the next morning.

The first issue of the daily papers contained a request from the Secretary of War to all officers who had witnessed the assassination to report at the Department. In obedience to this order the writer presented himself and was examined by the assistant secretary. The same story was told, substantially as related above, with the remark, that "could I have been possessed of that necessary characteristic of a soldier,—presence of mind,—which I doubted under the circumstances, and had I been armed, I could easily have shot Booth." The reply was made that the men referred to as having occupied the three front rows were supposed to be Booth's confederates, and an attempt to have arrested his progress in the manner indicated might have resulted disastrously. Another significant feature in the connecting incidents of the tragedy was the fact that all of the proscenium boxes and the front row of seats next to the President's box were secured but not occupied, thus lessening the chances of any one observing the execution of the deed.

On the 15th, and for several days afterwards, the wildest rumors were circulated in the city of Washington; the sentinels at the various posts were doubled, and the indefatigable and untiring energy of General Augur and his able subordinates brought order out of chaos and allayed the fears of the timid citizens.

The guard under the writer's temporary command at the navy-yard was strengthened, sentinels were doubled, and two monitors, the "Saugus" and the "Montauk," were moored at the navy-yard wharf, upon which a strong detachment of marines were stationed under the command of Captain Munroe, with Lieutenants Young, Mannix, Miller, and Bigelow as his subordinates, to provide for contingencies.

The first man arrested was Paine, who was brought at midnight to the navy-yard in a closed carriage. He was received from the detectives and transferred to the monitor, where he was confined in double irons, in a cell closely guarded. The next one received was Azteroth, then came Spangler, Arnold, O'Laughlin, and a Portuguese gentleman whose name I cannot recall. This latter person exhibited the utmost terror, crying bitterly, protesting his innocence, and praying to be released. He was released a few days afterwards.

Finally Harold was brought in with Booth's body, and we had all of the prisoners under our charge, with the exception of Mrs. Surratt.

Paine, in the extremity of his despair, attempted suicide by beating his head against the iron walls of his cell. To prevent any future attempts, a padded hood was constructed which completely covered his head, leaving nothing but his mouth and nostrils exposed, and secured under his chin by a throat-latch securely locked.

These men were kept on the monitors for a period of a week after the autopsy on Booth's body, and were then transferred to the arsenal.

Booth's body was brought to the navy-yard and placed upon a carpenter's bench on the monitor "Montauk," securely guarded. Visitors were excluded from the yard, no one being permitted to enter except with a pass signed jointly by the Secretaries of War and Navy. An autopsy was performed upon the body of Booth by distinguished medical officers of the army and navy, and Dr. May, an eminent civilian, in the presence of other officials; also in the presence of the ubiquitous Colonel Baker, chief of the detective force of the United States. This gentleman who sometimes permitted his zeal to outrun his discretion, reported the young officer in charge of the body to the Secretary of War for neglect of duty, in permitting rebel sympathizers to cut off locks of hair from the assassin's head and carry them away as sacred relics, imagining, I suppose, that some of the distinguished officers engaged in the autopsy were disloyal. It is needless to say that no difficulty was experienced in establishing the loyalty of the accused officers, nor that the young officer had failed in his duty, although it entailed a slight correspondence through the usual red-tape channels.

It now became a question with the authorities how to dispose of the body of Booth. It was at first determined to place the remains in the hands of Colonel Baker, with orders to sink it at sea; this idea was abandoned at the eleventh hour, and at midnight, after the autopsy was performed, the body was delivered to the chief of detectives. He conveyed it to the old penitentiary in the arsenal grounds, where it was buried in a cell. Subsequently, it was removed and buried at the foot of the gallows with the other malefactors who were executed. The writer has been informed that some years afterwards, Edwin Booth, who was always known as a loyal man, and who went into dignified retirement immediately after the tragedy, requested permission from the government to remove his brother's remains. This request was granted, and the dust of John Wilkes Booth repose in the family lot in a cemetery in Baltimore.

This imperfect narrative is written entirely from memory, and after a lapse of nearly twenty-four years. Some important incidents have, no doubt, been forgotten, yet that which has been related are facts which came under the observation of a subordinate actor in the events of that period.

I cannot close without referring to the gallant chieftain, General Hancock, "*le beau soldat.*" Called to Washington subsequent to the events I have narrated, by his wisdom, knightly bearing, and consummate skill as a soldier he preserved order during the trial and execution of the conspirators. With a stern sense of duty, his gentle heart bled that a woman should be sacrificed, and to the last moment, hoped that executive clemency would be exercised in behalf of Mrs. Surratt.

To one other I would also refer, a distinguished and gallant officer, detailed as provost-marshal of the great military court and district. From the hour of removal of the prisoners from the navy-yard to the arsenal, the faithful and conscientious discharge of this most important duty by General Hartranft merited that which he received and deserved, the commendations of his superiors and the respect and thanks of his countrymen.

R. S. Collum,
Captain U.S.M.C.

BATTLE TACTICS.

THE first requisite of tactics is that they shall suit the national genius and character. If the art of war is to make good its claim to be an art, it must show some property in the general principles which rule the other arts.

For instance, if, during the period when sculpture, painting, letters, and philosophy sank out of sight beneath the *débris* of the barbarian flood, it had happened that the conduct of war became better, that disposition and organization were able to win against superiority in numbers, weapons, or physical qualities, the inference would be that war was no true art, that proficiency was attained merely by constant practice, and that the more barbarous a nation was the less would be its temptation to be diverted into the paths of peace and the greater its pre-eminence in war. A similar deduction would be justifiable if the revival of art and letters had left war where it found it, or if the tremendous energy set free by the revolution of 1789 had not been felt in every battle-field of the nineteenth century. The truth is, that the art of war did keep fairly abreast of the other arts, and that the restoration of infantry to its normal place, at the hands of the Spaniards and Swiss, marks the beginning of modern scientific war.

Art, to have any value, must be to some extent indigenous. It can adapt, it can assimilate, but it cannot copy. No nation has ever yet been successful in war that did not conduct war by some method growing out of and suitable to national traits. Even apparent exceptions will, when carefully studied, often confirm this truth. Bonaparte, that tremendous apparition upon the dawn of the nineteenth century, was, after all, the resultant of local and national influences, projecting a figure of the fourteenth century, with whom war was at the same time a trade and a passion, into a world seething with forces long pent up, and but recently released with God knows what of turmoil and terror. His combinations were so profound and striking that they not only paralyzed his opponents, but have, to some extent, confused the judgments of history, making it an unconscious ally of this strange nature which did so much greatly and yet clutched all credit so meanly, which never forgave a service if the occasion of that service could detract from the reputation of foreseeing everything. He certainly inherited,

together with command, two rare advantages: the union of enthusiasm and intelligence engendered by the revolution and the evolution of a tactical system in keeping with the time and the nation.

The republican armies were filled with men who fought with the spirit of a people newly awakened to the consciousness of their terrible power; a people who had just torn down the structure of centuries and hurled the head of a king as a gage at the feet of invading armies. Their intelligence was unusually great, as the universal conscription and the paralysis of trade and commerce had practically closed the ordinary openings for young men. Bonaparte's analytical intellect, single-minded in its isolation from considerations of morality or civilization, thoroughly comprehended without one touch of sympathy this spirit, fostered it, inflamed it, played upon it, and utilized it to the utmost. It is no injustice to his admirable methods to say that without this spirit they would frequently have failed. In his Italian campaigns celerity was as essential as precision, and unless his brains had been supplemented by the legs of his patient and untiring soldiers, the slower Austrians could not have been crushed. To appreciate his second advantage a glance at the tactical status is necessary. During the eighteenth century the progress from deep to shallow formations had been steady. It was the old story of the phalanx and the legion over again. The first impulse of men as they emerge from the savage state wherein war is simply a succession of single combats and learn the value of union and co-operation is to seek the utmost advantage from this source. Hence the Greek phalanx, the logical outcome of the idea of mutual aid and support. In time the want of mobility and the small opportunity which such a formation gives for the use of missile-weapons are felt. To the rigid phalanx succeeds the flexible legion, to a bar of iron a chain of steel.

So, in the Middle Ages, as war emerged from the crudeness of chivalry, where the knight or man-at-arms simply rode at his opponent, we meet again the Swiss phalanx and the massive squares of the lansquenets.

Again, the introduction of a missile propelled by a new and terrible force reduced their depth. Gustavus Adolphus inaugurated the reform; Frederick completed it by the introduction of linear tactics. His troops marched in column of companies at full distance, but always wheeled into line for action. He depended upon precision, mobility, and fire, and generally aimed at a flank, his superior power of marching and manœuvring enabling him to move obliquely to his opponent's front in full view. Skirmishers were unknown.

In 1774, Mesnil Durand proposed columns of divisions of two companies doubled by company, and deployments on the leading double company. These companies were linked together by skirmishers. This system fell in exactly with the qualities of republican France.

Individual intelligence and self-reliance proved no bad substitute for professional skill. From the gamin of the Faubourg, with his wits preternaturally sharpened by the air of revolution, was evolved the *voltigeur*, the very genius of the skirmish-line. In the column courage and enthusiasm became contagious, and the want of rigid accuracy was not much felt. There is something pathetic in the thought of all this enthusiasm converted into a destructive thirst for military glory; but while the material lasted it was directed with such unerring aim, and wielded with such vigorous grasp, that everything went down before it. Far above and beyond tactics, the domain of talent, was felt the rare quality of genius, an insight which divined a plan while its execution was yet beginning; a power of mental concentration which held the threads of the complicated web in which an opponent was enmeshed with a touch as accurate as the musician's finger. The system reached its highest development at Austerlitz. Thereafter, as the veterans' places were filled with less reliable material, Bonaparte began to mass both infantry and artillery. The result was, the vicious close column of battalions, which caused his murderous losses at Eylau, would probably have failed at Wagram but for the turning movement of Davoust and Oudinot, and did fail signally at Waterloo. The generation of trained, intelligent company officers and non-commissioned officers was gone, and all that even genius could do was to make the best of what remained; and this he did, with results so marvelous that to the close observer of war such victories as Lutzen and Montmirail, won by conscripts against an enemy which had learned and applied his teachings, are more remarkable than the brilliant discomfiture of Wurmser or Weirother.

With such means as the republican armies, with their combined mobility and enthusiasm, it was as inevitable that an able, far-seeing, educated soldier should prevail against the system of a preceding generation, which had petrified into pedantry, as that that system should have in its day swept away the deep masses of a still earlier age.

The success of the English troops when awaiting attack in line during the Peninsula war checked somewhat the swing of the pendulum in the direction of column formations; and the helplessness of the Russians at the Alma and Inkerman gave the death-blow to heavy masses. The struggle of 1866 was one of arms rather than of tactics, and demonstrated the absolute necessity for the breech-loader. The Franco-Prussian war is really the last chapter in the great book of experience, from which the present battle tactics must be drawn. They brought to this war an organization which for painstaking thoroughness has never been equaled, and their success was so invariable and overwhelming that all nations must listen with patience and respect to lessons so illustrated. Their tactics are essentially offensive, sometimes rashly so. They do not pay sufficient attention to the nature of the

ground and the question of losses. On the other hand, their attacks are vehemently made and strongly supported. They never lose touch of the opponent's line, while aiming at his flanks,—a most important point,—making such a *riposte* as the attack on the Pratzen at Austerlitz impossible; and, while the density of their formations increases their casualties, it enables them to throw quickly a preponderating force in any direction, to repair a loss or profit by an advantage.

They discard line formations, except in the case of skirmishers, of which they make great use. They maintain that a line cannot take advantage of the inequalities of the ground without losing continuity; that it is equally strong—that is to say, equally weak—at all points; that it has, by the very act of deploying, reduced to a minimum its power of changing direction or of strengthening exposed points. It can simply go on in the general direction in which it started, and, if the ground is at all difficult, it will be bent and broken in many places. The cautious and timid will hang back, or break away entirely, and it will arrive at that critical point where either one supreme rush must be made, or the attack is a disastrous failure, reduced to a badly-kept skirmish-line. Their substitute for the line is the company column, which may be considered as the distinctive feature of their tactics. The composition and formation of this unit will be discussed later.

When the nature of the ground permits, they endeavor to approach to a distance of three hundred yards from the enemy's position without firing, and there form for the fire attack. They discard in these circumstances any attempt at long-range fire, holding that to advance rapidly and to attract the least possible attention is paramount to all other considerations. In open ground they advance to within seven or eight hundred yards, where the zone of effective-aimed fire may be said to begin, and from that point advance to the support of the skirmish-line by a succession of rushes, holding each bit of cover or advantageous position as *points d'appui* for another rush. They do not commence to reinforce the skirmish-line until it is hotly engaged, but, when they do begin, they keep a steady stream of men to fill all gaps, until, as the moment approaches for the final effort, the units of the supporting-line (using the word in its broad and not its tactical sense) have blended with the skirmishers. The charge is made in line of company columns, even sometimes in double lines, drawn from the reserves. In such attacks the first line—that is, the skirmishers and supports—constitute the firing-line to beat down the enemy and prepare the way for the advance of the whole force.

In this outline of battle we see a combination of the fire and shock tactics, a wise eclecticism which retains what is best in the French system, taking advantage of a wide front of fire in the deployed chain of skirmishers, recognizes the fact that this chain, once in action, must

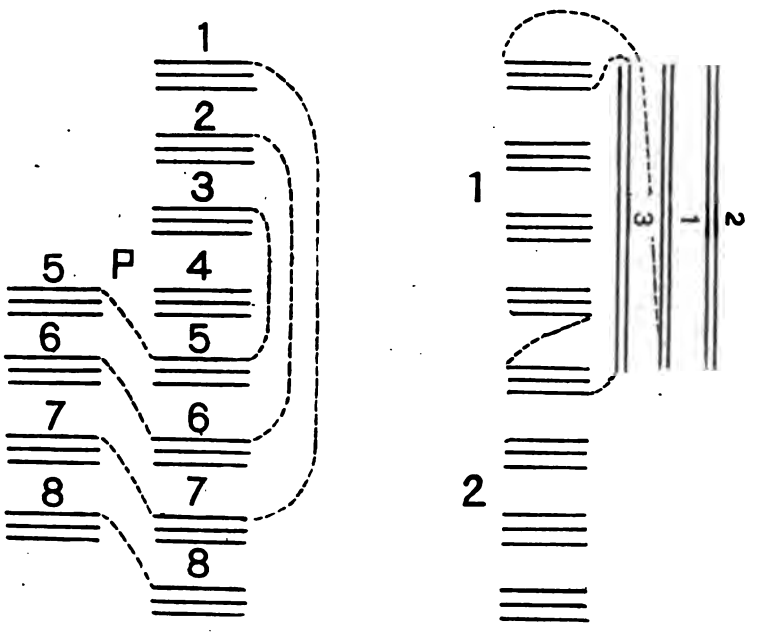
remain there until the close, or, at least, until a repulse discards cast-iron forms, leaves much to individual resources and judgment, and relegates to the realm of imagination the passage of lines and the relief of lines upon which some of our tacticians have been wont to fondly dwell. We also see in this evident but, perhaps, justifiable audacity, this deliberate, well-reasoned setting of losses against results, the work of a highly-intellectual race, who, having settled in their own minds that success in war is the condition of national unity and greatness, have made war the chief end of existence, and are prepared to sacrifice to that end everything. Imperial Germany is the revival of imperial Rome, and it does not require a great stretch of the imagination to see in the skirmishers and the triple line of the company columns the light-armed troops and the checkered cohorts of the world-conquering legion.

This system has so far met with no reverse, although in the Franco-Prussian war, where almost from the first battle the French were confined to a cautious defensive, the tendency of the Germans to disregard considerations of ground and to risk enormous losses was shown. At Gravelotte the attack on St. Privat lasted ten minutes, cost six thousand lives, and had to be discontinued. But it should not be forgotten that the formation for attack was not in accordance with their system, being in battalion instead of company columns. Furthermore, the attack had not been sufficiently prepared by the fire of artillery and skirmishers. This survival of the fittest in Durand's method, which is what the Prussian tactics really are, cannot be said to have been thoroughly tested until it has been confronted with troops as brave and steady as that incomparable infantry which stood on the hill-side at Albuera and rushed from the dikes of Mont St. Jean. But in the mean time its influence is simply enormous; even the English, so long the exponents of the deployed line, have come to almost the same conclusion as the Prussians, and for the attack at least are almost unanimously ready to adopt a system which only varies in details, chiefly in the size and formation of the battle unit.

As the tacticians of the three foremost nations of Europe agree heartily as to the unfitness of the line for a supporting formation, we may as well make up our minds that the new system has come to stay, —until replaced by a newer.

The battle unit, then, is the main point at issue in modern battle tactics, and so much did the success of Prussia impress other nations that both in England and this country there was a decided tendency to adopt it bodily, against which view General Upton argued warmly and ably, holding, first, that the company column was not specially advantageous *per se*, having quite as many disadvantages as merits; second, that, admitting all the claims of its admirers, it was not suited to our genius or methods.

I think two or three instances of German formations will be quite enough for our tacticians. Being in column of platoons in three ranks, to form the double column also in three ranks. In this movement platoons 5, 6, 7, 8 wheel to the left and gain platoon distance successively towards the head of the column, 5 placing itself alongside of 4. Platoons 1, 2, 3 wheel about and form successively in inverse order behind No. 4, which stands fast. No wonder Captain Waldor de Heusch calls it *un véritable tour de force.*

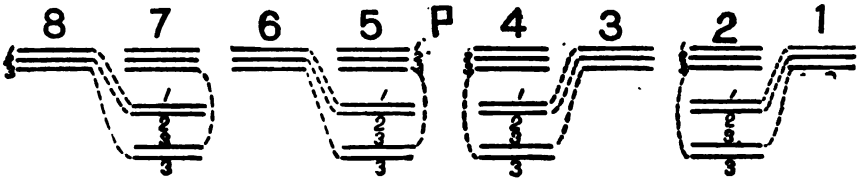


Let us now look at the method of forming the famous company column from column of sections, a section being one-fourth of a platoon.

In forming the company column, the order in three ranks will give place to an order in two ranks. It will also be observed that in all cases the ployments are towards the centre of the battalion. Consequently the company columns of the right wing must always be formed with the second platoon in front. The section at the head of the second platoon changes direction to the right, and this platoon forms on the right into line at a distance of fourteen paces, the third rank of each section remaining in rear of the first and second ranks. The leading section of the first platoon executes almost a right-about wheel, and directs itself diagonally to a point seven paces in rear of the right file of the platoon already formed. At this point the platoon forms to the left into line. The third rank of each section follows the movement, and places itself behind the second rank of its own section at seven paces distance. The third rank of the second platoon, which

has stood fast during this movement, then forms behind the third rank of the first platoon. To our way of thinking, the objection to this movement would be very great in the loss of time involved by these ranks waiting upon one another and in the extent of ground covered by the leading platoon to reach its position in the company column. Take one more instance. Having a battalion in three ranks (tactical formation), to form it into company columns, which is the normal order of battle, remembering that the ployments are always towards the centre of the battalion.

The companies on the right of the colors ploy upon the even-numbered platoons, and the third rank of the even platoons forms the second rank of the platoon of skirmishers (the third line of the company column is always composed of skirmishers). The third rank of the odd platoons places itself in front of the third rank of the even platoons, which has entered the column from the opposite side.



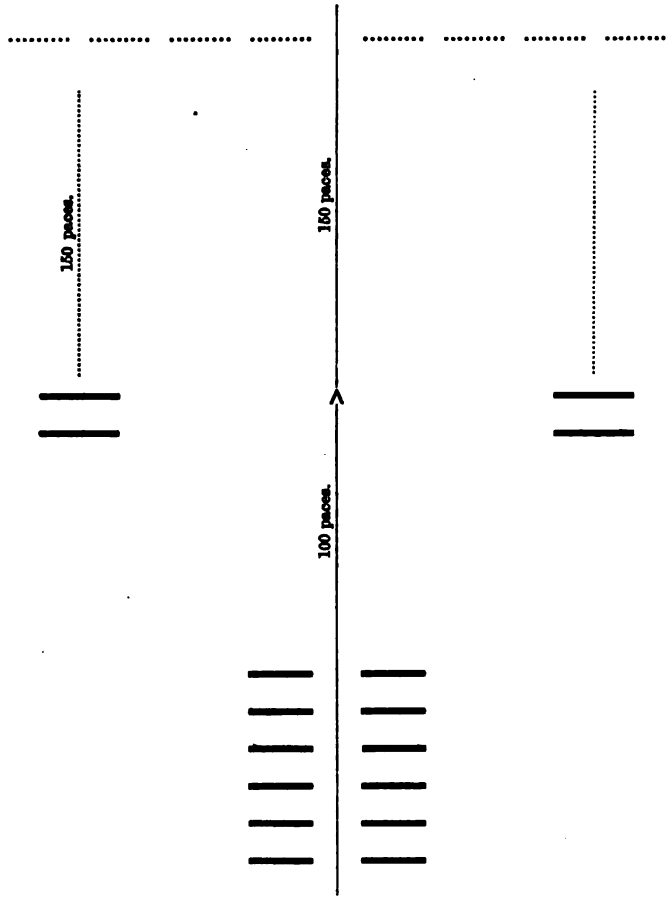
Thus, in the above diagram, ranks 1 and 2 of the first platoon ploy in rear of ranks 1 and 2 of the second platoon. Rank 3 of the first platoon forms in front of rank 3 of the second platoon, the two entering in opposite directions. On the left of the colors ranks 1 and 2 of the sixth platoon ploy in rear of 1 and 2 of the fifth. The third rank of the sixth forms in rear of the third rank of the fifth, the rule being that the third rank of the odd platoons is always in front. The battalion is by this movement formed in company columns, of which two are doubled on the centre, while the remaining two at platoon interval form the wings, giving an excellent formation for battle.

When in action the battalion is usually formed in double column; in exceptional circumstances, in line of battle, double rank. In this latter case the companies of the wings furnish the advance line (as the Germans term it),—that is, skirmishers and reserve; and the color companies, which, in their four-company battalions, mean the two centre companies, furnish the second or main line.

The companies of the advanced line deploy at first either half or all of their platoons of skirmishers, which, in the normal formation, forms their third rank.

The skirmish-chain of the French and Germans is a single rank, in which the men are at such distance apart as to give a free use of the musket, no regular interval between files being prescribed.

When the chain consists of half a platoon, the other half constitutes the reserve, and follows at a distance of one hundred and fifty paces.



This chain is reinforced from the centre companies, until the entire front of the battalion is covered. The battalion formed in double column in action has at first half of the skirmish platoons of the flank companies deployed, the chain covering the front of the battalion, which, being in column, is, of course, narrow. In strengthening or extending this chain, they draw still from the flank companies, in this case the deployments being towards the flanks. The reserve follows the chain at a distance of one hundred and fifty paces in rear, and at platoon interval to the right and left of the double column, as in the plate, where a whole platoon has been deployed in each wing, the dots indicating in a general way the skirmishers.

A battalion acting independently usually has its second or supporting line formed in echelon towards the threatened flank.

In the recent French tactics a battalion in preparatory formation is

as follows: The companies in line of platoon columns are in two lines, about one hundred paces apart. A platoon column is a platoon in column of sections, a section being half a platoon. The normal formation of this *colonne pour le combat*, as the French term it, is in two lines, each composed of two companies in platoon columns. The interval between these columns is equal to the front of a section, and the distance between the lines is equal to twice the front of a platoon.

FIG. 1.

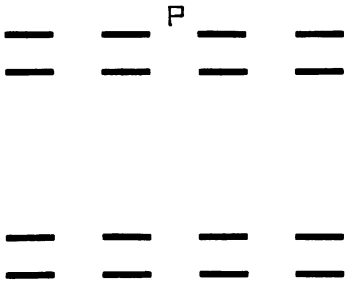


FIG. 2.

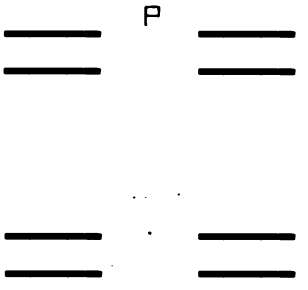


FIG. 3.

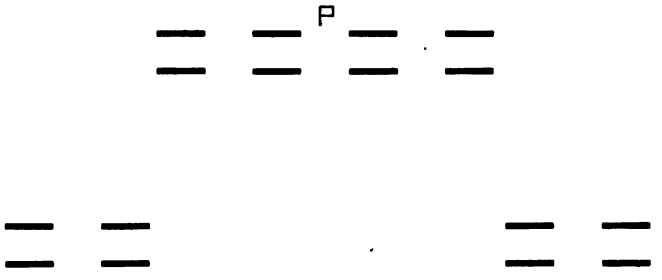
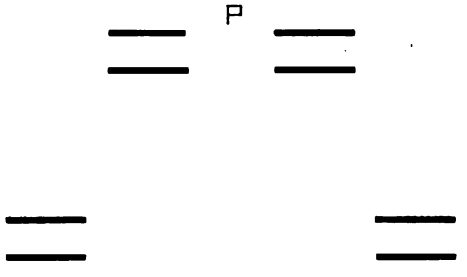


FIG. 4.



(Fig. 1.) The front of this double column is half the front occupied by the battalion in line of battle. Or the *colonne pour le combat* may be formed, with the sections closed, as in Fig. 2, or in echelon formations, as in Figs. 3 and 4.

French tacticians divide the actual attack into six phases:

First Phase.—At a distance of three thousand metres from the enemy the column of route is exchanged for a more open formation to avoid losses from shell fire.

Second Phase.—From two thousand five hundred to fifteen hundred metres the *colonne pour le combat* is taken, and the advance continues.

Third Phase.—Actual order of battle is now assumed. This varies as the battalion is flank interior or isolated. An interior battalion forms in two lines. The first is a skirmish-chain from the four leading sections of two companies, with a reserve from the rear sections of the same companies. The second line consists of the two remaining companies. A flank battalion forms in two or three lines, according to circumstances, generally in echelon or quincunx order. An isolated battalion, in three lines, each containing, according to circumstances, one or two companies. While the companies of the first line in their actual order of battle move forward, the companies of the second line halt. This battle-order will at this stage be echelons of skirmishers and reserves, deployed at first by half-sections, then by squads, and finally individually. At six hundred metres the skirmishers are reinforced by a section from the first line. This phase is called the echelon of march.

Fourth Phase.—This is called the echelon of battle. It consists of rushes of from eighty to one hundred metres, executed by the entire skirmish-chain. The space from six hundred metres to four hundred is supposed to be traversed in two such rushes, and fire is opened at the end of each rush.

Fifth Phase.—At four hundred metres all the remaining companies of the first line which have constituted the reserve are now pushed forward to the assistance of the skirmishers. These latter now advance by rushes of fifty metres, executed alternately by the right and left wing.

Sixth Phase.—General and rapid fire, followed by a charge of the whole force with the bayonet.

In comparing this system with the Prussian, the advantage would all seem to be with the French up to the actual formation for battle. Their unit, the company in platoon columns, while of the same strength as the German company column, is less complex both in formation and manœuvres. Their preparatory formation can hardly be excelled. It gives the utmost freedom of movement, and permits any subdivision to wheel in any direction, making an instantaneous change of front practicable, and probably presents as small a mark for artillery fire as any formation which complies with the modern *sine qua non* of retaining enough solidity to throw men quickly in force to any point.

But when we pass to their third phase, the actual order of battle, we find much ingenuity, and a pretty and plausible programme, but we doubt most seriously its execution on the battle-field. It is too method-

ical, has too much pseudo-science. Their attack is as much too shallow as the German is too deep, and their echelons are not well adapted for the task of throwing a reserve quickly into any portion of the skirmish-line. It is just here that the small double column is so valuable, being so compact, so easily sheltered by the smallest inequality, and so quickly deployed if the fire makes its retention undesirable. It will also be observed that, while the Germans habitually deploy one-third of their companies as skirmishers, the French begin with one-half. The German method seems preferable. Skirmishers once in cannot now be withdrawn, and their heavy losses tend to dampen the ardor of even the bravest. Each increment brings fresh life, and, as in modern battle victory will *cæteris paribus* incline to the side which can impress at a critical moment upon opponents the conviction that their case is desperate, the importance of even a small accession to the firing-line in these supreme moments, when fate holds the balance poised, can hardly be exaggerated. And be it remembered that it is just at this point that the magazine-gun is going to win battles.

We sum up the two systems in saying that the Germans show the utmost conservatism in all matters of exercises with closed ranks and the utmost breadth in their conduct of battle and their employment of skirmishers. The French, who have shown absolute philosophy in their preparatory order, incline to a formalism in their movements under aimed fire which seems grotesquely unsuited to an era where methodical disorder is about the best that a skillful leader of seasoned troops can hope for.

An examination of English tactics shows that they have been studying and profiting, at least in theory, by the costly experience of their neighbors on the continent. Traditional conservatism still hampers them in matters of supply, equipment, transportation; in fact, in the province of the general staff. But tactically they have shown a progressive and intelligent spirit. They have steered a middle course between German depth and French dispersion. Recognizing the value of a strong battle unit, they have wisely declined to graft the company column upon their system. They believe that these companies of two hundred and fifty men will be seriously under-officered in battle, and prefer their battalions of four companies, aggregating about four hundred and fifty men, and, for a unit, the half-battalion column. Their battle formations are even more variable than the German, only recognizing two principles as fixed,—a firing-line extended with strong supports, and a main body so disposed as to take the best advantage of the nature of the ground.

In their main features the systems of the three powers agree, and such a consensus indicates that the problem has been studied in a logical, enlightened, and progressive spirit.

This problem, divested of all incidental complications, is for the

attack,—a certain space to be crossed, from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred yards wide, swept by fire the intensity of which increases as troops advance. How shall it be done? Obviously, fire must be met by fire. The old shock tactics, depending so largely upon moral effect, are inadmissible. The relation of skirmishers is exactly reversed. Formerly they were an adjunct and preliminary to the main body. Now the latter exists to support them, and to constitute a reserve ready to be launched with decisive effect at the critical instant. This resolves all attacks substantially into an advanced line, with supports and a main body, so disposed as to give the utmost freedom of movement, to afford the smallest mark for fire, to take advantage of cover, to be able to incline to the right or left, and to go quickly with numbers to the threatened point. The tendency is to reduce rather than increase the intervals in the deployed line, but to reduce them by strengthening the line. If men are sent forward by driblets they are sure to be repulsed. If the attack succeeds, they have only to cross the deadly zone once. If it fails, twice. Hence the necessity for unfaltering support, no matter at what loss, when the advance line reaches the zone of destructive fire, say six hundred yards. Success in assault, no matter how purchased, costs less in the end than repulse. Direct attacks will always be avoided and the flanks aimed at, but it must be always remembered that a merely tactical flank movement will rarely succeed against an antagonist of any intelligence. It must be backed by an assault sufficiently vigorous to hold the enemy in position, also that a flank attack usually ends in a front attack, as a crochet is formed to meet it. The amount of it is that an assault is a bloody, desperate, but absolutely necessary, business, and, systematize as you will, the human and individual element must play a large part.

Absolute forms should be avoided, but looseness of formation is not to be confounded with looseness of discipline, which has become only more imperatively necessary. We might, after the manner of Danton, sum up the three requisites of to-day as discipline, discipline, always discipline. It is the only bond that can keep even the semblance of cohesion and co-operation amid the disintegrating fires of the modern battle. The aim should be to advance as rapidly as possible up to the point of deadly fire, and from that to gain ground by short rushes, preferably by portions of the deployed line alternately, as that compels the defense to change their sights at every instant. The final attack must be delivered by the whole force; the supporting-line having by this time been practically merged into the firing-line, the main body will close as rapidly as possible, but this function must neither be delayed until the advance line is exhausted, nor must it be precipitated until a reasonable show of success, for when it is made the crisis is reached. After that failure means ruinous repulse. Never forget, up to the moment of launching the decisive stroke, the advantage of a large

force in hand. The words of Jomini are golden, "An army deployed is an army immobilized."

For the defense, the modern problem is to prevent the attack from reaching a point, instead of trusting to defeating him after he gets there. For this purpose small posts in front of the main position are of great use, for they enable the defense to advance a short distance, disconcert the attack, divert his fire, and relieve the actual defenders. They should be firmly held and strongly supported. The losses incurred in so doing will be amply repaid. Remember the effect upon the French assault at Waterloo of Hougemont and La Haye Sainte. The present principle of defense is simply the assault intensified. The skirmish-line is supported just as in the attack, only in most defensive positions the supports may be much closer. There is, therefore, no excuse for diminishing the advance line by one musket as long as a single man of the reserves remain. Hence we have a deployed line with supports at seventy-five to one hundred and fifty yards, with a very strong second line at three hundred, and, if the ground is favorable, a third line, massed behind cover, may be most advantageous.

Modern writers are inclined to question whether the relative strength of the defense has been increased by the breech-loader, supposing that this defense is without field-works. Of course, direct assault upon them, if efficiently defended, is practically hopeless. They claim that the advantages of position are largely neutralized by the concentration of fire upon one spot, which so demoralizes the defender that he is in no state to profit by them; that the defense is largely immovable, while the attack is momentarily shifting his position, and compelling the defense to aim at a running target. But they do admit the advantage the defense has in being able to withdraw men from naturally strong points and concentrate them upon weak ones. Lastly, they insist, in the most vigorous terms, upon the necessity of all proper defense being also offensive.

What have we to say to all this? We can hardly hope to successfully question the soundness of the position taken with such general harmony by the three great nations. The conditions of war have so changed since we waged it that our experience is not much to the point. Moreover, such as it is, it rather bears out the modern view. I have always believed that, from the beginning of the war to the end we were constantly experiencing the disadvantages and the limitations of purely linear formations. It was the chief reason why so many battles were indecisive. Instead of a strong supporting-line of small columns, which in the fire of our day could certainly have been maintained up to five hundred yards, and which would have enabled us to throw decisive numbers to any point where an advantage had been gained, we brought up long disordered lines, which were doubly ineffective, for what they gained at any point they were unable to follow up, and what they lost

at another to repair. How often did we make an entrance only to relinquish our advantage for the want of a strong force close at hand to drive the wedge home. On the other hand, in the single instance which occurred to my knowledge in the Army of the Potomac, where the column was used in support, the result was the most brilliant achievement of the campaign. I refer to the assault by Hancock's forces upon Johnson's division at Spottsylvania. The forces for that attack were formed, under the direction of General C. H. Morgan, chief of staff, and at his suggestion, in double column of divisions, which made their way so easily through the wooded and difficult ground, and deployed so rapidly, that they swarmed over the works before the astonished enemy knew what they were up to.

Would it not be the wise part to accept as practically settled the question of general formations, and, without any Prussi or Franco mania, see what can be done towards adapting the valuable features of their systems to our wants and capacities. As discussion is all-important, and there is nothing like having something tangible to attack, I shall proceed to set up a paper target for our practical tacticians to perforate.

Accepting the battle unit as the distinctive feature of the modern system, it is proposed to make our unit a single or double company column, according to the size of the forces engaged and the requirements of the ground.

The company is organized as follows: A captain and two (2) lieutenants, one (1) first sergeant, three (3) sergeants, eight (8) corporals, two (2) buglers, two (2) markers, ninety-six (96) privates, making a total enlisted of one hundred and fourteen. The company to be divided into two (2) platoons of forty-eight men, four (4) sections of twenty-four men, eight (8) squads of twelve men. Each squad to be in charge of a corporal, having one or two of the most experienced men lance corporals, to replace corporals temporarily. Numbers to be retained for purposes of drill and march, but after deployment under fire no attention to be paid them. The men will look to their corporal, or, in case of his fall, to his successor for immediate command and direction, and to their comrades of the squad for rallying-points. When there are not enough surviving to form a nucleus, they will rally upon the nearest squad which retains any strength, and when all the neighboring squads are eliminated the question will be probably settled as far as that part of the field is concerned.

The battle unit will habitually be a column of two companies, doubled on the centre by fours, squads, sections, or platoons, by methods similar to our present centre forward, fours right and left, according as the nature of the ground indicates a reduction of the front or the depth, retaining the ability in all cases to deploy by both flanks, and in most to also wheel in any direction. If the ground or

the size of the command should call for a smaller unit, one company will be similarly formed, doubled on the centre by fours, squads, or sections. The column thus formed may be open, permitting movement in any direction at half-distance, or at close-column distance, six yards.

Fig. 1 shows the double column of squads with full distance, permitting deployment forward by both flanks, to the right or left, by two movements, or a wheel of either column outward to meet a sudden flank attack.

Fig. 2 is the double column of sections at full distance, admitting all possible changes of direction.

Fig. 3 is the double column of sections at half-distance, permitting deployment to both flanks, and giving a compact formation, depth, and width nearly equal.

Fig. 1.

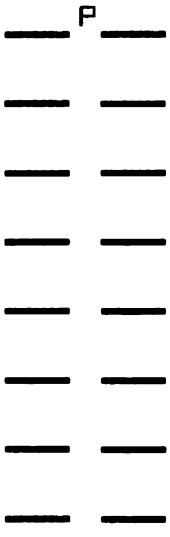


Fig. 2.

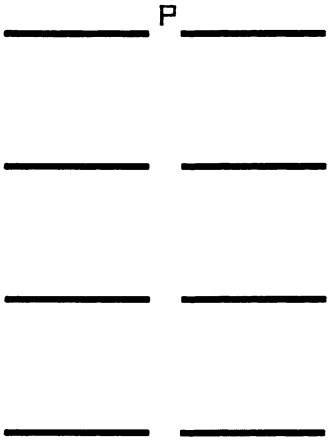


Fig. 3.

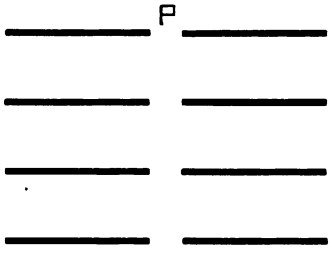
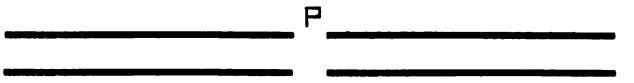


Fig. 4 is the double column of platoons at close-column distance (six yards). This is the extreme formation in the direction of width of this company column.

FIG. 4.



These will give an idea of the flexibility of the proposed formation, giving every form of the rectangle possible between the limits of double column of fours not drawn and the double column of platoons; and, as all these are exact multiples of four, they can be divided instantly, either laterally or horizontally, if a portion of the company unit is required for deployment or detachment.

The single company is doubled and formed on exactly similar principles. Now, take a battalion composed of four such companies, and imagine the latitude of manœuvre and movement in any direction. This formation would seem to lend itself peculiarly to the modern conditions, where the deployed chain will always be followed by supports, which should be capable of rapid contraction or extension in any direction which the nature of the ground and the exigencies of battle may call for.

The idea of companies of over a hundred may startle a little the generation that has been brought up on thirty-five, but it should not be forgotten that in our war companies started at about that strength, and that they were allowed to dwindle was due to the exigencies of political adjutant-generals and governors, who much preferred the patronage accruing from the creation of new regiments to the unremunerative task of filling the old ones. It does no violence to our present ideas, being largely an extension of that capital formation of centre forward, as urged by Lieutenant Hess, Third Artillery. I do not see any advantage in doing away with numbers for drill and route march. There must be some method of forming a column beyond simple facing, for that would only give twos, and the moment you begin to double you get back to the intricacies of Hardee.

The German method of wheeling by squads may do for an open country, but would not answer for us, who sometimes have to break fours. It is much to get away from numbers in action, and this, I think, the squad formation does. I would like to speak of the necessity for a battle drill in addition to our labored performance of movements, not one in four of which could ever occur in action. But to us the idea of battle under modern conditions must be, I fear, a chimera, until the honorable gentlemen who control our destinies will allow us an organization which can carry on the most limited manœuvre without being made ridiculous by the rattling skeletons of formations. But, then, you know, the present one is good enough to fight Indians, and if it were ever necessary to meet the tactics evolved from thirty years of study and one year of unbroken and triumphant success, why the veterans of

the Rebellion would vindicate the freedom of the average American mind from the trammels of wisdom and experience.

The great subject of artillery in attack and defense I have purposely omitted, being able to add nothing to the really exhaustive article of Lieutenant Birkheimer in the *Journal of the Military Service Institute* of September, 1885.

EDWARD FIELD,
Captain Fourth Artillery.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE LOYAL LEGION.

THE Military Order of the Loyal Legion dates its institution, or rather its inception, from that memorable day in the gloomy history of the Civil War, April 15, 1865, *the day of the death of Abraham Lincoln.*

The news of the assassination reached Philadelphia late on the evening of the 14th. On the 15th, three gentlemen, who had served in the army during the war, met in the office of the writer, on Sixth Street, near Chestnut. The propriety of some action on behalf of those officers of the army and navy who were then in Philadelphia, and the organization of an association to perpetuate the recollections of *the day and of the war*, were discussed, and it was determined to issue a call for a meeting. In response to this a large reunion of those who had served in the Rebellion was held on the evening of the 20th, on Walnut Street, near Third.

At this and subsequent meetings arrangements were made for participating in the obsequies of the late President, and a committee was appointed to organize a permanent association. This, then, may be said to have been the birth of the order.

A portion of this committee commenced its work immediately and in earnest. One after another, however, of the members composing it dropped off, some never appeared, leaving for a time, as its active working members, the gentlemen whose names are now found at the commencement of the present register of Pennsylvania Commandery.

Many hours of serious thought and labor were given to the formation and mode of organization, much of the work being done in the office previously alluded to, and largely by those gentlemen.

A constitution and by-laws were prepared, but not put into print until August of this same year. Subsequent meetings were held at the Hibernia Fire Company's house, on Evelina Street below Third, near Spruce. This was one of the remaining old and respectable fire companies of Philadelphia which had not then retired with the advent of a paid fire department. The hall of this company had generously been placed at our disposal. Other meetings were held in the Supreme Court-room, in the right wing of Independence Hall, Chestnut Street above Fifth, where they continued to be held for some time.

We now numbered about thirty members, some of whom lost interest, and from time to time fell off.

Prior, however, to this period a large meeting was held at the southeast corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets, in the room where the first Senate and the first House of Representatives of the United States assembled, where George Washington had been inaugurated first President of the United States, March 4, 1793, and where, on March 4, 1797, John Adams, the second President of the United States, had also been inaugurated.

This meeting was held May 31, 1865, and was called by our committee. The following is the call:

"A meeting of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States will be held at the county court-house, Sixth and Chestnut Streets, on Wednesday evening, May 31, 1865, at eight o'clock. All officers and ex-officers of the army, navy, and marine corps interested in the establishment of an organization founded to perpetuate the memories and associations of the present war are invited to attend.

"Signed, by order,

"SAM. B. WYLIE MITCHELL,

"*Secretary.*"

The writer was called to the chair, and for the information of those assembled gave the history of the Loyal Legion, and requested the secretary to read the Constitution and By-Laws, after which twenty-one gentlemen asked for membership.

After the final adoption of the Constitution and By-Laws, the first Commander elected was Major-General George Cadwalader, U.S.V., of Philadelphia, November 4, 1865; he cordially entered into the plans of organization. He retained his position as Commander of Pennsylvania Commandery, and acting Commander-in-Chief, until his death, February 3, 1879.

His successor was Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock, U.S.A., elected Commander June 5, 1879; he retained the office until his death, February 9, 1886. Until the formation of the Commandery-in-Chief, in 1885, Pennsylvania Commandery had been acting Commandery-in-Chief.

At the commencement our little committee labored diligently, working in thorough harmony, ever keeping in memory the day and event upon which its inception rested, and thus keeping the organization intact from that memorable day, April 15, 1865. Since then the Constitution and By-Laws have been somewhat revised, and doubtless improved, yet the basis of the organization remains to this day the same.

In looking over my original copy of the Constitution and By-Laws, I see many memoranda, erasures, and addenda, showing that our work was not done hastily, nor without considerable deliberation, and often overheated debate, as we had some active, hot-headed brains among us.

It had been the aim of the early members to retain among the chief officers representatives of the regular and volunteer service, as well as of those of the army and of the navy. This has been generally adhered to.

The first Commandery instituted was in 1865, under Pennsylvania Commandery, acting as Commandery-in-Chief, with head-quarters of the new Commandery at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to be known as Pennsylvania Commandery, No. 2. This organization, because of the almost immediate scattering of the officers and members composing it, was never perfected, hence does not appear upon the register.

The next, or rather the first, Commandery instituted after that of Pennsylvania was that of the State of New York, in 1866.

At a meeting of the Commandery, held May 17, 1865, the following preamble and resolutions were carried, viz.:

"WHEREAS, It is the intention of this organization that hereafter every candidate for membership shall be subjected to the ordeal of a special committee of investigation, and afterwards to a strict ballot; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That, actuated by a spirit of honor and fair dealing towards those who may present themselves for membership, we hold it but just and proper to submit ourselves to the test of the ballot.

"*Resolved*, That in the event of three black balls appearing against an individual, it shall be considered as an expression of the opinion that the best interests of the organization will be promoted by the immediate withdrawal of said party."

This was carried unanimously, and the secretary and treasurer acted as tellers. It was agreed that, as the name of each candidate would in turn be called, he would withdraw from the hall, hat in hand, and those remaining proceed to ballot. A committee was appointed to inform gentlemen, on behalf of the meeting, of the result of the balloting. Under this ballot about a score of gentlemen were elected. The secretary was instructed to notify those who had been dropped, and to return them the amount, if any, of their subscription. I well remember the appearance of each man as he left the hall, hat in hand. It is needless to say that some never returned.

On the 22d of February, 1866, at noon, a celebration in honor of the day was held in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, opened by prayer by the Rev. Matthew Simpson, D.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, followed by an oration by Companion Major-General Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, of Maine, late commanding First Division, Fifth Corps, Army of the Potomac, followed by a poem by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Graham Halpine, of New York, late Assistant Adjutant-General of United States Volunteers, well known by his *nom de plume* of "Miles O'Reilly." The celebration was a great success, the vast auditorium of the Academy was filled, and the order was brought well and favorably before the public.

The order is to-day composed of eighteen Commanderies organized, and membership, October 31, 1888, as follows:

1. **Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania.**—Instituted April 15, 1865. Head-quarters, Philadelphia. Membership, October 31, 1888	699
2. **Commandery of the State of New York.**—Instituted January 17, 1866. Head-quarters, New York City. Membership, October 31, 1888	689
3. **Commandery of the State of Maine.**—Instituted April 25, 1866. Head-quarters, Portland. Membership, October 31, 1888	76
4. **Commandery of the State of Massachusetts.**—Instituted March 4, 1868. Head-quarters, Boston. Membership, October 31, 1888	662
5. **Commandery of the State of California.**—Instituted April 12, 1871. Head-quarters, San Francisco. Membership, October 31, 1888	541
6. **Commandery of the State of Wisconsin.**—Instituted May 15, 1874. Head-quarters, Milwaukee. Membership, October 31, 1888	175
7. **Commandery of the State of Illinois.**—Instituted May 8, 1879. Head-quarters, Chicago. Membership, October 31, 1888	318
8. **Commandery of the District of Columbia.**—Instituted February 1, 1882. Head-quarters, Washington. Membership, October 31, 1888	428
9. **Commandery of the State of Ohio.**—Instituted May 3, 1882. Head-quarters, Cincinnati. Membership, October 31, 1888	531
10. **Commandery of the State of Michigan.**—Instituted February 4, 1885. Head-quarters, Detroit. Membership, October 31, 1888	172
11. **Commandery of the State of Minnesota.**—Instituted May 6, 1885. Head-quarters, St. Paul. Membership, October 31, 1888	219
12. **Commandery of the State of Oregon.**—Instituted May 6, 1885. Head-quarters, Portland. Membership, October 31, 1888	71
13. **Commandery of the State of Missouri.**—Instituted October 21, 1885. Head-quarters, St. Louis. Membership, October 31, 1888	196
14. **Commandery of the State of Nebraska.**—Instituted October 21, 1885. Head-quarters, Omaha. Membership, October 31, 1888	113
15. **Commandery of the State of Kansas.**—Instituted April 22, 1885. Head-quarters, Leavenworth. Membership, October 31, 1888	189
16. **Commandery of the State of Iowa.**—Instituted October 20 1886. Head-quarters, Des Moines. Membership, October 31, 1888	88
17. **Commandery of the State of Colorado.**—Instituted June 1, 1887. Head-quarters, Denver. Membership, October 31, 1888	70
18. **Commandery of the State of Indiana.**—Instituted October 17, 1888. Head-quarters, Indianapolis. Membership, October 31, 1888	23
Total[1]	5260

It will be seen from the above membership the prosperous condition of the order. Nor is it simply in numbers that the Loyal Legion is successful, for the material is of the best. Let us strive to maintain our high reputation, and render ourselves worthy of the eulogistic words of our late lamented Commander, General Philip H. Sheridan,—"A society the most distinguished and intelligent in this country."

T. Ellwood Zell,
Late Lieutenant-Colonel, U.S.V.

[1] A register of the entire membership of the order is now in preparation, under the direction of the Registrar-in-Chief.

THE RECRUITING SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

THE recruiting service, which is charged with the duty of supplying the rank and file of the army of the United States, is certainly a very inefficient and neglected branch of the War Department of our government. Inefficient, because it fails to secure the proper material for the army, and neglected, because it is not what it can and should be made to be.

In any business or pursuit of civil life the successful ventures are those which deal with the best materials and keep pace with the progress of the time. Can this be said of the army? Let any detachment of recruits, as it arrives at any frontier post, be critically examined as to the character of the material of which it is composed. It will be found to be a mixture of raw men, many of them foreigners, and a few old soldiers who have served one or more enlistments. The raw men will probably be mostly Irish and German,—the former illiterate and ignorant, and the latter imperfectly acquainted with the English language. This foreign element has arrived in the country, strangers in a strange land, and has been unable to find any other means of earning a living. There may be some Americans who have drifted into the large cities, where our recruiting officers are generally stationed, and, having become stranded, have enlisted, as a last resort. The old soldier is generally a man of very ordinary intelligence, often possessed of habits that are calculated to debar him from success in civil life. He has probably been a failure in this respect, and has re-enlisted because he could not succeed in an independent pursuit, or was unable to find employment. I will not say that all are so, or that there are not many exceptions; but it is well known that soldiers of the United States army do not, by virtue of having been such, succeed to preference in the ordinary avocations of life. In every detachment there will be a certain percentage of professional deserters,—how large can only be inferred from the number that disclosed themselves when the amnesty proclamation was issued, in 1873. It was then discovered that about one-third of the army were deserters. These men are simply able-bodied tramps, who cannot content themselves anywhere for a great length of time, and are in the service only as a means of gratifying their propensity to wander. Our legislators, by repealing

the law which authorized indelibly marking the deserter when found guilty, has removed the only good means of checking this great military crime.

In general, the recruit will not be found to be such from patriotic or professional motives, or from love of the soldier's life. He is in the service from almost any other motive, some of which have been stated. I do not believe these general assertions will be questioned by any one of sufficient experience to render an opinion on the subject. It is beyond question that we do not get the best material, or even as good as can be obtained, out of which to make soldiers for our army, and the service cannot be made what it would be if the proper men could be obtained.

The provisions for re-enlistment, which were no doubt made with the object of improving the rank and file, do so to a very limited degree. Of course, every efficient and good man finds no difficulty in re-enlisting; but a very large percentage, after the first enlistment, are continued, not because they are particularly good soldiers, but because they are not especially bad. After the second enlistment these men are continued for what they have been rather than for what they are or can be. Very few of the old soldiers improve; on the contrary, the most of them deteriorate after the third enlistment, and are nursed along by their captains, some of whom allow their sympathies to ignore the interests of the service. Nearly every company in the service now has a proportion of old soldiers who are incapable of performing hard service in the field, and who are left behind when the company is ordered out for any hard work. Really, the re-enlistment of men as a means of improving the service is a failure. Re-enlistments should be exceptional. Youth is the most valuable period of the soldier's life, and should be the first requisite in selecting the material for the ranks. Youth is the period when the bubble reputation is sought for at the cannon's mouth. The young man is full of hope and high aspirations, has the physique and the energy for good work, if properly directed, and has a life before him to do valuable service, should it be required of him.

The reason we do not have better material in the service is, that there is no sufficient inducement held out, and no adequate rewards are offered to tempt intelligent and energetic men to enter upon a military career through the ranks. None who have aspirations beyond securing a bare living, none who have hope of making a career, find in the traditions of the army a field sufficient for gratifying the humblest ambition. The standing of the enlisted man is not sufficiently high to attract the American youth. The youth of the country can only be secured by holding out sufficient inducement, and by making the position of the regular soldier respectable; it is the youth of the land that should furnish the men for the army.

Surgeon Woodhull and Colonel Dodge, in their admirable papers on the "Enlisted Soldier," published in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, both dwell on the importance of enlisting young men, and state the objections to recruiting in large cities, on account of the character of the material that is usually found in them, and refer to the importance of going into the country towns in preference. There is little doubt that the country is the place to find the proper material, for there the youth are strong and healthy in mind and body. To break up the recruiting-stations in large cities would defeat the indulgence feature with which the recruiting detail from regiments is now regarded, and which General Sherman is authority as having said it was to give officers who had been a long time on the frontier a relaxation in the more civilized portions of the country. Colonel Dodge, referring to the fact that boards of officers are sent into the country to select horses, sees no reason why finding the proper recruit is not as important as finding the proper horse for him to ride.

In regard to the inducements that are to be offered, the money consideration is the one always first thought of, but the great increase of the price of a soldier during the War of the Rebellion, towards its close, and in the last year of the war, created that numerous and expensive parasite, "the bounty-jumper." There is no doubt an increase of pay would have a tendency to increase rather than diminish the number of the class of bad material that we now know are found most abundantly in cities. The service would be greatly benefited if the pay of the non-commissioned officers was materially increased over that of the private, so that it would form a prize of sufficient value to make the best men in the ranks compete and strive for it. As an army, however, we are already the best paid in the world, and the country is every year less inclined to stand the expense, as continued peace seems to give confidence in its durability, and we get farther away from the last conflict. It is, therefore, hopeless to expect any increase of pay that will add materially to the annual appropriation; on the contrary, it will necessitate the best abilities and the closest attention to maintain the annual appropriation at the figures that have prevailed since the Rebellion.

Great improvements in the army or important reforms can only be effected through popular support and demand, and it is necessary that every material measure should meet with favor from the people before the legislator will take much interest in it, unless it is something that he believes will give him popularity to advocate it. There are many things that could be done for the army that are being annually submitted, that fail, not because their merit is not genuine, but because they have no popular weight.

Every one will concede that we should have the best possible material; that we will find it in the youth of the land; but is it possible

to procure it without further legislation on the subject? The age is fixed by law, and recruits can only be taken from sixteen to thirty-five. Once enlisted, they can re-enlist without reference to this limit fixed for first enlistment. This, as to age, and the law regulating the number of men are about the only statutes on the subject of recruiting that we have. It is governed in its details by regulations emanating from the War Department.

The regulations have placed the recruiting service in the adjutant-general's department. The adjutant-general has charge of the whole business, including the funds pertaining to it. This was inaugurated in the infancy of our army, and has continued so from no other cause except that which first started it. It was put there as a minor matter, and has remained as an adjunct of the adjutant-general's office, and has been regarded and treated as a secondary branch ever since it was put there. When the army was small and the recruiting of the army was intrusted mainly to regimental and company commanders, and the service was really insignificant compared to what it is now, the adjutant-general could very well look after it as compared with the situation now. But the whole subject has never received the attention that its importance demands. The laws provide a commissary department, to provide the subsistence for the soldier; and the quartermaster's department, to provide the camp equipments; and an ordnance department, to furnish the munitions; and several other bureaus, all consequent upon the existence of the soldier; but no one has ever thought the soldier of sufficient importance to have a bureau whose sole duty it was to see that he was of the right material. Anybody was good enough for the ranks as long as he could fill a file and furnish a name for the muster-roll.

The adjutant-general's department has grown to such magnitude that it is impossible that he can give the recruiting service the attention that it requires. The recruiting service should constitute a separate bureau, with a brigadier at the head of it, and should be provided with the authority and the means to go to any part of the country and procure the young men for the army, in order that all parts of the country may be represented. They should, if possible, be selected from Congressional districts *pro rata*. Fifteen from each, annually, would keep the army filled up to its present authorized strength. Arrangements could be made with the local authorities to have the candidates assembled at stated points once each year, for the examining board to select from. Eighteen would be the most suitable age, and none should be taken over twenty-five years; preference should be given to residents who have sufficient interest in the locality to be desirous of returning to it with an honorable discharge.

Now, if this method of securing the recruits is supplemented by converting each post into a military school, such as every post is capable

of, and, in addition to the pay and clothing and subsistence, the young man could be guaranteed an education, there can be no doubt of the success of the method.

There is in every part of the country a certain percentage of the youth of the land—and it is a very large percentage—that see nothing before them but hard work, humble pay, and an uneventful life, limited by their surroundings, who believe that if the chance was given to them they could do much better. They believe that if they had an education they would have some chance of rising in the world. It is from this material that we might hope to get a class that would not only make good soldiers, but who would, after five years of such training as could be given them, be suitable to furnish officers for any quota of volunteers that might be called for from the Congressional district to which they belong.

The class I have here described would be quite willing to pay for their education, if they had the money. Now, if the education is held out to them, and, in addition, thirteen to thirty dollars per month, can there be any doubt about their accepting it? What better could any impecunious and ambitious young man expect? If he applied himself he could save all his money, and when he received his discharge he could return to his home with an education and with from one to two thousand dollars. With the money he took home he could make a start in life and be able to bide the time when the country would need his services, in case of a war. If the war did not come within five years, he would probably by that time be involved to such an extent in civil pursuits as to have no inclination to take the field; but there would be another set of young men coming after him, from which the officers could be taken. The supply would be continuous.

Such a system of recruiting would disseminate the most recent military knowledge to every nook and corner of the country, and make it available on the shortest notice. With a well-informed corps of officers the volunteers could in thirty days be ready for the field. If only a thousand men were called for from each Congressional district, it would give three hundred and twenty-five thousand, a force sufficient for any emergency that could arise in these days on this continent. There is no method so economical for producing such an army in the same time that is better than this. There does not seem to me any difficulty in carrying this plan into execution. It should be popular with all concerned, for it will be in the interest of all.

Many of my army friends will perhaps take exception to making military schools of military posts, that it is not practicable, and is perverting the use of the army. I shall not in this paper maintain the practicability and wisdom of this modification of our military service, as I am dealing more directly with the subject of getting the best material for the ranks, and have alluded to the educational idea as a

means of inducing the right kind of material to enter the service. I not only consider it feasible, but one which the situation imperatively demands. It is required by every consideration of economy and progress. Congress is annually cutting at the army appropriation, and unless our hold is strong on the people the cry for economy will be answered in Congress by reducing the army, and possibly closing it out altogether, if General Sheridan's idea that national difficulties of the future will be settled by arbitration comes to be accepted. With the extinction of danger from Indian troubles the last reason for maintaining an army will have passed away, and the army will go if we do not in some way make it manifest that we are a benefit as well as a necessity. We must return more of an equivalent for the immense amount it costs to maintain us as an army, if we expect to survive the next decade without reduction.

Our army should be recruited from the youth of the land, in order that the country may have the longest possible lien on their services if the necessity arises. As a rule, the soldier should not serve more than one enlistment, in order to increase the number of men to draw from in the event of a war. They should be of the best possible material, in order that they may be of service to instruct the masses that it may be necessary to call into the public service in time of war. For these same reasons they should be of more than ordinary capacity, and should be advanced as far in the military art as the length of their enlistment will admit of, and not be held down to the rudiments during the whole term of their service. They should be taken from all parts of the country, in order to disseminate the knowledge they attain as widely as possibly, in order that the instructors may be on the ground where they will be wanted when the proper time comes. The recruiting service and the administration of the army should be so modified as to accomplish these ends. We should then have something that might be called a system, of which we have now not even the semblance.

That we should have gone through such a war as our last, at a cost of so many lives and such an unnecessary amount of money, without realizing the wisdom of preparing for the next conflict, is inexplicable to a logical mind. Should another war come upon the country we would be as unprepared as we were in the last, and would be obliged to resort to the same costly means and suffer the same reverses before the army would be able to act on the aggressive, as we experienced in the first two years of the rebellion.

The foregoing views are limited to one of several measures of reform that the progress of the times and the necessities of the service seem to me to demand. The army is not advancing as it should, and I fear that unless new life is infused into it the growing expense, the hostility of certain political organizations, and the extinction of the

Indian question will lead to still further aggressive legislation, such as we have been having since the close of the Rebellion, and then, of course, to entire extinction. The army cannot afford at this time to go backward, not even to stand still; it must go forward and produce such results as will secure the approbation of the public, or it will be mustered out in a comparatively limited period of time if a war does not occur to save it. Every wise man knows what either calamity would be to the country, and those who lived through the last war, and know how poorly we were prepared for it and how much it cost the country in consequence, will sustain the policy of preparing for war in time of peace.

AUGUST V. KAUTZ,
Colonel Eighth Infantry, Brevet Major-General U.S.A.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

THREE maidens there are of celestial birth,
Who labor for us on this care-teeming earth;
Who come to the weary, the care-worn and sad,
And making the heart of the mourner be glad;
Their course can be traced by the joys that upspring
In the radiance of light from the Throne of the King.

One strong in her purpose doth never despair;
She borroweth her aid from the earth, sea, and air;
From the light of the stars that shine far above,
And findeth her portion in fond woman's love.
With her magical power she dispels every gloom,
And garlands with flowers the path to the tomb.
To the mourners how sweet are the tones of her voice,
As she bids the departing, "Be strong and rejoice."

One trippeth with music o'er hill and o'er dell,
And visits the captive forlorn in his cell;
Like the beams of the bright sun that fall upon all
She comes to the poor and the lord in his hall;
She dances along in the pathway of youth,
And paints the bright future with colors of truth;
She points with her hand to the regions on high,
Where love ever reigns and the loved never die.

Another there is of this heavenly band
Who walketh the earth with hand clasped in hand;
Meek, humble, and lowly, and patient, yet strong,
She dwells with the just and condoneth the wrong;
She pleads for the guilty, for friends and for foes,
And over the erring her mantle she throws.
List thou to her pleadings, and in thee shall dwell
The crown of all virtues, the strength of her spell.

T. H. STEVENS,
Rear-Admiral U.S.N.

A GUNBOAT EPISODE.

THE traveler by rail between Philadelphia and Baltimore now crosses, and has for the last twenty years crossed, the Susquehanna, a short distance above its mouth, by a long trestle-bridge. But during, as before, the war the trains coming either way were carried over the broad river upon a large and strongly-built ferry-boat, the "Maryland," much as they are now carried across the Thames at New London, Connecticut. On the southern side of this ferriage stands the little town which was originally laid out by a French engineer, and in confident expectation that it was destined to become a great commercial port, named by him Havre de Grace.

Whatever may have been, however, the commercial disappointment in store for this place in consequence of the successful rivalry of the two ambitious cities nearly midway between which it was placed, some little part of it, at least, was, during the war, made up in strategical importance. The Susquehanna there interposed, and Havre de Grace, in consequence, commanded the free communication from New York and Philadelphia to Baltimore and Washington; for could but an adventurous detachment of Southern cavalry by land, a daring Confederate cruiser up the Chesapeake, or even a little local enterprise on the part of those whose sympathies were on the Southern side,—could either of these but seize and burn the "Maryland," the transportation of troops and munitions of war from the North and East would have been very seriously interrupted.

For these reasons, during the entire period of the war, a small body of troops was quartered at Havre de Grace; and a gunboat was frequently stationed in the river, near the ferriage and also near the work which, in the mean time, was going on upon the piers of the future railway-bridge.

During this period the writer was rector of the Episcopal Church in this place. Upon this church, be it noted, hung the only large bell in the town; a bell which gave the call to worship not only to churchmen, but to all others, and whose services were, of necessity, sometimes borrowed for other and less strictly ecclesiastical occasions and purposes.

It was in the month of July, 1864. Grant was confronting Lee at

Petersburg; Sherman was on the march from Chattanooga to Atlanta; and Sheridan was opposing Early in the valley of the Shenandoah. The Southern general was watching every opportunity to throw a forlorn hope across the Potomac and into the State of Maryland, if so be that he might possibly effect there some diversion from the terribly concentrated energies of the North beyond Richmond, cut off some part of the supplies pouring southward for the army under Grant, or force the recall of at least a portion of his troops for the protection of Baltimore and Washington.

Under these circumstances, Havre de Grace was in a state of very special perturbation. A small detachment of, I think, Harry Gilmore's cavalry had succeeded in reaching and burning the long bridge over which the railroad crossed one of the broad estuaries between that place and Baltimore, cutting off all communication southward; it was only by boats coming up the bay from Baltimore to Perryville on the northern bank of the river that mails and passengers were brought to and received from the railroad, while the "Maryland" was kept safely in the middle of the stream. For some days, therefore, neither letters nor other bearers of authentic news reached Havre de Grace itself from either direction. An exaggerated rumor of the miserable affair at Monocacy Junction, fought on the 9th, alone came to us, bringing with it the expectation of a Confederate raid at any hour.

On Sunday, July 10, the gunboat "Currituck" steamed up the bay to our protection, and anchored in the river opposite the place. A detachment of Ohio hundred-day men were encamped in the town,—a body of soldiers, I may say parenthetically, which was in every way a credit to the service; fine, manly, farmers' sons, sober, self-respecting, and regardful of others.

The next day, Monday, a sergeant of this detachment brought me an order from his commanding officer directing him to take military possession of my little church, for the purpose at once of using the bell for their own signals and of preventing any others from making similar and disloyal use of it. A sentry of two soldiers was posted under a large tree, between the church and rectory, in possession of the church keys, and at the vestry door.

These two men had, certainly, been most considerately selected. So far from being an annoyance, they made their presence a pleasure to the whole family and a rejoicing to my children, to whom they devoted no little of their leisure. One or both, accepting my invitation, came regularly in to morning or evening prayers with the family; they borrowed books from my library, and spent much time reading the Bible and such books as "Pilgrim's Progress" and in writing home.

But what was very far from being as agreeable, notices were, on this same Monday, posted up about the town, by order of the officer commanding the gunboat, that, in view of the fact that the Confederate

cavalry might be upon us at any moment, the inhabitants must all hold themselves ready to go, at the sound of the church-bell, at once, down to the light-house at the head of the bay, *for the town would be shelled.*

Some marines from Philadelphia, at the same time, patrolled the place; an eight-gun battery was placed so as to command the main street, and those of the gunboat were brought to bear upon the town. Going to the post-office about that time, I saw a naval-officer, whom, on inquiry, I was informed was the captain of the gunboat, calling for drink at a common bar and, to all appearances, already intoxicated; and during the day it was the town talk that we were, on the terms of the notice just cited, exposed to being shelled at any time that it might please the excited fancy of this intemperate gunboat commander.

We passed, in consequence,—as may well be supposed,—a most uncomfortable week. Shelling a loyal town seemed, certainly, even in a military point of view, a very poor way to repulse a dashing cavalry raid which could have no other object but to burn the "Maryland;" and it would have been hard to tell its inhabitants what they could do for either shelter or food should they thus be driven to crowd around the light-house, where neither was to be had. As for ourselves, such of our smaller valuables as could be thus disposed of were hidden in the church-organ; a bundle of such things as would be most necessary in the emergency was kept ever on the hall-table or with the baby-carriage; our old negro aunty now adjured me to take care of her, now cried over the children, and now appealed to the sentry soldiers not to ring the bell. Four nights we slept, ever prepared to be roused by the first sound and to take to flight. The state of our house was that of pretty much all others. Heads of families held themselves ready to go, if go they must; and the terrified negroes frightened the children generally with their lamentations.

We felt, of course, all the more helpless that we were utterly cut off at the time from all intercourse with either Baltimore or Philadelphia; and, whether as constructively the local representative of a bishop who had so much influence at Washington, or because it was upon my church that hung the fatal bell whose sound every one now dreaded to hear, there seemed a common expectation that I was to do something about it.

But the Confederate cavalry, fortunately for us, did not come. The church-bell was not rung; the town was not shelled; and on the 14th communications by water were opened with Baltimore.

On the next day, then, I wrote the bishop, giving an account of our week's experience, and among other things, of our reasons for being sometimes "more afraid of our protectors than of our enemies." The bishop promptly replied that he had at once brought my statements to the attention of the Navy Department.

On Sunday, July 17, I saw in church an elderly officer,—whether of the army or navy I could not tell,—to whom I was greatly won. There was an air of moral strength, uprightness, and benevolence about him that challenged my reverent respect. I heard that he had come off from the gunboat; and, a few days later, meeting and introducing myself to him, I learned that he was Captain Gregory, "Acting Master Commanding United States steamer 'Currituck.'" (I little suspected that he was the man against whom a formal charge of "intoxication and other disgraceful conduct" had, on my responsibility, been brought before the Navy Department.) Our conversation ended in a cordial invitation from the captain to visit the gunboat with my wife and any friend, which I accepted for an early day.

On that day, therefore, with my wife and a lady of the congregation, I repaired to the wharf. Captain Gregory came himself for us in his gig. He took us out, first to the bridge-piers, whose construction he explained to us and where we saw the divers at work, and then on board the "Currituck." The daily drill of the marines had been deferred, and we witnessed, with great interest, a mock naval combat in all its varied incidents. Our visit to the gunboat was, in every way, delightful; and congratulating the town upon the good hands into which the gunboat and our own fates had passed, we went away, not only charmed with Captain Gregory, but regarding him as an officer and a Christian gentleman of whom the service had reason to be proud.

What, therefore, was my astonishment and distress at receiving, the very next morning, copies of a correspondence wherein the naval authorities had applied to this Captain Gregory the bishop's indignant complaint, and in which he had, as indignantly, demanded of the bishop his authority for the charges thus brought against the captain of the gunboat stationed at Havre de Grace.

A hurried note to Captain Gregory was quickly answered by him in person, as astonished on his part to learn that *I* was that man. He stayed to tea and spent the evening at the rectory. A simple comparison of dates explained everything. Although commanding the "Currituck," he had not come up in her when first ordered to Havre de Grace; but, attempting to follow from Baltimore by rail, he had been stopped by the burning of the bridge over the Gunpowder, and, indeed, scarcely escaped being himself taken prisoner by the raiding troops. He had, therefore, been unable to get up till communications were reopened by water and on the very day of my writing to the bishop. A subordinate, thus "drest in a little brief authority," had evidently thought it a fine opportunity to impress the inhabitants of a little provincial town with the importance of one who was, even temporarily, in command of a United States government gunboat.

The next day, Sunday, Captain Gregory was again at church accom-

panied by three or four officers and twelve to fifteen seamen. So far as the worthy captain was himself concerned, the little affair, disagreeable enough for a while to him as to us, produced quite a warm feeling towards him throughout the whole community, and a stir to good and loyal sentiment towards our protectors whether on the water or on land; and had the Confederate cavalry come upon us just then, they would scarce have found so many to welcome them and to help on the seizure of the "Maryland" as they would have found a fortnight earlier. Upon such seemingly slight things does the turn of the tide often depend.

There was a court-martial ordered in the case, of course; but pending final decision in the premises, the "Currituck" was herself ordered away; and the whole affair, however important in the annals of the defense of Havre de Grace and in the story of the protection of the "Maryland," quickly became but a little forgotten local episode among the side-issues of the war.

WM. CHAUNCY LANGDON.

THE TRIALS OF STAFF-OFFICERS.

THE AIDE-DE-CAMP.

It is many a long month since the first paper of this series, designed only for military readers, was written. It began, some six or eight years ago, with "The Adjutant." Later came "The Ordnance Officer;" then a succession of papers on "Experiences at the Military Academy;" and then a long hiatus. The kindly pages of the only magazine we of the services could call our own passed into other hands and soon faded from the sight of all. But now, like "that feathered incombustible—the Phœnix," our old stand-by has arisen from its own ashes, and The United Service once more sounds the assembly for its corps of contributors. Some of them, like the octogenarian soldier-scholar Siddons,—long the dean of our little band,—and gallant Upton, author and tactician, have laid down pen and sword forever, and respond no more to mortal call. Others sail their ships on distant seas, and have not yet received their initial number of the resurrected monthly; but there is still a strong percentage of the guild flocking readily to the old standard, and among them none responds more gladly than he who owes to these familiar pages his introduction to an indulgent public,—the garrulous "Mr. X."

Who but soldiers or sailors could possibly care for a continuation of that old time-worn tale of the trials of a subaltern in various *rôles* outside the "line of file-closers"? But the editors prescribe the dose, and this particular compounder of literary drugs can only obey and resume the series, although it is Mr. X.'s profound conviction that he has had more fun out of it all than anybody else; and he laughs most and swore least over his trials and perturbations when serving as aide-de-camp.

Yet it was an odd experience. Late in the fall of 1871 "The Department of the Gulf" was re-created, and a gallant old soldier who had well served his country during the War of the Rebellion was ordered to New Orleans to assume command. Now the complications began at the very start, and any subaltern who has half an hour to spare and hasn't already found out for himself how easy it is to get into scrapes, may pick up an idea or two on the subject or be lulled to

placid slumber by reading what follows and noting the dates. With a leave of absence for thirty days in his pocket, Mr. X. was, on the 24th of October, relieved, at his own request, from duty at West Point and ordered to join his regiment. At that moment his troop was stationed at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, and there he would be due in time to be accounted present with the command on the 24th of November. While visiting friends in Philadelphia he was surprised to read in the morning papers that his regiment was ordered to Arizona forthwith, and, unless Mr. X. preferred to pay his own way around to the mouth of the Colorado,—a thing that it is perhaps unnecessary to remark he could not have done if he had turned into cash every possession he had in the world,—it behooved Mr. X. to drop his long-looked-for month's leave and hasten to the Plains. Quitting Philadelphia that night and dropping in at the War Department the next morning to inquire how much time he could possibly spare *en route*, he was told that the colonel of the regiment was now in town and it would be well to see him at once,—he had just come in from head-quarters at Fort McPherson. Now this colonel was the identical old soldier who was selected to command the re-created department. Mr. X. had never met him before in his life, and was simply astonished when almost the first question asked him was, "How would you like to go to New Orleans as aide-de-camp?" Afterwards it was less difficult for Mr. X. to account for it when he learned that there were half a dozen officers whom the brevet major-general well knew, all of whom wanted to go, and, being at a loss how to decide between them, he solved the problem to his temporary satisfaction by hitting on a youngster whom he knew only by hearsay, and Rumor in this instance, it would seem, had been unusually kind. Mr. X. had been in New Orleans as subaltern in a light battery under the administrations of Generals Sheridan, Mower, Hancock, and Buchanan, and did not like it at all. But that was just after the war, and things might have changed for the better. There was something alluring about the idea of being there in the Crescent City as a staff-officer, occupying pleasant quarters in town instead of a single room in a ramshackle old hospital building down at Jackson Barracks, and going occasionally to the opera instead of perpetually to the stables. Mr. X. bethought him of the good times those fellows seemed to have who were aides-de-camp in the days when he was "chief of line of caissons,"—and what swells they were!—"Sandy" Forsyth and Schuyler Crosby, Mitchell and "Billy" Wilson, handsome Will Russell and "Ike" De Russy. It was sore temptation, and Mr. X. said he didn't know much about A.D.C. work, but he would be glad to try.

Then it transpired that there were some patriotic officials high in rank in the civil service—and one or two not wholly disconnected with the military—each of whom had sons, sons-in-law, brothers, nephews, or grandsons in the army, from among whom quite a list of aspirants

appeared for the three positions which the brevet major-general had to confer as his personal staff. The list was daily increasing, and the warm-hearted old soldier was visibly embarrassed. These officials were not infrequently personal friends of long standing,—men to whom he hated to say "No," although he did not hesitate to say to officers of his circle at the national capital that the relations with whom they desired to fill his staff were mostly men who would be of no use to him. Frankly he told Mr. X. that he really did not know how to decide it, and as frankly Mr. X. told the general not to allow the offer made on the spur of the moment to have the slightest weight in his ultimate decision,—and started forthwith for the frontier; paid a brief visit to the Second Cavalry at Omaha Barracks; had several days of joyous hunting around Fort McPherson with "Buffalo Bill" and a host of good fellows of his own regiment; reached Cheyenne and Fort Russell about the middle of November and was introduced to his new troop by the senior captain; and—that very afternoon received telegraphic orders to return to McPherson and report to the brevet major-general for duty as aide-de-camp, and, despite a snow blockade, he reached there, on a "plug" and under a plug hat, to the huge amusement of the garrison, late the following night. In two days we were off for New Orleans, Mr. X. accompanying his chief and performing his functions as A.D.C. as well as he knew how; doing a good deal of writing from the general's dictation, and "filing" numerous dispatches that greeted him *en route;* stopped with him two days at General Halleck's head-quarters, where, owing to the disturbed condition of political affairs in Louisiana, an extended conference seemed necessary; reached with him the city of New Orleans on the evening of November 27; wrote at his dictation the order assuming command on the morning of the 28th and announcing Mr. X. as A.D.C., A.A.A.G., and possibly one or two other alphabetical combinations; drew his pay from the newly-announced chief paymaster of the Gulf, and, long years afterwards, was compelled to refund much of that drawn as aide-de-camp, and to see four days' pay stopped against him as having been *absent without leave* from November 24 to November 28.

"Why, certainly!" was the explanation of the astute functionary who made the decision in the auditor's office. "It's as plain as day. Mr. X. was on leave from October 24 to November 24. You cannot show a paper which anywhere reports him present on the latter date. There's a hiatus in his record from November 24 until he turns up way down here in New Orleans on the 28th of November. Of course we must stop his pay."

"But," argued the friend to whom Mr. X. had intrusted the case,—he himself being miles and miles away,—"here's his order from the War Department, dated November 3, to report in person without delay to Colonel and Brevet Major-General —— for duty as aide-de-

camp. He did so report on the 15th of November or thereabouts, and was actually on duty with him, traveling with him *en route* to their department from that time until the 28th. He was in the execution of his office and in obedience to his orders. How the devil can you say he was absent without leave?"

"Oh, *I* don't say that. That's the adjutant-general's business. That's what *his* returns say, and I simply act accordingly. What I stopped was his pay as aide-de-camp. He drew pay as such from the date of the War Department order, whereas he wasn't announced in orders as aide-de-camp until the 28th."

"And yet you know that he was ordered to report in person and without delay early in November. Do you mean to say that, having done so and having performed duty as such, he can't have pay for it?"

"That's the size of it exactly. We have nothing to show affirmatively that he *was* on such duty, and the adjutant-general signs an official report which assures us that from the 24th to the 28th, at least, so far from performing *any* duty, he was absent from all. Now *there's* the fellow you want to get after; go and blaspheme him."

But this Mr. X.'s friend decided not to do. He had no especial objection to going and stirring up the animals in the auditor's office. They were civilians and personal acquaintances. He could not feel so thoroughly at ease with the grand panjandrum at head-quarters of the army, and so, finding that the flaw was there and not at the Treasury, Mr. X. sat him down and wrote a subordinate letter to the adjutant-general requesting that the case might be reopened and the decision of his predecessor—so long concealed from the party most interested—might be reversed, and the imputation that he was absent without leave when he was doing his level best on duty be blotted from his record. This was promptly done, but Mr. X. only temporarily enjoyed the pay of aide-de-camp from the date of the order directing him to report as such. The stern guardians of the people's money compelled him to refund and be content with half.

The new department commander and his aide-de-camp were speedily settled in a building a couple of squares higher up Camp Street than the old hotel which so long served as head-quarters Department of the Gulf. A second aide had been decided upon and applied for but had not yet arrived. An old and valued friend had been called from his regiment and installed as adjutant-general; Mr. X. was directed to assume the functions of judge-advocate in addition to those of A.D.C. Clerks were obtained and put to work in the former's office, but Mr. X. was compelled to be his own,—there being a limit to the number allowed. More than this, it most naturally happened that, as the general had dictated all his correspondence to his aide on the way thither, and as the latter could "take him down" almost as rapidly as the chief could talk, the practice was continued on arriving at the new station. It

presently transpired that the general would have no amanuensis but Mr. X., and that his official correspondence was assuming huge dimensions. Now it was not that Mr. X. objected to the amanuensis work. He could not write short-hand, but he had a system of abbreviations, learned years before when acting secretary of a college faculty, that enabled him to "take down" from dictation quite rapidly; it was the plodding labor of making "fair copies" that wore upon him, and for reasons best known to himself the general wanted these fair copies in no hand but that of his aide-de-camp. The half-dozen clerks were not allowed to touch them except in putting them through the copying-press. Every day the political situation became more critical. Two factions were in the field, known respectively as the Warmouth and Carter parties,—both Republican,—and each striving to oust the other. Warmouth, as governor of the State, with just a little more than half the legislature, occupied the great stone temporary state-house on Dryades Street. Carter, with a very little less than half the same legislature, had seceded from the main body and established separate quarters on Royal Street. Neither side had a quorum, but the instant any one of Warmouth's legislators issued from the Dryades Street building he was borne off in triumph and penned up with the other crowd. (One fellow who resisted and showed fight was shot to death almost under the windows of the state-house.) Warmouth mustered all his police,—armed and equipped as infantry and artillery and organized as battalions and battery,—posted them around his citadel to repel threatened attack, and cooped all his legislature within its walls, for Carter was rapidly getting a quorum at his expense. Then both sides came clamoring to the general claiming United States support. On one side was the governor and a legal but attenuated legislature occupying the recognized state-house. On the other were the seceding legislators and their Speaker, backed, oddly enough, by the highest Federal officials in Louisiana. The brother-in-law of the President of the United States as collector of customs, and the United States marshal, followed by nearly all the Federal judges, the postmaster, etc., were in open sympathy with the Carterites, and the party of the latter speedily became known as the Custom-House party from this very fact. Now between these two conflicting influences the general was presently driven almost mad. He had not been in town a month before the thing was a serious source of worry, and on the 3d of January it was at fever-heat. Mr. X., who had been sent up to Mississippi to look into some court-martial business, was wired to hasten back, and, reaching head-quarters, he found it looking as it might have done in the liveliest days of the war. Orderlies and ambulances, cabs and carriages, were thick around the *banquette* without, and politicians of all grades thronged within. The ultimatum had gone forth,—Carter and his party, "backed by an indignant populace," were to assault the state-house and expel Warmouth and

his legislators *vi et armis.* Whichever side could show the people that it was supported by the strong arm of the general government was sure to win. Therefore neither side gave the general an instant of peace. All that day and much of the night was he besieged by politicians representing both factions,—first one, then the other. Every hour of the twenty-four he was firing dispatches to Washington urging that instructions be given him as to what he should do under such perplexing conditions. Mr. X. wrote and copied, wrote, copied, and rewrote all the livelong day and late into the night, was aroused at 3.30 A.M. by his night-gowned chief, who was suddenly struck with ideas that were "most important," and, having no note-book of his own, stirred up his amanuensis, and the work of dictation, etc., began again, for the good old chief was worried almost out of his wits and had no rest at all.

In dictating it was the general's wont to parade slowly up and down the floor, his hands clasped behind his back, his head drooping to the front. He was never satisfied with his own phraseology, but made perpetual corrections, substitutions, and interlineations, so that by the time the dispatch or letter was written in the rough it was a labyrinth of ink-scrawls. At last, however, it would appear to read to his satisfaction, and his eyes would sparkle and his kindly face would beam with content and gratification. "How does that strike you, X.? Isn't that all right? Won't those fellows at Washington catch the exact idea of the situation from that?" Mr. X., who was having his first experience with politicians, and didn't know which side to believe, thought that it covered the case as well as anything he could conceive of, and would then be remanded to his desk to make a fair copy. It might be a letter anywhere from three to eight pages in length, and had to be "done" in copying-ink, so that an imprint could be taken in the letter-press books. Just about as he was carefully finishing the last lines, in would pop the general,—half-dressed perhaps by this time. "Wait a moment, X.! Hold on! It has just occurred to me—most important! Add there after 'repeal of the obnoxious laws' these words." And then would come an interlineation that would involve explanations as to some other paragraph, and before he knew it the blessed old chief would have that long-winded dispatch all tangled up and twisted out of shape, and then when it was fairly straightened another copy, of course, would have to be made, and the sleepy A.D.C. would wearily plod through it all again. At last, in the chill of the wintry dawn, the fair copy would be ready (after all, it was perhaps nothing more than a long dispatch to go by telegraph where calligraphy didn't count), and then would come brief respite. But if that dispatch did not go to the office of the Western Union within ten minutes of its final completion it meant more trouble and lots of it for Mr. X. Breakfast, or an item in the morning paper, a hint from an "early bird" from among the contending fac-

tions, would seem to give the general increased or modified ideas as to the matter at issue, suggest other alterations, and, pen in hand, the amanuensis would drop into his chair in the general's private office, while the chief resumed his tramp up and down the floor and the remodeling of that dispatch. Then the adjutant-general's clerks would begin to arrive, and, having made the third or fourth copy, X. would inquire if *now* it should be sent to the office. "Well, wait a moment until So-and-so comes in," would be the answer. "Let's see how *he* likes it." And presently "So-and-so" would appear. "Now, X., read it aloud, and, ——, you listen and give me your views." Of course the listener was sure to knit his brows or purse up his lips or ponder gravely over some paragraph or sentence,—sure to suggest some addition or erasure, and the general almost as sure to eagerly accept the idea; and away Mr. X. would travel with his mutilated pages and sit him down at the desk in the front office to make fair copy number four. Half or three-quarters of an hour might be consumed; the general trotting in every little while to glance over his shoulder and see how things were going and to totter on the verge of new alterations. At last it would be finished, and then in would come the commanding officer from the barracks,—himself a brevet major-general and a man of wide experience. "Here! the very man! General, just listen to this, will you? and tell me what you think of it. Now then, X., read it again, like a good fellow." And obediently X. would read, and just as surely would the new arrival look wise, hum and haw, and presently, "Well —I—think—that—perhaps—a little change on the third page—— Would you just read that again, Mr. X.?" And then more alterations would ensue; fair copy number five be painfully written out just in time to welcome another arrival,—an officer high in rank in the supply department and deep in the confidences of the Custom-House party; a man of many eccentricities and much information; a born politician and a fellow of no small influence. For months no dispatch of any consequence went out of that office until it had been pronounced upon by him, and that always meant extra work for Mr. X. The general leaned naturally upon the advice of a man who had been stationed in New Orleans ever since the close of the war and knew all the raft of statesmen, black and white, with which the commonwealth was glutted; and despite the fact of his strong leaning towards the side of one party, this prominent personage had a supervisory interest in pretty much every report or letter sent from head-quarters to Washington, and those which were not materially amended at his suggestion could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

During the three or four periods of riot and insurrection that prevailed in the Crescent City during his tour there on staff duty Mr. X.'s official life was thereby made a burden to him. "In multitude of counsels there is wisdom," but it was wear and tear for the unlucky A.D.C.

who had thus become amanuensis and private secretary. Rarely did it happen that he made less than four copies of a dispatch or letter before it was considered properly phrased and ready for Washington. One day —and this is an actual fact—he made eleven fair copies of a long dispatch before it was finally sent. Meantime it had been read to and corrected by no less than seven different men.

Other aides-de-camp had joined, but only on one memorable occasion was either clerk or officer allowed by the chief to take Mr. X.'s place at the desk. Not that Mr. X. would have objected. He more than once ventured to beg the general to let the clerks help out a little in the copying, but the old soldier had some notions in which he was tenacity itself, and so it resulted that the letter-press books at department head-quarters were stacked high in their niche on the shelves, and every one of them was crammed with the imprinted calligraphy of the junior aide. But he saw only the beginning of this in the momentous days of January, 1872, and even then was thankful for something outside.

In response to all the urgent dispatches sent to Washington there came no really satisfactory answer. The Administration was evidently in a grievous quandary, and contented itself with assuring the chief that it had every confidence in his ability "in the exercise of a wise discretion" to control the situation. There was no question that he could knock a mob endwise if a mob ventured to make trouble, but what he needed was something from the general government in the way of recognition of one or other of the two factions. Warmouth by January 4 had some five hundred uniformed and fairly disciplined troops under such soldiers as Longstreet, late of the Confederacy, and Hugh J. Campbell, and with these he declared he would defeat any attack made upon the state-house. Carter, with probably the better half of the legislature and the avowed sympathy of the Custom-House party and the public, could doubtless raise a force of several thousand citizens to oust the governor and his people. Between them the United States attempted to be perfectly neutral, yet instructed its local department commander to hold his troops in readiness to preserve the peace. The question left for him to determine was which side was the disturber thereof?

Mr. X. had been writing much of the night, all the morning of the 3d, and most of the afternoon, but the general slipped away from the office about 5 P.M., taking Mr. X. with him, and together they dined and hoped for a few moments of peaceful enjoyment of their cigars. It was not to be, however. Orderlies came hurrying from the adjutant-general with dispatches from Washington and the intimation that some of the governor's staff begged to see the chief at once. All that evening more letters and telegrams; a constant rush of excited politicians; the United States marshal; the collector; the mayor; the Speaker of the exiled house and head of the uprising,—Mr. Carter,—

with various eloquent and energetic officials, including our high staff-officer, representing one side, and Generals Longstreet and Campbell, the governor's private secretary, and that adroit and wonderful general-utility-man of the Warmouth faction, Mr. George A. Sheridan, the other. All was excitement; all anxiety; by 11 P.M. the chief had had as much of conflicting (mis) statement as he could stand. He would have no more backing and filling on part of the contestants. Carter wouldn't promise not to attack the state-house; Warmouth wouldn't promise anything, and a fight was the only possible outcome. At 11 P.M. the general came out of his last conference with blood in his eye. "Go and get into uniform, Mr. X. I shall want you for other work than this, sir." And jumping into a cab, Mr. X. went rattling up Camp Street to his quarters, glad enough to get out into the cool night air. The chest with his horse equipments, sabre, spurs, boots, etc., was still somewhere between Wyoming and the swamps of Louisiana, but he borrowed a sword and hastened back to head-quarters. At one o'clock, mounted on a "flea-bitten" quadruped from the quartermaster's stables, he was dispatched to Jackson Barracks, six miles away down the sweeping curve of the gas-lighted levee, with orders to rouse the garrison (six companies of infantry) and march them up to town and post them before daybreak in an old cotton warehouse not far from head-quarters. Heavens! what comfort it was to be again in saddle and jogging down that familiar old road! At two o'clock the sentry at the sally-port challenged the arriving staff-officer, and in five minutes the gray-haired old commander was out on his piazza sending messengers for his adjutant and the officer of the day. An hour before sunrise the long column filed silently into the designated enclosure, built its fires back of the stacked arms, and began to "cook" coffee, while Mr. X. went back to report their presence to his chief and get an hour's snooze.

Lots of dictation; lots of desk-work; lots of threatening reports from both sides all day long, but no serious conflict. A shooting-scrape or two and much vituperation was all that actually took place; but now the Carter party came out with a new scare. Relying on the discipline of his police and uniformed militia,—all old soldiers,—Warmouth was going to put an end to the matter by marching to disperse the "insurgent legislature" in session on Royal Street over "the Gem." When the morning of the 5th dawned on New Orleans there was every prospect of a lively fight. Thousands of citizens, said the Carterites, incensed at Warmouth's threat and what Judge Moncure styled his "ruinous and tyrannical rule," had pledged themselves to his support and defense. In the state-house had passed a unanimous resolution that George W. Carter and his followers should be admitted on no pretext whatever, and Governor Warmouth called forth rousing cheers by the assertion that the President of the United States had denounced the action of the Federal authorities in attempting to arrest him on the previous day

and had promised the immediate "investigation" of the marshal. State Senator Campbell, in the full uniform of a major-general, aroused the hopes and spirits of the legislature to the highest pitch by the announcement that the United States forces were to be placed at once at the disposal of the governor, and this being speedily noised abroad, there came man after man of the Custom-House party rattling up in cabs to inquire of the already exasperated chief if this were so, and going back post-haste to assure the Carterites that it was a whapping lie.

Things were enough to stir the bile of the placidest man in America that morning. The one thing the general had to be especially cautious about was the appearance of actively aiding with the force at his command either one of the contestants. The one thing both of them seemed bent on was to wring from him some admission which might be distorted into a promise of positive support. No sooner were the Carterites satisfied that the general had not placed his troops at the disposal of the governor than the announcement was made to a thronging mass of people in Royal Street. The United States flag was displayed, and cheer upon cheer resounded through the district. Then came the proposition to gather and arm the citizens and wind up Warmouth that very afternoon, and at eleven o'clock up came aides and secretaries of the governor—full tilt—warning the general of the wrath to come and begging the immediate aid of the United States to preserve the peace and prevent riot and bloodshed. Again Mr. X.'s pen went whizzing over sheet after sheet of dispatch paper. Longstreet and Mr. Sheridan declared that according to their information a mob of two thousand men, all ex-Confederate soldiers, was now in march on the state-house, and the governor desired the general to know that he considered himself "in imminent danger." Every new arrival added to the apparent excitement and the chief got fairly worked up. "Mount your horse, sir. Gallop to the Vicksburg Press (the old cotton warehouse aforementioned) and get the command under arms instantly. Then report here to me," were his orders, and Mr. X. went clattering down St. Joseph Street; and at his shout of "Fall in!" the whole Nineteenth Infantry, assembled there by this time, dropped their cups and mess-kits and sprang for their arms. A word with their veteran commander, and X. was on his way back. A curious throng of spectators had gathered about head-quarters, and, out on the *banquette*, tramping up and down in his favorite "plug" hat and expediting with no little energy and some profanity the movements of one or two messengers, was the general himself. The crowd gathered around them as Mr. X. reported his orders executed, and evidently wanted to hear all that took place, whereat the chief turned fiercely upon them and ordered the rabble to scatter,—and scatter they did, some genuinely scared at the vehemence of the peppery old soldier, others gleefully laughing, none of them scowling or sullen. "Now, sir," said he, "ride at once

to the state-house. Tell Governor Warmouth that I have received his message regarding the anticipated attack by the mob; that the troops are here and ready to defend him if assailed; on the approach of the mob he may send you or one of his own agents to me for them. Meantime, you remain on your horse in front of the building to represent the United States."

Mr. X. thoroughly understood as he galloped away that these words were to be delivered *verbatim* as nearly as possible, and that on no account was he to intimate to the governor that the troops were to be under his orders or "at his disposal," or, in fact, sent to him for any purpose whatsoever but defense against imminent danger. That had all been talked over between the general and the aide that very morning. He grinned considerably, did Mr. X., at the idea of his "representing the United States," though there was nothing so odd about it (time and again, afterwards, did not the mob leaders say that if the general would send so much as a single corporal they would disperse at his request?), but what he was keeping most assiduously in mind was the exact language of the general's message. Five minutes' rapid trot brought him to the Dryades Street approach to the Mechanics' Institute, the scene of the bloody riot of July, 1866, and here, while all the neighborhood was thronged with silent and curious spectators, the streets were blocked by solid ranks of infantry, armed with the Winchester rifle, stretching from wall to wall and uniformed in the dress of the New Orleans police. Within their lines were the guns—Napoleons—and the cannoneers lounging about. Cannon and Winchesters guarded the entrance to the state-house itself, and police, armed to the teeth, crowded the winding stone stairways. Mr. X. threw his reins to one of these whom an officer sharply ordered to "fall out" for the purpose, elbowed his way through the densely-packed array of guards, and presently reached the second story and the portals to the halls of legislation. These were shut and closely watched within. Rapping with the hilt of his borrowed sword, Mr. X. waited a moment and looked about him in the dimly-lighted corridor. Armed men everywhere, all eager with apparent desire to know the nature of his errand. The door was cautiously opened a few inches and a black face appeared,—half of one, at least,—and at sight of the cavalry uniform the door-keeper's mouth expanded a little.

"I have a message for the governor; is he here?" asked Mr. X.

"That's him," answered the guardian, as he pointed to a tall figure writing at a desk on the left of the middle aisle; and thither went Mr. X., his spurs clinking over the threshold.

The instant the door was opened about half a hundred legislators, black and white, all anxious, all hungry-eyed, all looking as though they had lived in their clothes for a week past, turned eagerly towards it. Then at sight of the uniform numbers of them came scrambling

over the desks. Even some of the armed guards at the big windows quit their posts and came over towards the centre aisle. The governor looked up in surprise at the sudden cessation of talk and found Mr. X. almost at his side. It was their first meeting, but the latter never forgot it. As concisely, and as nearly as possible in the words of his general, the aide delivered his message, never for an instant forgetting that he was in no wise to convey the impression that the United States troops were sent for any purpose except to defend the governor in case of attack. Mr. Warmouth had arisen as Mr. X. accosted him, and stood gazing benignantly down from his height of six feet two or three, and Mr. X. felt confident from the expression on the governor's handsome face that the latter fully understood the guarded nature of the communication. There was a twinkle of the eyes and a twitch about the corners of the mouth hidden by that heavy moustache that seemed to say the shrewd politician rather enjoyed this evidence of the old general's appreciation of the situation, but he was all stately courtesy in his reply. He thanked the general, he said, for his prompt response to his appeal in the interests of peace and good order, and begged the aide to make himself at home in his private room for the present. Mr. X. declined, saying that his orders required him to remain in saddle in front of the building, faced about, and without another word to anybody but General Longstreet, whom he met in front and who wanted to know how long it would take the United States troops to get to the spot, remounted, rode into the middle of the street and sat there,—a five-foot-five embodiment of the majesty of the law and the power of the general government on a flea-bitten old wreck from the quartermaster's stable. The crowd out in Canal Street, looking on in idle curiosity at the bellicose situation at the Institute, neither increased nor diminished at sight of this formidable mounted reinforcement to the defenses. The police, standing with ordered arms and "in place, rest," in solid, silent double ranks across the street, looked the staff-officer over from top to toe (without having very far for the eye to travel), and doubtless wondered what possessed him to be sitting out there all alone. A brother aide-de-camp coming down the sidewalk in civilian dress with another message gleefully hailed him with, "Hello, X.! I've heard of the equestrian statue of General Jackson for the last thirty years, but I thought it was down by the French market somewhere!". By and by the drums of the Nineteenth Infantry were heard over on Rampart Street, and the adjutant shoved his way through the crowd and was saluted by the police sentries as he appeared and reported to Mr. X. that the troops were on the ground awaiting orders. Two o'clock came and no assault,—no signs of such a thing,—then a messenger from head-quarters to Mr. X. with instructions to conduct the troops from their position on Rampart Street down to the custom-house,—notifying the governor of the change.

The governor most impressively desired the aide, in the presence of a crowd of satellites, to present his thanks to the general "for the prompt manner in which he co-operated with me in preserving the public peace" (Mr. X. "took down" the words before he remounted, and copied them in ink in his personal diary that afternoon, so that here they are to-day); and when all seemed quiet again and the threatened riot had failed to materialize, he rode back to head-quarters comparatively well satisfied with his day's work.

The newsboys were yelling "Extry!" and rushing about the streets with evening editions of *The Times*, then the most prominent paper of the city and confessedly "run" in the Warmouth interests. A group of officers of the Nineteenth, standing on the *banquette* and reading the glaring head-lines, shouted laughing greeting to Mr. X. and hailed him with such chaff as, "How are you, 'moral effect'?" "Say, X., what was the use of marching us fellows down there, anyhow? that horse of yours would scare the average mob out of existence." This was all very well in its way, but presently came another side. Half-way up to head-quarters a messenger sprang out of a street-car! "The general wants to see you at once, sir." Two blocks farther along a brother aide came dashing down in a cab and shouted to the driver and to X. at one and the same time, "Hay! Hold on!" "What's the matter?" queried X., his rickety steed gladly and promptly halting. "The general wants to see you right off. Something's wrong!" Dismounting at head-quarters, X. found the lower hall-way well filled with officers of various grades but uniform expression of countenance,—that funereal gloom and "Oh!-*haven't*-you-put-your-foot-in-it?" air which other aides or adjutants may have noted. Up-stairs there was the sound of the general's voice. No need to tell "something's wrong." He was tramping up and down the floor overwrought with excitement and wrath, and there in the corner sat the politico-military supply department staff-officer of high rank with an expression of "Oh, I wouldn't be in your place for anything" on his keen old face. The adjutant-general was there too, silent and concerned, and the atmosphere was pregnant with gloom as Mr. X. briskly entered, all aglow from his rapid exercise. Every man in the room but him seemed to have a copy of the "extry." The general was fairly quivering with excitement:

"My God, sir! *My* God, sir! You—you've ruined me! You've knifed me! If they don't instantly relieve me—disgrace me at Washington, it won't be your fault, sir!" And the general paused, too much overcome to go further.

"What on earth's the matter?" was the natural inquiry. The general could only hand him the paper.

"After all my caution, sir. Look at that!"

Mr. X. took the paper, and there in the "official" record of the day's proceedings appeared these words, omitting names:

"HOUSE—REGULAR SESSION.

"Speaker Brewster called the House to order at 12 M.

"Captain ——, aide to General ——, was admitted by the doorkeeper. That officer proceeded to the first seat of the centre aisle, to Governor Warmouth, and informed him that the national troops were at his (the governor's) service to aid in preserving peace and order and in suppressing any riot or disturbance.

"The governor desired Captain —— to await instructions in his parlor."

Then in the local column was this: that the officer bearing the message had placed the troops in position "subject to the order of his Excellency."

"There, sir! Could you have put it worse than that, sir? And what possessed you to go into the governor's parlor and drink champagne with him?"

"I didn't!" said Mr. X., stoutly and indignantly.

"Why, General —— here *says* you did," persisted the chief.

"Oh—ah—pardon me, general, I merely said I *heard* he had. I knew some of the officers were invited in and went, and I supposed——"

"Damn your suppositions!" thought Mr. X., though discipline kept him silent. He was raging with indignation over the whole business by that time. Despite his utmost caution, the henchmen of the governor had put in his mouth words he had never used, and conveyed to the public an impression most favorable to the struggling executive and damaging to the general. He was cut to the quick, too, was Mr. X., at having been so misrepresented. He well knew how keenly the general felt the false position in which he was placed by these newspaper lies, and therefore as quietly as possible told him just what he had said to the governor, and begged his general's permission to go at once to that functionary and have it out with him.

Just what Mr. X. said this time to the executive of Louisiana he does not so clearly remember. He was wrathful from top to toe and quivering with indignation as he exhibited the paper to the courtly governor and told him what censure and wrong had been heaped upon him as a consequence. But Mr. Warmouth beamed upon him with a face full of indulgent and kindly sympathy.

"Nothing, my dear sir, has distressed me more to-day than to hear that you have got into trouble through the errors of the press, but you surely do not imagine that these misleading statements were with my knowledge and consent?"

Well, possibly they were not, and the general had found out the whole truth by the time Mr. X. got back again, and was all kindness and all regret for his excitement; but Mr. X. had learned a lesson, and

when two or three days afterwards the general charged him in another crisis with another important message to the same official, the aide whipped out pencil and note-book, took down the words *verbatim*, read them over to his chief, who smiled approval, and when at dawn of the January morning Mr. X. was ushered into the presence of the now worn and jaded-looking governor, he very pointedly *read* to him the general's message, and what he thought as he faced about and looked around on the four or five henchmen who were assembled with their leader, was,—omitting some emphatic expletives,—"Now distort *that* if you can!"

But they didn't, though other "trials" speedily followed.

(To be continued.)

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of "The United Service" are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

To the Editor of The United Service:

In connection with the pension question there are facts to be considered which are not on the surface of the case as it presents itself to the ordinary observer. It is not a matter of sentiment alone. It involves an intelligent inquiry into the condition of old soldiers as a class as a result of their war-service. An important paper on this subject has recently been read by an experienced army surgeon before a medical society in the West; and it seems to me that that paper is worthy of the careful attention of all who would aid in doing simple justice to those who have deserved well of their country for what they have done for it.

The writer of this paper was an assistant surgeon in the Seventh Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, of which Major-General Alfred H. Terry and Brevet Major-General Joseph R. Hawley were successively colonels. From that position he was promoted to be surgeon of the Tenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, where I was pleasantly associated with him in active service, and where I learned to honor and value him as a surgeon and as a soldier.

Dr. Porter's paper, to which I call attention, is submitted herewith.

H. Clay Trumbull,
Formerly chaplain Tenth Connecticut Volunteers.

"The Common Nervous Trouble of Old Soldiers.

"Mr. President, Officers, and Members of the Northern Kansas Medical Society:

"Pardon me for asking you why it is that the ex-soldier's hand trembles? Why is his gait unsteady? Why these failures of memory and will-power? Why is he so sensitive to thermal changes, or why, I should have said, this permanent unbalancing of the heat-regulating mechanism of the soldier's body?

"Why is it that he is so often disqualified for making the best possible adjustment, or even an average adjustment, of his surroundings? Why does he so often fall behind his competitors in the struggle for existence? Why this tendency of mendacity, so heartlessly mentioned in a recent issue of a leading daily paper? What is the cause of the aches and pains that he will persist in calling rheumatic? Why that stiffness when attempting to mobilize himself? What has become of his ability to make fine mental and muscular adjustments? Why, in short, did the ex-soldiers age young?

"This is no fiction of the imagination. You can find evidences of these physical defects in this pre-eminently soldier State on every hand,—they are visible to every competent observer, and so very common that they have been almost entirely overlooked.

"Men think, reason, remember, will, and act by reason of their having a nervous system; and it is to state a very simple truth when we say that defect of function always follows a defect of nerve-structure. The converse is also true,

that when the nervous system functions defectively, it is evidence of a defect within itself; and when it functions defectively for long periods of time, the defect is undoubtedly structural.

"The life of our soldiers of the late war was one continuous hardship to the nervous system. It was characterized by continuous discomfort to the body in general and the nervous system in particular.

"When the brain of man functions as courage in the presence of great and imminent danger, it does so at a great sacrifice of energy; and there can be no great sacrifice of energy without injury to the physical substructure that has functioned as energy.

"General Sheridan was honest enough to say that he was 'd—d afraid' in battle; that it was all a question of the power of the mind over the body.

"For every one hour of battle there were hundreds of hours of the brain-tension of expected danger.

"One of the prominent factors in the deterioration of the soldier's nervous system was loss of his regular sleep in a comfortable bed.

"The wear and tear of the soldier's organism was never compensated for (and under the circumstances of war never could have been) by adequate rest and refreshment.

"The nervous system of man is the highest known product of organic evolution in the universe, or to put it in harmony with prevailing belief, it is God's best effort.

"In the hemispherical ganglia of the human brain matter rises to the dignity of thought.

"The structure of the nervous system is delicate and complex beyond all other things,—it cannot be abused with impunity, although long intervals of time may exist betwixt the infliction of the injury and the after-effects that never fail to follow if life is sufficiently prolonged.

"These nervous defects did originate in the service of the United States and in the line of duty, and they are pensionable under the existing laws; but what does the pensioner know about neuropathology? He knows that he tires readily when engaged at manual labor that a sound man performs with ease; that his wind (as he expresses it) gives out, and that somehow he is not well. Being unversed in medical nomenclature, he is at a loss to give a name to his ailments, and consequently cannot in many cases go to work properly and lay the foundation of a well-deserved pension claim.

"My purpose in writing this article is for the ex-soldier's good and his country's honor. It is to call your attention to these disabilities that are so common, as I have stated above, that we are apt to overlook them.

"In presenting this paper I have no other axe to grind; I did not come here to peddle any wares; I did not write this to advertise any fancied superior wisdom; but I am here to point out a way whereby every one of us can conscientiously help some deserving man before the end of this week, if we will but look around us for the opportunity.

"Dr. Stearns, of Lynn, Massachusetts, has suggested the word neurokinesis, to express in brief the common nervous troubles of the ex-soldiers. It would seem that neurokinesis, meaning a shaking up of the nervous system, should be applied to the cause of these troubles, and that neural atrophy would better express the present conditions as we find them in these cases to-day. I am aware that the words neural atrophy involve a pathological hypothesis, but it is an hypothesis resting on grounds that appear to be impregnable. But for that matter, a pension claim can be brought before the Pension Bureau under the broad heading of nervous disability; which words, in these cases, do not involve any guessing whatever.

"I shall state a truism when I tell you that these nervous defects are the outcome of a permanently and (as a rule with but few, very few exceptions) incurably diseased nervous system. There is a physical basis beneath all of these defects of function.

"The subjective face of unnatural and unhealthful nerve-function is always pathological.

"One of the rare and extreme forms of these common nervous troubles is a

tendency to mendacity; but will we ever forget that mendacity is always the outcome of defective cerebral organization, that even bad habits may have a substratum of abnormal cerebral neurine, that the same neurotic abnormities that provoke an appetite for stimulants also hold the will-power in abeyance, blunt all of the higher mental faculties, and that the best part of mind was the latest to be evolved, the least stable, and the first to suffer in any progressive degeneration of the nerve-centres that function as mind?

"Before leaving this subject I desire to call your attention to the date of origin of these nervous defects of the veterans of the late war. They began when the young soldier left a comfortable home and entered an unhygienic environment, and they are the outcome of the sum total of all of the hardships experienced by the soldier while in the service of the United States and in the line of duty during all of the years, months, and days of said service as shown upon the muster-rolls containing their war records, and which now on file in the War Department of the United States.

"Somebody is to blame for the neglect to pension these men for the disabilities hereinabove mentioned; the fault is not with the Pension Bureau,—it cannot issue pensions for nervous disability until a formal demand for it has been made; the fault is not with the soldier, for he is incompetent to know very much about pathological matters. The fault lies with us and others, who are the medical advisers of these men; because certificates of disability upon which to base a pension claim must necessarily, in the majority of cases, come from the family physician. Let each and all of us resolve to make amends for past neglect, and contribute of our knowledge and diagnostic skill to help these men obtain their just dues.

"No country can afford to treat its brave men grudgingly, and no generous man would object to the pensioning of these disabilities.

"The common nervous troubles of old soldiers are the legitimate *sequelæ* of the degradation of nerve structure that had its origin in the neurokinesis of battle, in the tiresome watches of sleepless nights, in exposures to thermal extremes in the ever-varying vicissitudes of climate. They came of malarial saturation; they were born in prison-pens, while the Infinite Mercy slept. Andersonville was fruitful of causation in this direction,—Andersonville, over which God, for some inscrutable reason, spread a pall that was impervious to prayer. They only need to be looked for to be found; and they should be recognized and brought to the attention of the government by us, that justice may be done to these brave men who cannot obtain it of themselves.

"There is a form of progressive nervous disease that has its origin in a painful scar or cicatrix that has been insufficiently noticed by medical writers except in what is known as a painful stump. A painful cicatrix means a neuritis; and it is the law of neuritis to proceed along the affected nerve centripetally until the spinal cord is involved; and sometimes the mischief extends to the brain, and the victim becomes a total wreck.

"Pardon me for inviting your attention to the entanglement of nerve-fibre in cicatricial tissue,—the gynæcologist *has* appreciated this pathological condition at its true value, but it is capable of giving rise to untold miseries in other localities than the cervix uteri.

"A neighbor received a gun-shot flesh-wound of his right arm that was followed by gangrene that finally healed, leaving a rather large but painful cicatrix, which gave rise to a painful arm, and finally epilepsy supervened. His present condition is that of dementia and a general paralysis: his face wears an idiotic leer. In a few more months the degradation of nerve-structure will have reached limits that are incompatible with life.

"And now a word about the unhinging of the heat-regulating mechanism of the soldier's body. It reminds us of the famous leaning tower of Pisa. A lesser force would be required to overturn it than a similar tower that stands erect. It is possible for this defect of the so-called heat-regulating centre of the soldier's nervous system to make all of the difference betwixt a transient nasal catarrh in a previously sound man and a fatal acute lung ailment in the unsound man.

"It should never be forgotten that an

unhinging of the heat-regulating mechanism, caused by exposure in the Chickahominy swamps in 1862, may become the prime cause of a soldier's death from pneumonia in the coming winter of 1888–89.

"The laws which pension the widow and orphan are iron-clad. No commissioner can make the much-needed rules that shall pension all regardless of the cause of the husband's and the father's death; consequently we, as the family physicians of these veterans, should see to it, when a soldier dies of an acute disease, that the part played in the fatal drama by diminished vital resistance that was the consequence of his pensionable ailments shall be scientifically determined, the facts properly written out, and covered by an affidavit duly signed and sealed according to law, ever 'holding evenly balanced the scales of justice between the pensioner and the Pension Bureau, without prejudice or partiality to either.'

"HORACE P. PORTER, M.D.,

"*Late Assistant Surgeon Seventh and Surgeon Tenth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers.*

"ONEIDA, KANSAS, November 6, 1888."

The Colonel's Orderly.

FLYNN was a character, despite the fact that his discharge-papers couldn't vouch for it. He was a shock-headed Portlander, with an affiliation for whisky and the guard-house, emerging thence between sprees with brilliant resolutions for reform and a determination to achieve greatness that lasted till next pay-day, provided he couldn't get trusted meantime. Flynn had but one enemy in the garrison,—himself,—but outside the walls their name was legion. Two roads led to town; both roads were lined with groggeries, and "Red Rory," as the soldiers dubbed him, never succeeded in getting beyond the second corner. After the first drink all roads were as one to Mr. Flynn. All roads led to the guard-house, and, as Lieutenant Waterman villainously paraphrased it,—

"The path of Rory leads but to the gaol."

And yet, when Flynn wanted to, he "took orderly" four times out of five, and nobody accused the adjutant of the faintest partiality, for as orderly for the commanding officer Private Flynn was the bane of the adjutant's existence. The colonel, on the contrary, was prouder of him than old Mr. Wardle of the fat boy of Dingley Dell. It was shrewdly suspected that the men used to turn to and contribute their efforts in dressing and equipping Flynn for the contest at guard-mounting, with the view of making his appearance absolutely beyond criticism; for Rory was a genuine "Handy Andy." His blunders were the glory of the garrison, and it was believed that the old colonel used to manufacture perplexing messages for the express purpose of seeing how Flynn could distort them.

As orderly for the colonel, and when bearer of his messages, Private Flynn comported himself with a solemnity of demeanor and a machine-like precision that would have made him a "jewel of an undertaker." Between the post-surgeon and the colonel there existed a long-tried friendship. They sometimes sat up late together, and, as the result of such protracted sessions, the colonel had an occasional morning headache. The doctor disbelieved in cocktails, but had a specific in the shape of a case of French cordial-bitters, labeled "Stomaquique," and generally alluded to by that questionable title. One balmy spring morning, as the bugles were ringing out the first call for guard-mounting, "full dress," and a bevy of young ladies, with their attendant beaus, had gathered on the parade to see the sights and do a limited amount of flirting before the officers should be summoned to the customary *matinée*, the doctor stopped in their midst, exchanging gay salutations with the party, when the noisy chatter was interrupted by the apparition of Flynn, erect, motionless, standing at right-hand salute.

"What is it, orderly?" asked a subaltern.

"Message from the colonel for the docther, sorr;" and silence fell upon the group, that he might deliver his message as the doctor faced him,—silence that gave place to a shout of irrepressible merriment before the doctor could escape.

"The currn'l's compliments to the

docther, sorr, and wad he plaze sind him a dose of the sthummick-ache?"

"*Matinée*" was unusually lively that day. C. K.

Garibaldi as a Leader.

(*From December Atlantic.*)

It was as a popular soldier that Garibaldi won his fame, and as such he has had no equal. The forces he captained were insignificant in numbers compared with the great armaments of modern times. His tactics were those of the Rio Grande guerrillas; nevertheless his success was astonishing, because he was peculiarly adapted to lead a revolutionary uprising like the Italian. From the minuteness with which he describes the plans of his campaigns and the disposition of his troops in each battle, and from the copiousness of the military precepts which he sprinkles over his memoirs, it is evident that he deemed himself a master of the art of war; but the captains of the future will not turn to him for instruction in tactics or strategy. His strength lay in his personal valor, and in the unbounded confidence and devotion which he inspired in his comrades; and these are qualities without which excellence of discipline, or numbers, or technical skill can win victories. His favorite dream, that the Italian could emancipate themselves without foreign assistance, by rising *en masse* and arming themselves with a million muskets, was impracticable for two reasons, which he ought to have understood: first, the peasantry (as he states many times) were too subservient to the priests to be easily aroused; and, second; a multitude of raw volunteers could not have overthrown the trained armies of Austria. The god of battles decides for justice and patriotism, provided they marshal the best regiments.

When we have stripped from Garibaldi his eccentricities and flaws, transient in their nature, when we look into the heart of the man and contemplate his achievements, we behold a hero of the Homeric brood. We are again in the presence of a man of a few simple but elemental qualities, brave, disinterested, and outspoken, whose habit it was to exhibit his passions without that reserve which belongs to our later, sophisticated age. Like Achilles, he did not disguise his feelings; he wept when he was moved, sulked when he was angry. He was inspired by two ideals, and those two the noblest,—love of liberty and love of his fellow-men; ideals which he might not cherish in secret, but which he must proclaim before a hostile world; ideals for which he endured poverty, exile, fatigues, and the perils of battle. He believed that in every man there dwells a consciousness of right which needs only to be quickened in order to produce righteous acts. His career, which typifies in the large that of thousands of his contemporaries, confounds those materialists who assert that the age of emotions, of high-souled unselfishness, of romance, of true tragedy, has been left behind, and that we have entered the Sahara of egotism and commonplace. In the history of modern Europe, which is the history of the reconstruction of society upon the principles of nationalty, political equality, and commercial equity, feudalism having crumbled into ruins, there is no nobler chapter than that in which the unification of Italy is told. Garibaldi was the popular hero of that episode. The race whose heart beat true in Garibaldi, and whose head thought wisely in Cavour, if its character weakens not, will contribute generously to the civilization of the future.

William R. Thayer.

Surgeon-General Moore, in his annual report, says that the mean strength of the army for the past year, including officers, was 23,841, of which 21,601 were white and 2240 were colored. The total admissions to sick report were 29,727,—white, 26,600, and colored, 3127. Ratio of all admissions per 1000 of mean strength, 1231.42 white and 1395.98 colored. Admissions for disease, 21,438 white and 2450 colored; total, 23,888. Admissions for injuries, 5162 white and 677 colored; total, 5839. Average number constantly noneffective during the year, 907.08 white and 103.20 colored; total, 1010.28. Num-

ber of days lost on account of sickness, 868,754. Number of discharges for disability, 637 white and 77 colored; total, 714. Discharges for disease, 578 white and 70 colored; total, 648. Discharges for injuries, 59 white and 7 colored; total, 66. Deaths from all causes, 188 white and 26 colored; total, 214. Ratio of deaths per 1000 of mean strength, 7.85 white and 10.71 colored; total, 8.12. Deaths from diseases, 130 white and 19 colored; total, 149. Ratio per 1000 of mean strength, 5.43 white and 7.83 colored, total, 5.65. Deaths from injuries, 58 white and 7 colored; total, 65. Ratio, 2.42 white and 2.88 colored; total, 2.47.

The special causes which produced the greatest constant impairment of force during the year were as follows, in order of their respective non-effective ratio: Venereal diseases, 5.11 per 1000 of mean strength; contusions and sprains, 3.77; malarial fevers and resulting conditions, 2.99; articular rheumatism, 2.68; diseases of the integumentary system, 2.25. The death-rate was somewhat lower than that for 1886, when it was 8.82, and considerably lower than the rate for the previous decade, which was 11.4. The death-rate of the army of the United States continues to be higher than that of any of the foreign armies except the British and Italian. The principal causes of deaths were pneumonia and shot-wounds. The surgeon-general says that the large number of disabled officers of the medical department seriously embarrassed its efficiency, and recommends the retirement of those officers who have been by retiring boards incapacitated for active service and their places filled by young and active men. He also recommends an increase in the force of twenty assistant surgeons.

One that Will Bear Telling Again.

A CERTAIN fort in the far West, so the story goes, was in command of a major of artillery who was constantly lamenting that his favorite arm could not be more frequently used against the Indians. Finally, one day, he took one of the small howitzers, which defended the fort, and had it securely strapped to the back of an army mule with the muzzle projecting over the animal's tail. With this novel gun-carriage he proceeded in high feather with the captain and a sergeant to a bluff on the bank of the Missouri, near which was encamped a band of friendly Indians. The gun was duly loaded and primed, the fuse inserted, and the mule backed to the edge of the bluff. The major remarked something about the moral effect the exhibition was likely to produce upon the Indian allies, and stepped gayly forward and applied the match.

The curiosity of the mule was aroused. He jerked his head around to see what was fizzing away there on his neck, and the next second his feet were all bunched together and making forty revolutions a minute, while the gun was threatening everything under the canopy within a radius of ten miles with instant destruction. The captain shinned up the only available tree. The sergeant threw himself flat on the ground and tried to dig a hole with his bayonet to crawl into, while the fat major rolled over and over in agony, alternately invoking the protection of Providence and cursing the mule. Finally the explosion came, the ball going through the roof of the fort. The recoil of the gun and the wild leap of the terrified mule carried both over the bluff to a safe anchorage at the bottom of the river. The discomfited party returned sadly to the fort.

Shortly after the chief of the Indians appeared and announced briefly, "Injun go home."

Questioned as to why, he thus explained: "Injun ver' brave; help white man. Injun use gun, use bow arrow, use knife; but when white man fire off whole jackass Injun no understand, no think right. Injun no help um fight that way."

A Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE UNITED SERVICE."

MY DEAR SIR,—Since writing the article entitled "The Union League during the War," which was published in your first (January) number, I have discovered that I was led into an unintentional error, which I desire to correct, in view of an injustice thereby done to

an officer who performed efficient and meritorious service, not only in the field, but also in the organization of his command.

As many years have elapsed since the important services of the Union League through its Enlistment Committee were performed, as stated in my address, and as many important actors in the scenes have passed away, it has been difficult to avoid some inaccuracies in the compilation of my paper, which was prepared as an address before the United Service Club, and read February 22, 1888.

My authority for such of the facts and statistics, outside of my own recollection, therein contained, was "A History of the Union League of Philadelphia," by George Parsons Lathrop, published (by J. B. Lippincott & Co. in 1884) by authority of the Board of Directors, of which at that time I was an officer. Mr. Lathrop had access to such papers as were in possession of the League, and was assisted by some of the older members in the compilation of his history of the organization in such a way as to gather together all the material that was available.

I have since learned from what I consider undoubted authority, that while these statements in the main are accurate, Mr. Lathrop has inadvertently been misinformed as to the battalion raised and commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel T. Elwood Zell, not only as to the term of service for which it was enlisted, but also as to the inference drawn (not unnaturally) as to the money expended in recruiting it, and the source from which it emanated. I have been informed that the total amount of money (with some very trifling exceptions) was furnished by Colonel Zell for the expenses incident to recruiting and raising the battalion which he commanded, under the auspices of the Union League, and that it was recruited not for three months, but for six months.

I am quite sure that Mr. Lathrop would cheerfully make this correction, if he were informed of these facts, which have reached me since the publication of his history, and I am only too happy, myself, to correct the inaccuracy which I accidentally and innocently fell into, as injustice was certainly done Colonel Zell in the article as published in your magazine.

Sincerely yours, etc.,
EDWIN N. BENSON.

Whist Rules in Rhyme.

THE MODERN GAME AS LAID DOWN BY MR. POLE.

If you the modern game of whist would know,
From this great principle its precepts flow,—
Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined,
And play not one alone but both combined.

Your *first* lead makes your partner understand
What is the chief component of your hand;
And hence there is necessity the strongest
That your first lead be from your suit that's longest.

In this, with ace and king, lead king, then ace;
With king and queen, king also has first place;
With ace, queen, knave, lead ace and then the queen;
With ace, four small ones, ace should first be seen;
With queen, knave, ten, you let the queen precede;
In other cases you the lowest lead.

Ere you return your friend's your own suit play;
But trumps you must return without delay.

When you return your partner's lead take pains
To lead him back the best your hand contains,
If you received not more than three at first;
If you had more you may return the worst.
But if you hold the master card you're bound
In most cases to play it second round.

Whene'er you want a lead 'tis seldom wrong
To lead up to the weak or through the strong.

If second hand your lowest should be played,
Unless you mean "trump signal" to be made;
Or if you've king and queen, or ace or king,
Then one of these will be the proper thing.

Mind well the rules for trumps,—you'll often need them;
When you hold five 'tis always right to lead them;
Or if the lead won't come in time to you,
Then signal to your partner so to do.

Watch also for your partner's trump request,
To which, with less than four, play out your best.

To lead through honors turned up is bad play,
Unless you want the trump-suit cleared away.

When, second hand, a doubtful trick you see,
Don't trump it if you hold more trumps than three;
But, having three or less, trump fearlessly.

When weak in trumps yourself don't force your friend,
But always force the adverse strong trump hand.

For sequences stern custom has decreed
The lowest you must play, if you don't lead.

When you discard weak suits you ought to choose,
For strong ones are too valuable to lose.

—*N. Y. Herald.*

Bits of Wisdom.

LOBSTEIN: Charity is not an action; it is life.

Luther: To do so no more is the truest repentance.

Magoon: Truth is like a torch: when shaken it shines.

Landor: There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

Bartol: Character is a diamond that scratches every other stone.

Bonnard: Silence is the wit of fools and one of the virtues of the wise.

Thomas à Kempis: All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

Diderot: Few persons live to-day, but are preparing to do so to-morrow.

Epictetus: What we ought not to do we should not think of doing.

Lessing: A single grateful thought towards heaven is the most effective prayer.

George Macdonald: Some people only understand enough of a truth to reject it.

Countess de Gasparin: The saddest thing under the sky is a soul incapable of sadness.

Schiller: A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.

Felthan: Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy and can make them wretched.

Froude: You cannot dream yourself into character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Matthew Henry: No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-denial.

THE following extract from a presidential address on health by Sir Lyon Playfair forcibly puts the improvement in military hygiene:

"Since the Crimean war, the military authorities, aided by the excellent hygienists among the medical officers of the army, have placed the health of the army in a much more satisfactory condition, and the result is that the mortality of the army is now less than half of what it was before the war. But it is not in our army alone that such results have been produced. Formerly the deaths from sickness in campaigns were four times more numerous than those from wounds. Every campaign now lessens the proportion, because the sanitary condition of the soldier's life, both in peace and war, is much better attended to. In the Franco-German war the German troops lost less than a third of their dead

by disease, while formerly the loss had been four times that from wounds. The following figures give the deaths from disease for every hundred men lost in the campaign: French, in the Crimean war, 79; United States troops, in American war, 80; Germans, in the last French war, 29. The small loss from disease compared with that from wounds in the French army promises much for military hygiene in future campaigns. In the Crimean war, after the sad experience among our own troops, owing to defective sanitary organization, we sent out a sanitary commission and improved the hygienic condition of our troops, while France failed to do so. And the final result, according to Chenu, is that while we lost 12 per one thousand of our men, France lost 155 of hers. Formerly the rate of mortality in the chief towns of British India, such as Calcutta and Bombay, was appalling; now by hygienic improvements, and in spite of the tropical climate, it scarcely exceeds that of Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow."

I ONCE sailed with a captain in the navy who was not much of a scholar and no hand at letter-writing. The Department sent him, before sailing on a three years' cruise, instructions several pages long, a real state paper, with particular instructions to do this, that, and the other thing, and also to avoid doing certain things. Well, the captain made a most successful cruise, and returned home with his ship in fine order and discipline.

A friend called upon him as soon as he anchored, and found him in a most depressed and melancholy condition. Anxiously asking what was the matter, he was informed that "there was that d—d letter to write to the Department," with a report of his cruise.

The captain labored over it for a day or two, but finally gave it up as hopeless; and then he took the paper which contained his original instructions and wrote on the margin, opposite each item, "Done it!" "Done it!" "Didn't do it!" "Couldn't do it!" And then he signed the instructions, and sent them in, and the report was considered entirely satisfactory. E. S.

I —— W—— was a lieutenant in the navy in the days when the drum "rolled to grog."

W——, although otherwise an excellent officer and capital sailor, was often in trouble on account of his devotion to the bottle, and was for a long time unemployed.

At last, having professed a resolution to reform, his friends, who were influential at Washington, obtained for him the command of a smart little vessel, but upon one condition, and that was that he should take no spirituous liquors to sea with him.

Old I—— promised; and kept his promise, like an officer and a gentleman, but, "after fooling with port and sherry, and other trifling drinks," and having been at sea for some weeks, he felt the desire for a good, solid drink of old whisky come strongly upon him.

One day, at noon, as he was walking the quarter-deck, the drum rolled, and he walked forward to the tub where the grog was being served, and said, "What's this complaint I hear about the whisky? Give me a tot."

The copious tin measure was at once filled and handed to the commanding officer, who threw his head back, swigged it off, shut one eye, and then said, "Give me another! I drink it so seldom that I may be mistaken. No! very good whisky! no cause for complaint!" And off he walked, with a good half-pint under his belt. And the best of the joke was that there had been no complaint of the whisky. E. S.

AMONG the passengers in a "bobtail car" were three Louisiana Frenchmen and a Virginian.

The "late unpleasantness" was under discussion, and the Creoles, with that idol-worshiping of local greatness peculiar to the South, were speaking of Beauregard as if he had been the great central figure of the war. It was Bo'rgar this and Bo'rgar that, until the Virginian's breath was taken away.

"What about Robert E. Lee?" he finally gasped. "Wasn't he round thar summers about that time?"

"Li?" said the little Creole, inquir-

ingly. "Never 'eard of 'im. Alphonse, you ever 'ear of Li?"

"Nevare," from Alphonse.

The Virginian turned in despair to the third Creole.

"And you, sir?"

"Oh, yas; *I* 'ear of Li. I speak of 'im to Bo'rgar. Bo'rgar tink very 'ighly of 'im."

SOME sailors were on the forecastle of one of our men-of-war one day discussing the knotty point as to who was the first navigator. After it had been decided by universal consent that Noah was the first, an Irish foretopman insisted that Moses was the second, "more by token that he sailed down the Nile in thim ould ancient times, and was sthranded forninst the princess as he was takin' the air."

He fortified his position by the following quotation:

"Great Phayroe's daughter on the banks of Nile
Wint wan day to bathe in stile,
And running along the bank to dry her shkin,
She hot her fut agin the bashket Moses lay in.
The princess turned round to her maids, and shmiled,
Saying, 'Girls, which av yees owns this darlin' child?'"

OLD Captain McC——, of the navy, a gallant veteran of the War of 1812, was well known as a boon companion in the days when temperance was not much in vogue.

He was once summoned as a witness to character in the case of an officer, the court-martial being composed of eleven commodores and captains.

The judge-advocate, in the course of his examination, asked McC—— whether "he had ever seen the accused drunk?"

"Well," said the captain, "yes,—gentlemanly drunk, as I have seen *all* of this honorable court."

It is needless to say that, after this reply, McC——'s examination was a very short one. E. S.

"THE OTHER SIDE OF WAR," published by Ticknor & Co., Boston, is the title of a collection of letters written by Katherine Prescott Wormeley during her time of service as nurse on board the "Daniel Webster," a hospital boat sent from Washington by the Sanitary Commission for the relief of the sick and wounded during the late war.

These letters having been written in haste and printed, the author tells us, without revisal, leave necessarily a great deal to be desired in point of style and construction, but as a simple recital of the trials and sufferings of that noble band of men and women who followed our soldiers into the very heart of danger, and a fair picture of the great work carried on successfully by them of caring for the wounded and dying, the book will find its place in many a sympathizing heart.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

COMMANDERY-IN-CHIEF.

CIRCULAR No. 15. Series of 1888. Whole No. 40. } PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20, 1888.

I. The Commandery of the State of Indiana was organized at Indianapolis December 19, 1888, by Brevet Major-General **Rutherford B. Hayes**, U.S.V., Commander-in-Chief.

II. Official communications should be addressed to Major-General **Lew Wallace**, U.S.V., Commander, Crawfordsville, Indiana, or to First Lieutenant **B. B. Peck**, Recorder, Indianapolis, Indiana.

III. In accordance with the constitution, the Commander-in-Chief directs that Commanderies of the Order tender greetings to the Commandery of Indiana.

By command of

Bvt. Maj.-Gen. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, U.S.V., *Commander-in-Chief.*

JOHN P. NICHOLSON, Bvt. Lt.-Col., U.S.V., *Recorder-in-Chief.*

The following-named gentlemen have been elected Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion:

Commandery of the State of Maine.

Stated meeting held December 6, 1888.

TO THE FIRST CLASS. — **Cornelius Charles Cusick**, Capt. U.S.A.; **Howard Corning** (by inheritance).

TO THE SECOND CLASS. — **George Hartwell Brickett, John Sedgewick Hyde.**

Commandery of the State of Massachusetts.

Stated meeting held December 6, 1888.

TO THE FIRST CLASS. — **Charles Farnsworth** (by inheritance), **Ward Brooks Frothingham**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **James Levin Hall**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Frank Edward Orcutt**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **James Pope**, Capt. U.S.V.

Commandery of the State of California.

Stated meeting held December 22, 1888.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—**Edward Donnelly**, Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; **Henry Ezra Nichols**, Lt.-Commander U.S.N.; **Daniel Webster Field**, 1st Lt. U.S V.; **Cassius Marcellus Bush**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **John Christopher Byram**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **Charles Henry Miles** (by inheritance).

TO THE SECOND CLASS.—**Harry Clifford Stuart.**

Commandery of the State of Wisconsin.

Stated meeting held December 5, 1888.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—**Richard Leonidas Gove**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **James Baxter McCoy**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

Commandery of the State of Illinois.

Stated meeting held December 13, 1888.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—**Frederick Lewis Fake**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Jacob Corwin Hansel**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **John Levering**, Maj. U.S.V.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Stated meeting held January 2, 1888.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—Bvt. Brig.-Gen. **James Monroe Deems**, U.S.V.; **Adolph August Hoehling**, Med. Insp. U S.N.; **Robert Boyd**, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; **James Henry Bradford**, Chaplain U.S.V.; **Augustus Russell Street Foote**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Adolph Erdman**,

Bvt. Maj. U.S.V.; **Charles Adolph Krause**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Thomas Wilson**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Alfred Hamilton**, Capt. U.S.V.

Ohio Commandery.

Stated meeting held December 5, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**Isaac Newton Gilruth**, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; **Frank H. Mason**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Thomas H. Osborn**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Patrick Henry Dowling**, Capt. U.S.V.; **John Wesley Frazer**, Bvt. Col. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS. — **William Thane Partridge** and **George Henry Wood**.

Minnesota Commandery.

Stated meeting held December 5, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — **George Washington Hardacre**, Capt. U.S.V.; **David Franklin Vail**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **Egbert Eighmy Hughson**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS. — **Seymour Van Cleve**.

Maine Commandery.

Stated meeting held January 9, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — **Llewellyn Dean Woodward**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

Missouri Commandery.

Stated meeting held December 1, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**Theodore August Meysenberg**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **Carman Adams Newcomb**, Col. U.S.V.; **Seymour Dwight Thompson**, Capt. U.S.V.; **John Nicholson Coudrey**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Martin Hoadley Smith**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Robert Adams, Jr.**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Julius Pitzman**, Capt. U.S.V.

Nebraska Commandery.

Stated meeting held December 5, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**William D. Wildman**, Capt. U.S.V.; **David A. Dorsey**, Lt. U.S.V.; **Charles Leland Hall** (by inheritance).

Kansas Commandery.

Stated meeting held December 5, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**Uri Balcom Pearsall**, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; **Martin Van Buren Barney**, Capt. U.S.V.

To THE THIRD CLASS.—**Charles Robinson**.

Iowa Commandery.

Stated meeting held November 22, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**Charles W. Fracker**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Josiah Given**, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; **Conduce H. Gatch**, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; **William A. Dinwiddie**, 1st Lt. U.S.A.; **Joseph W. Muffly**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

To THE THIRD CLASS.—Hon. **James Harlan**.

Stated meeting held December 4, 1888.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — **Francis Wheeler Tupper**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

TRANSFERS.

Massachusetts Commandery.

Capt. **Arthur Morris**, U.S.A., to New York Commandery.

California Commandery.

Maj. **Frederick Mears**, U.S.A., Capt. **Morris Cooper Foote**, U.S.A., and **Eugene Porter Stone**, of the Second Class, to New York Commandery; Bvt. Brig.-Gen. **Michael Ryan Morgan**, U.S.A., to Illinois Commandery; Col. **John Edmund Yard**, U.S.A., to Kansas Commandery.

Wisconsin Commandery.

Companions **Julian Wisner Hinckley** and **De Laskie Danforth**, Second Class, to Minnesota Commandery.

Ohio Commandery.

Capt. **James R. Carnahan**, U.S.V., Maj. **Clifton Comly**, U.S.A., Maj. **William Cumbach**, U.S.V., Capt. **Dudley H. Chase**, U.S.V., Bvt. Brig.-Gen. **R. S. Foster**, U.S.V., Capt. **Joseph R. Jackson**, U.S.V., Bvt. Brig.-Gen. **Fred. Knefler**, U.S.V., 1st Lt. **G. W. H. Kemper**, U.S.V., 1st Lt. **Thomas H. Kirby**, U.S.V., Capt. **David Lostutter**, U.S.V., Brig.-Gen. **George F. McGinnis**, U.S.V., 1st Lt. **James S. Ostrander**, U.S.V., Col. **Oran Perry**, U.S.V., 2d Lt. **Stanton J. Peele**, U.S.V., 1st Lt. **B. B. Peck**, U.S.V., Bvt. Capt. **R. S. Robertson**, U.S.V., Maj. **Charles L. Wilson**, U.S.V.. Maj.-Gen. **Lew Wallace**, U.S.V., Maj. **Jacob A. West**, U.S.V., and Capt. **Charles G. Penney**, U.S.A., to the Illinois Commandery from October 30, 1888.

Michigan Commandery.

Bvt. Maj. John Tyler, U.S.A., to District of Columbia Commandery.

NECROLOGY.

California Commandery.

Maj. Edward James Spaulding, U.S.A., December 10, 1888.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Maj. Henry Joseph Farnsworth, U.S.A., November 14, 1888; Capt. Ira Nichols Burritt, U.S.V., November 21, 1888.

Michigan Commandery.

1st Lt. Henry Starkey, October 28, 1888.

Missouri Commandery.

James Craig, Brig.-Gen. U.S.V., October 21, 1888.

LOYAL LEGION NOTES.

(*From the Indianapolis Journal.*)

Organization of the Indiana Commandery.

THE Indiana Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States is the title of the latest branch of the now famous organization, which, formed by three gentlemen of Philadelphia, at the close of the Civil War, now has Commanderies in eighteen States and Territories, and a membership of over six thousand. Of these three gentlemen, but one, Peter D. Keyser, is now living. The first Commandery was formed in Pennsylvania, and others followed in New York and Massachusetts; but the principal growth of the Order has been since 1878, when Colonel John P. Nicholson was made Recorder of the Pennsylvania Commandery, at that time the Commandery-in-Chief, and it is not saying too much to affirm that much of its increase and prosperity is due to his efforts. From the beginning the Order had the favor of the greatest soldiers of the Union army. Framed after the model of the Order of the Cincinnati, with a provision for perpetuating its existence by the admission of the eldest sons of original members, they saw in it an opportunity not only of perpetuating the principles for which they fought, but a means of preserving their own records in the keeping of their descendants. General Grant belonged to it, and was the Grand Commander of the New York Commandery when he died. Hancock was its first Commander-in-Chief, and was followed by General Phil Sheridan, who was succeeded by General Hayes, its present head. General Logan was a member of the Illinois Commandery, and nearly every prominent officer of the Union army who has passed away was enrolled among its membership.

With the organization of the Ohio Commandery, in 1882, the principal growth of the Order in the West began. That Commandery is not only among the strongest numerically, but it was made up in the beginning of earnest workers, and its influence was soon felt among neighboring Western States. It included such men as General Benjamin Harrison, R. B. Hayes, J. D. Cox, Thomas Wood, J. B. Foraker, E. F. Noyes, and others. And to its work the new Indiana Commandery largely owes its origin, most of its charter members being former members of the Ohio body.

The organization of the Indiana Commandery, while it was intended to be made a fitting and appropriate celebration of the birth of the new section, gradually assumed proportions which were not anticipated by its projectors. The companions of the other States took a special interest in giving the Hoosiers a good send off, and all day yesterday the incoming trains brought delegations from many of the larger cities of the West and Northwest, besides the visitors from various points in this State.

The visitors were entertained throughout the forenoon by resident companions, and at noon those whose names were listed to be balloted for at the business meeting were introduced at a general meeting held in the Assembly Hall. In the afternoon receptions were given by General Harrison, Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Allen, and Major Clifton Comly, which were largely attended. At 6 P.M. the business meeting of the Order was held

at the assembly room, Commander-in-Chief Hayes presiding, and Captain A. H. Mattox, of Cincinnati, officiating as Recorder, in place of Colonel Nicholson, the Recorder-in-Chief. After roll-call the charter was delivered by Captain Mattox, Major E. C. Dawes and other Commanders assisting in the ceremony, and the insignia were delivered to the officers-elect after they had been sworn in by the Commander-in-Chief, as follows:

Commander. — Major-General **Lew Wallace**, Crawfordsville.

Senior Vice-Commander.—General **R. S. Foster**, Indianapolis.

Junior Vice-Commander.—Captain **R. S. Robertson**, Fort Wayne.

Recorder.—Lieutenant **B. B. Peck**, Indianapolis.

Registrar.—Lieutenant **G. W. H. Kemper**, Muncie.

Chancellor.—Major **C. S. Wilson**, Indianapolis.

Treasurer.—Lieutenant **S. J. Peelle**, Indianapolis.

Chaplain. — Major **Will Cumback**, Greensburg.

Council of Administration.—Colonel **Eli Lilly**, Indianapolis; Major **V. R. West**, Richmond; Colonel **Oran Perry**, Indianapolis; Major **Sig. Wales**, Terre Haute; and Major **W. H. Calkins**, Indianapolis.

General Lew Wallace, as Commander, and Lieutenant B. B. Peck, as Recorder, then took charge of the Commandery, and after the election of the new members, the list of whom was published yesterday, and some routine business, the Commandery adjourned for the banquet tendered to visiting companions.

AROUND THE BANQUET-TABLE.

At 8.30 P.M. the banquet was spread at the Bates House, and the companions without reference to their several Commanderies filed through the halls of the hotel to the dining-hall. There was some little delay in opening the doors of the room, and the crowd amused itself by singing patriotic songs, the singing-school of the Missouri Commandery leading in the music. At 8.45 the doors were thrown open and seats were assigned to the guests, preference being given to the crippled and partially disabled members of the Order. Four hundred and eight sat down at the banquet-tables, many of the members living in this city not being included, although it was expected they, too, would be provided for. The first preparation was made for two hundred and fifty, but the number so increased that not only was the large dining-room closely seated, but the ordinary was also full. Three long tables were placed, and these were handsomely set with linen, silver, crystal, and china. At intervals from one end to the other were alternating bouquets and baskets of flowers. The bouquets were upright in silver cylindrical vases, and the baskets were in quaint shapes. The centres were filled with a fern plant and surrounded with all the wealth of bloom that the conservatories afforded in roses, hyacinths, carnations, frigia, tulips, daisies, and violets. The centre-table bore a beautiful design, the emblem of the Legion, made of white hyacinths, carnations, and ferns, and this was sent, after the banquet, to a very prominent member, General R. S. Foster, of this city, who was unable to be present on account of illness. The corners of the rooms were banked with tall palms, and the main hall in front of the dining-room door was decorated with the same plants, forming a screen for the musicians. Back of the musicians were flags tastefully draped, matching in their triple colors the ribbons, from which are suspended the Legion medals worn by every member.

At ten o'clock General Wallace called the guests to order, and Chaplain W. L. Robinson, of the Missouri Commandery, asked the blessing of Divine Providence upon the feast and those who were to partake of it. He also asked that the same favor might be extended to the social intercourse of the companions that had been shown them upon the field of battle. The singing-school of the Missouri Commandery then sang a medley which ranged from "My Country, 'tis of Thee" to the bugle song "I Can't Get 'Em Up." Companion Ripley, of the same Commandery, also furnished an admirable solo, which was heartily applauded. The address of welcome of Commander Lew Wallace, of the In-

diana Commandery, which followed, was received with marked enthusiasm, the cheering of the guests at several portions of it compelling the speaker to suspend his remarks at times, and laughter being frequent throughout.

There were further selections by the singing-school at the close of General Wallace's address, and when they were finished, General R. B. Hayes was presented as the Commander-in-Chief of the Order. There was a unanimous request that he should speak from a position where he could be readily seen and heard, and, after some importunity, he stood upon the table at the head of the room and said:

"COMPANIONS:—The Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States is writing the history and biography of the war for the Union on a scale that will soon fill many volumes. Its own story can easily be told within the limits of a few pages.

"In the very hour of the rapture and ecstasy of our full and final triumph in the great conflict, the cruel tidings came that seemed to blast it all forever. What was victory without Lincoln? Where was hope with Lincoln murdered? In the midst of the sadness and almost despair that settled down upon all minds and hearts, and in that deep gloom,—in that darkness that could indeed be felt,—a little band of patriots of the war in the loyal city of Philadelphia recalled the example of the Revolutionary fathers, and imitated the action of Washington and his officers of the Continental army, when they were about to bid each other farewell at the end of the long, hard contest of the war for independence.

"The founders of our Order on that April day, in 1865, as they took counsel together in that city where independence was born, were happily enlightened by the record which the veterans of 1783 had left for their instruction and imitation. It was as if General Washington, and General Knox, and Baron Steuben, and their immortal associates had been called to take part in the deliberations of the men whose privilege it had been to stand by their country's cause in the divine war in which Lincoln had been their leader. The path traced by the footprints of the Revolutionary fathers was followed with unfaltering steps. The ancient and precious record relates that 'the Revolution having been accomplished, the Society of the Cincinnati was instituted as a monument of the memorable occasion. Its purpose was to cherish and perpetuate the mutual feelings of patriotism, benevolence, and brotherly friendship created by a common experience of the hardships encountered in achieving the freedom of their country, and establishing its rank among the nations of the earth. The movement, though chiefly commemorative, was not unmixed with motives of prudence and policy; was in unison with the spontaneous feeling of the army at the moment of its dissolution, and was conducted and controlled by men of tried virtue and wisdom. The guarantee of its character was that it received the sanction and was under the guidance of Washington. . . . Several of the distinguished officers of the war were men of cultivated minds, to whom the ancient classic history and literature were favorite reading, and they now adopted for their association the name and example of the Roman citizen soldier, who laid down in peace arms only assumed for public defense. It was Washington personified under the image of the Roman Cincinnatus!'

"Wishing to impart to their beloved society an element of durability which otherwise could not belong to it, they provided that its regular membership should be inheritable and directly transferable, upon principles analogous to those of legal descent, and limited to the eldest male posterity. Hamilton and other prominent and earnest advocates of the institution objected to this provision, because it seemed to refer to mere birth what properly belonged to merit, and because it was inconsistent with the genius of the society and with true republican principles. There were for a time also hostility, angry discussion, and even unfriendly legislation, in several of the States. But gradually it became clear that no rights were conferred nor sought by the society in derogation of the rights of other citizens,—that the distinction was social and individual, and practically in no way distin-

guishable from that natural regard for posterity which, in the language of Mr. Webster, 'elevates the character and improves the heart.' The Revolutionary sires who had fought through the seven long and anxious years of the war, about to return in poverty to their homes, were sadly conscious of the great disadvantages in which they were to pass their declining years. Their neighbors who had not shared the dangers, hardships, and sacrifices of the war, but who had saved and perhaps increased their estates, were able to leave to their children a competency for their support, and for their social consideration. Not so with the scarred veterans of the Army of Washington. The only inheritance they could leave to their children was the good name which accrues to him who risks all and devotes all to serve faithfully his country. Considerations like this gradually acquired their due weight in the judgment of the patriotic public, and long before the last Revolutionary veteran went to his reward the Society of the Cincinnati was regarded as an institution which worthily and honorably represented and preserved the heroic deeds of our country's golden age.

"The Society of the Cincinnati, as described in this brief summary quoted from authentic history, was the unquestioned prototype of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. No member or friend of the society would wish to change any of the leading facts connected with its origin and early history. The place, the time, the model chosen, and the sentiment which sought and found expression in its organization are all fitting and noble. What will be its future? What will be its influence on its members and our countrymen, and especially upon the young who are growing up to take our places? It is not and it will not be a political organization. We understand very well that free government is, of necessity, a government by means of political parties. We also understand perfectly that men who have stood by their convictions on the perilous edge of battle are not likely to be neutrals in the political conflicts of their day. But our organization stands on a sentiment that can easily bear the severest possible strain due to sectarian or partisan feelings. The Loyal Legion is essentially the organic expression of our comradeship in a sacred war. Our honored companion who is so largely at this time and in this place in all our thoughts, in his terse and emphatic way gave the whole pith of the question. Said General Harrison, 'Politics cannot break the bond of comradeship.' In this the general made no mistake. You, my companion, do not think as I do on the political issues of the hour. You are confident that I am wrong. But I match your confidence. I know I am right and that you are wrong. This difference between us does not even dim the brightness of the links that unite us. They were welded when we stood together as comrades on holy ground, fighting for eternal right. Where is holy ground? If anywhere it is where man freely dies for his fellow-man. That sublime privilege was the crown of Lincoln's fame. And we of the Loyal Legion and our comrades of the Grand Army can reverently thank God that we were permitted to stand by Lincoln in the deadly crisis of our nation's history.

"I repeat the question, What shall be the teaching which the Loyal Legion will give to the companions of the Order, to their countrymen, and to posterity? Ideas rule the world. It goes without saying that the ideas we fought for are the principles of the Loyal Legion. Those ideas, without regard to the sect or party of our choice, we hold to. All legitimate results and fair deductions from these principles we will also ever cherish.

"The Union of the fathers was imperiled by secession. Our faith is that the American republic, in the language of the Supreme Court, is 'an indestructible Union of indestructible States.'

"The general government was threatened by the doctrine that the allegiance of the citizen was due only to his State. Our faith is that the citizen's allegiance is to the United States, and that the United States is in authority, and duty in the fullest possible sense, a nation.

"The contention of our adversaries was that slavery was national, perpetual, and of Divine origin. Our faith is that no statute and no Constitution can make valid 'the false and fatal phantasy that man can hold property in man.'

"By reason of their peculiar institution in the slave-holding States education was within the reach of only the few who were rich. But for the white man who was poor it was not provided, and for the colored man it was not simply denied, but by solemn enactments was made a crime. The faith of the Loyal Legion is that universal suffrage is essential to liberty, and that there can be no fitting exercise and no full enjoyment of the right of suffrage without universal education.

"The corner-stone of the slave-holding system was the impious dogma that 'might makes right.' But the trail of this serpent is over all human society and is found where the foot-print of a slave was never seen. The weaker nations around us with which we deal; the Indians, the children of misfortune, of poverty, of evil habits and of crime, who are at all our doors,—the faith that we learned in the school of war with respect to them all is that they are the offspring of our common Father, and that social distinction, wealth, learning, and other advantages outside of character were of little avail in that bloody trial, and that everything there deferred to manhood. Therefore we would inculcate sympathy with manhood and respect for manhood wherever it is found.

"Above all, our faith is in America. We believe in the study of America, of its history, of its geography, and of the lives of its men and of its women. We believe in American principles, in American music, and songs and tune. We have no quarrel with Europe, or with any foreign people. But we prefer that their notions, their follies, their vices, and their perils should remain on the other side of the Atlantic. We have enough vices, follies, and perils of our own. We import from Europe altogether too many.

"We believe in the American home, and in the character and the virtue which make American homes happy. We have faith in all our hearts and in all our minds in American women. They lend to every cherished scene of life its chief grace and ornament and charm. We owe to them the best refuge and blessing the earth affords. To them we owe the art of home-making. Their tact and wisdom as teachers and their virtues make the happiness of the American home. When the great trial came and calamity was to be met and sacrifices made, Mr. Lincoln could say, lacking, as he said he was, in skill in paying compliments to women, 'If all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war.'

"'God bless the women of America!'

"Finally, one of the mistakes of the Rebellion was unduly to exalt what they called 'sovereign States.' They thought each State should have its own flag for its people to gaze upon, and to admire and love. They would have had thirty-four flags in 1861—thirty-eight now—and at no distant day a hundred. Each would represent a separate government, a separate army, and a separate navy, and all of them would wave helplessly and miserably over 'States discordant, dissevered, belligerent!' The faith of the Loyal Legion is the reverse of all this. We believe that the whole of the American Republic—every State and every acre in every State—belongs to one flag, 'the old flag,'—the stars and stripes,—the flag of Washington and of Lincoln,—the flag of the United States.

"Their rabble of flags would have represented never-ending petty wars between the inhabitants of petty States. Our one flag represents a people great, prosperous, and happy, whose heritage will be as long as they are guided by wisdom and justice, the enjoyment of unbroken harmony, and perpetual peace throughout a continental republic.

"These, companions and friends, are some of the lessons which the Society of the Loyal Legion would teach to our children and our children's children to the end of the chapter."

At every pause in General Hayes's address he was heartily applauded, and at the conclusion of his remarks the guests

rose to their feet and gave him three hearty cheers.

After further musical contributions by the singing-school, the companions dispersed with many expressions of satisfaction over their meeting, and many good wishes for the success of the new commandery.

Among the Companions.

GENERAL HARRISON attended the business meeting of the Indiana Commandery yesterday afternoon, but on account of other engagements that had been previously made was not at the banquet.

Commander-in-Chief Hayes has three sons who are members of the Loyal Legion. The eldest son came in as a member of the second class by virtue of the primogeniture clause in the Constitution of the Order, and the other boys came in as the lineal representatives of relatives of their mother, who left no other descendants to occupy their places.

The California Commandery sent the following message: "California sends Christmas greeting and warmest congratulations to the Commandery of Indiana, instituted at the happiest season of the year. May she have a happy and prosperous career. We deeply regret our inability to be present, but shall be with you in spirit."

Letters of regret were received from General Sherman, General Belknap, and others, expressing their regret over their inability to attend, and containing cordial good wishes for the success of the new organization.

The thanks of the visiting and local companions were freely expressed to the local committees, whose unremitting care and attention made the occasion one that was heartily enjoyed by all participants.

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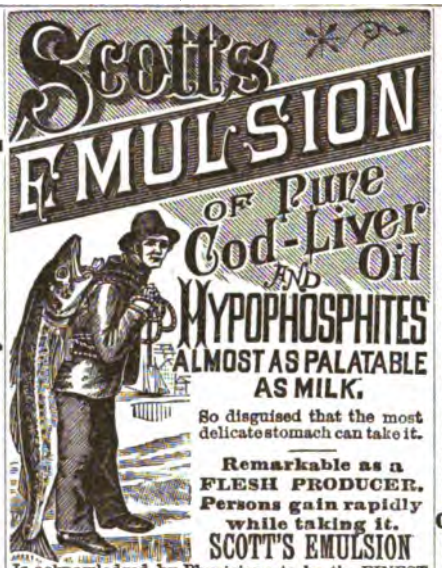

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MARCH 1889.

THE STORY OF A FLAG.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE BATTLE OF "TIPPECANOE" AND "HULL'S SURRENDER" OF DETROIT.

PART I.

AMONG the various objects of interest contained in that memorable old building, the Tower of London, is to be seen a beautifully-embroidered but battle-scarred flag, upon whose folds the words "Fourth Regiment U. S. Infantry" are worked. Desiring to trace the history of that flag, I spent many a weary hour searching among dusty official records, until I gleaned from them the following authentic account of the battle of Tippecanoe and the details of the surrender of General Hull at Detroit, which form an important chapter in the history of our country, and which I do not believe can be gleaned from the archives of the War or State Departments.

Under the act of Congress approved April 12, 1808, the Fourth United States Infantry was reorganized, and the companies recruited in the New England States. The noble old city of Boston evidently fathered the regiment, for in the year 1809 a number of the prominent ladies of that city made, embroidered, and presented to the regiment the flag which now occupies a place among the trophies of Great Britain. It is but just to the heirs of those ladies, and but just to the regiment so highly favored, that the history of that flag should be known; and it will be seen, by a perusal of these pages, that the flag was basely surrendered by a superior officer while its brilliant folds were floating above a regiment that had but just returned from a battle-field flushed with victory. Tears ran down the cheeks of old heroes when they

saw their beautiful banner transferred from their hands, and oaths and imprecations issued from the mouths of those who were never known to have uttered an oath before.

Early in the spring of 1811 the regiment was transferred from its New England station, and ordered to rendezvous on the banks of the Schuylkill, five miles below the city of Philadelphia, at what was known as "The Lazaretto." It remained in this camp until orders were received to proceed westward, and on the 3d of June, 1811, the line of march was taken up for Pittsburg. Crowds of spectators from the city came to witness the departure. The day was extremely warm, and the men were almost suffocated with the heat and dust. Notwithstanding this the regiment was accompanied by a host of citizens to its first camping-place, about five miles west of the city.

It would be useless to give any particular details of the march through the entire State of Pennsylvania, from east to west, as no event transpired except that which falls to the lot of all soldiers on long marches. The country being extremely rough and mountainous, the shoulders of the men pressed beneath the weight of their cumbrous knapsacks, their feet became swollen and blistered, and performing as they did a toilsome march beneath a burning sun, amid clouds of dust, in the hottest season of the year, their situation was rendered painful in the extreme, and at times almost insupportable. A number of desertions took place on this march in consequence of it having been rumored among the troops that they were to be sent to New Orleans; and it was believed that had not Colonel Miller, the gallant lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, given them to understand that no such thing was intended, one-third of the men, at least, would never have reached Pittsburg. However, placing confidence in the word and honor of their officer, the fears of the men were calmed, and the regiment arrived at Pittsburg in good shape on the 28th of June, and found excellent quarters, necessaries of all kinds cheap and plentiful, and kind, generous, and hospitable citizens, who knew how to commiserate and relieve the sufferings of the soldiers; and they, on their part, were very grateful for the favors. The time passed very agreeably for about four weeks, when orders were received to descend the Ohio River to Newport, Kentucky.

On the 29th of July, therefore, the regiment, under its gallant commander, Colonel John P. Boyd, of famous East Indian service,[1] embarked on ten long keel-boats, each boat being sufficiently large to hold

[1] Colonel John P. Boyd was born in Massachusetts in 1768; subsequently entered the Mahratta service in the East Indies, where he rose to the rank of commander of ten thousand cavalry; was appointed colonel of the Fourth Infantry October 7, 1808, and rose to the rank of brigadier-general; he commanded a brigade under General Harrison at "Tippecanoe," and led his brigade in the capture of Fort George, North Carolina; he was disbanded in 1815, and appointed naval officer of the port of Boston, where he died October 4, 1830.

one company of men. It was a grand gala day at Pittsburg. The boats left the banks of the river in regular order, and the journey was commenced with colors flying and the band playing "Yankee Doodle," amidst the cheers of the many citizens who had assembled to witness the departure.

After a passage of four days the town of Marietta was reached, at which point the men had the pleasure of meeting with many of their hardy Yankee brethren from New England. The night was spent at this point, and proceeding early next morning, Newport was reached on the 8th of August. Newport at this time was a small village, situated at the mouth of Licking River, opposite the town of Cincinnati. Here the regiment was to remain until further orders, while Lieutenant Hawkins was dispatched to Indiana to inform Governor Harrison of its arrival.

The troops at this time were perfectly ignorant of their destination or the real object that the government had in view in sending them so far—as it was then—to the West. Many were still fearful that their destination was New Orleans, and, knowing the fate of former troops that had been stationed there, and that had been swept off by contagion, it created much uneasiness in the minds of New England men, and some few desertions followed. Some very warm, sultry weather was experienced, and Captain Walsh, a very amiable and popular officer, died, and was buried with military and Masonic honors. Lieutenant Hawkins, however, returned on the 28th of August with orders from Governor Harrison, grandfather of the President-elect, for the regiment to proceed with all possible dispatch to Vincennes, in the Indiana Territory, where the conduct of the Indians on the Wabash had become very alarming.

Three days after the arrival of these orders the journey down the Ohio was resumed in the boats, and the falls, or rapids, of the Ohio, at Louisville, were reached. Here it was necessary to disembark and have the baggage taken from the boats and conveyed around by land, while skillful pilots navigated the boats through this difficult passage. Governor Harrison was at this place, and, accompanied by Colonel Boyd, proceeded across the country to the little frontier town of Vincennes, leaving the command of the regiment to Colonel Miller, with orders to continue the passage by water.

Early in the morning of September 4 the troops left the rapids and proceeded to the mouth of the Wabash, ten hundred and twenty-two miles from Pittsburg. Proceeding up this stream, a most difficult and disagreeable task was found in the navigation of that river. This they had to ascend one hundred and sixty miles against a very rapid current. At that particular season of the year the water was quite low, and navigation was much interrupted by rocks and sand-bars. Almost daily the men were obliged to wade the river and haul the boats after

them over the rapids, which occasioned much fever and ague upon arriving at Vincennes. Every precaution possible was taken by the humane and generous Colonel Miller to preserve the health of the men. He himself waded the river, as well as every other officer,—they in many instances performing the duties of the common soldier, assisting them in hauling up the boats.

At the close of each day the boats were brought to a convenient landing and a guard was placed for the night, while those who had obtained an evening's respite from the toils of their laborious passage were permitted to regale their spirits over an extra glass of whisky, bestowed by the liberality of the commanding officer. The utmost harmony and good humor prevailed, and there was no contention nor murmuring,—all performing their duty cheerfully.

After a fatiguing passage of ten days through an unsettled country, which presented nothing but a wild and dreary wilderness, the men were cheered by a view of the town of Vincennes. It was dark before they landed, and by the noise and confusion about it was concluded that the town was overrun by troops. A rabble soon gathered about the boats, and assisted in hauling them ashore; their whoops and yells, as well as their appearance, caused the new arrivals to wonder if they had not actually landed among the savages. Many of these were militiamen and spoke the French language. Their dress was a short frock of deerskin, a belt around the body with a tomahawk and scalping-knife attached to it. Their discipline was but little better than that of the savages. The militia from Kentucky and a few companies from the Territory were decent soldiers; yet the large knife and the hatchet, together with their dress, gave them rather a savage appearance. The hatchet, however, was found to be a very useful article on the march. These troops had no tents, but with their hatchets would, in a very short time, form themselves a secure shelter from the weather as soon as encamped.

With about twelve hundred men, under the immediate command of Governor Harrison, on the 27th of September the line of march was taken up from Vincennes, the troops having been well furnished with arms, ammunition, and provisions. There were about one hundred and twenty dragoons, under the command of Major Daviess, who were well mounted, handsomely equipped, and formed of the most respectable citizens of Kentucky and Indiana. The Indians, who had been lurking about the town for several days, suddenly disappeared.

While on the march it was customary, each morning an hour before daylight, to rouse the troops from their slumbers with three single taps of the drum on each line, when all turned out and formed in front of their tents, which was to be the line of battle in case of attack. In this manner they stood to arms until the beating of reveille. This precaution was deemed a very necessary one, because the early dawn

was the time that the Indians generally chose to make their attacks, and the troops slept more soundly and the sentinels became wearied and sleepy, and consequently less vigilant.

After a march of six days through an uninhabited country, the army arrived at a place on the banks of the Wabash called *Battaile des Illinois.* Here an encampment was formed, with the intention of tarrying a few weeks, to ascertain more correctly the disposition of the "Prophet" and his warriors. A fort and some block-houses were ordered to be constructed, which gave sufficient employment to the militia. Some murmuring took place among them, they being heartily sick of the camp and desiring to return to their homes. Many, indeed, threatened to leave at all hazards, which caused the governor much anxiety and trouble. He did not appear disposed to detain any man against his inclination, being endowed with a heart as humane as it was brave. In his frequent addresses to the militia his eloquence was used to persuade; appeals were made to reason as well as feeling, and they were never made in vain. When the militia, unused to military restriction, threatened desertion, the governor's eloquence calmed their passions and hushed their discontented mutterings; in a short while all became tranquil.

About this time many Indians came peaceably into camp and held frequent councils with the governor. Lurking Indians were nightly prowling about the encampment and alarming the sentinels on their posts. In the evening of October 30 an Indian crept cautiously through the bushes opposite one of the main-guard and shot him through both thighs. The sentinel nearest to him saw the flash of the rifle, and immediately presented his piece and snapped it twice, but it missed fire.[2] The camp was alarmed and the troops called "to arms." The dragoons were instantly formed, and, under the command of the gallant and spirited Major Daviess, sallied out and scoured the woods in the vicinity of the encampment; but no Indians could be found. In passing the chain of sentinels, however, the dragoons were fired upon by mistake, it being very dark. Fortunately, no one was injured. The troops stood "to arms" the whole night long, while the governor and Colonel Boyd rode up and down the lines encouraging the men and urging them to do their duty in case of attack.

After a tedious course of negotiations and fruitless endeavors to

[2] One can hardly understand, in these days of improved fire-arms, how such a thing could happen; but it must be remembered that in order to fire off one of the muskets then in use a kind of pan-shaped arrangement (fitted on where the hammer strikes) was used; this had to be filled with powder; then when the trigger was pulled the hammer in descending struck against a piece of flint; this produced a spark, which was expected to ignite the powder in the pan and communicate itself through the touch-hole to the charge in the barrel. Very frequently there was a "flash in the pan" on account of there being no powder there, it having dropped off in the excitement of the moment.

effect by fair means a redress of wrongs, and the patience of the governor and the army being exhausted, it was determined to give them some weightier reasons than had heretofore been offered as to why peace should be concluded. Orders were therefore promulgated for the army to be in readiness to march to the Prophet's town. This march was commenced on the 21st of October, from Fort Harrison, so called in honor of the governor. Colonel Miller, the officer so highly esteemed by the regiment, was unfortunately detained at this place by sickness.

After a few days of tedious marching, and having crossed the Wabash, the command arrived at Vermilion River. Captain Baen, who had been long absent from his company, joined on the march, and being the oldest captain by commission was assigned to duty as a major, and headed the left of the two columns of troops. There being a number of sick men who were unable to proceed farther, a small block-house was erected for their accommodation, and a sergeant's guard was left for their protection.

On the 1st of November the command crossed the Vermilion River and entered the Indian possessions, at which time the weather became rainy and cold. Many Indians were discovered by the scouts lurking in the woods along the march, supposed to be spies of the Prophet. None, however, molested the troops, and on the 3d the army debouched on an extensive level prairie, crossing which consumed one whole day.

On the 6th of November the scouts, who had ventured near the Indian village, returned with the information that the Prophet's town was only a few miles farther on. The men were ordered to throw off their knapsacks and prepare for an attack. Advancing, then, about four miles, to the edge of some woods, the troops broke off by companies and formed in single lines, keeping a convenient distance to be enabled to form a line of battle should occasion require it. This was frequently done in the course of the advance towards the town in consequence of the unevenness of the ground, and the appearance of many favorable places for the enemy to lie in ambush. Finally the Indian village appeared in sight, and the command was halted. The inhabitants of the village seemed much surprised and terrified at the sudden appearance of the troops before the town; they were running in every direction about the village, apparently in great confusion; their object was, however, to gain in season their respective positions behind a breastwork of logs which encircled the town from the bank of the river.

A chief came out to the governor, begging him not to proceed to open hostilities, but to encamp with the troops for that night, and that in the morning they would come into camp, hold a council, and agree to almost any terms the governor might propose, expressing the earnest

desire for peace without bloodshed; but the treacherous villain merely made this promise, as after-events proved, in order to gain sufficient time to mature a plan of battle.

The governor inquired of the chief as to a suitable site for encamping, and, on being informed, dispatched three or four officers to examine it. They soon returned with a favorable report of the place, which was a narrow piece of rising ground, covered with heavy timber, running some distance into a marshy prairie, about three-fourths of a mile northwest of the village. Here the encampment was made for the night, as near the form of a hollow square as the conformation of the ground would admit of. Being cool, cloudy weather, large fires were built in front of the tents, for cooking, etc. The signal for the field-officers to assemble at the governor's marquee was given, and the men were soon afterwards ordered to lie down with their cartridge-boxes on, and each man with his musket by his side; and in case of attack (as was always the order while on the march) every man was to step five paces in front of his tent, thus forming a line of battle.

When Governor Harrison summoned the field-officers to his tent, he directed that each body that formed the exterior line of the camp should hold its ground, in case of an attack, until relieved. In the event of a night attack the dragoons were to parade dismounted, with their pistols in their belts, and act as a reserve corps. Two captain's guards of forty-two privates each, and two subaltern's guards of twenty each, were detailed to defend the camp. The whole was commanded by a field-officer of the day.

The next morning (the 7th of November), a few minutes before four o'clock, while the troops were enjoying the sleep so necessary for them, a single shot was fired by the guard. Instantly the camp was aroused by the horrid yells of the savages, who were close upon the lines. The dreadful attack was first received by Captain Barton's company of regulars and Captain Geiger's company of militia. These men did not have the least notice of the approach of the Indians until they were aroused by devilish yells and a discharge of rifles at the very doors of their tents. Considerable confusion thereby ensued in these two companies before they could be formed in any regular order. Notwithstanding the disorder created by this sudden attack, the men sprang from their tents and discharged their pieces upon the enemy with great execution, and kept their ground until relief was sent them.

The attack soon extended to the right of the line, where the troops were formed in complete order, and the assaults of the savages were returned in full measure. One company of Indiana militia fell back in great disorder, but, after some arduous exertions by their officers, they were rallied, and fought with a spirit that evinced a determination to escape the odium of cowardice.

The battle now became general; every musket and rifle contributed

its share to the work of carnage. A few Indians had placed themselves in an advantageous position on the left of the front line, and being screened from observation by some large oak-trees did great execution among the soldiers. The small party of United States riflemen, commanded by Lieutenant Hawkins, were stationed within two rods of these trees, and received the heaviest of the enemy's fire, but maintained their position in the most intrepid manner, although the company of militia on their left gave way in great disorder. Major Daviess, with a small detachment of dragoons, attempted to dislodge the Indians, but failed, and was himself mortally wounded. Captain Snelling, of the Fourth United States Infantry, soon afterwards made a desperate charge at the head of his company, which was successful. The Indians fell back, and for a short time continued the action at a distance. They had greatly the advantage by the light afforded them from the fires, which could not be entirely extinguished. The troops were well supplied with buckshot cartridges, which were well adapted for the occasion.

When near daybreak, the Indians made their last desperate effort to break the lines. Three rousing cheers were given by the troops, and the Fourth Infantry, with a detachment of dragoons, dashed forward, routing the Indians, who were put to a precipitate flight. They scattered in all directions, leaving the troops masters of the field, which was strewn with the bodies of the killed and wounded. Some sharpshooters of the militia harassed the Indians greatly in their flight across the marshy prairie, and the battle of "Tippecanoe" was won.

Private William Brigham, who was posted as a sentinel at the time of the attack, stated that he took post a little after sunset with William Brown, a regular, on his left and a militiaman on his right. These three posts were directly in front of Captain Barton's company of the Fourth Infantry. He examined the ground adjacent to his post very particularly. There was a small thicket of willows on a stream of water about two rods in front of his post. Observing it to be a favorable place for the approach of Indians, he determined to be on the alert. He says, "Captain Barton's company was a few feet higher than my position, and between us there were logs and some small bushes. I was relieved at 10 P.M., and again posted at 3 o'clock A.M. It was very dark and rainy. I had resumed my station about half an hour when I heard a faint whistle, not far from William Brown's post; I supposed it was a call to me; but I did not think it prudent to answer. After he had called several times, I responded by saying 'Halloa?' and he replied, 'Look sharp!' I kneeled down with my gun at a 'charge.' It was so very dark that no object could be discerned within three feet of me, and I could hear nothing except the rustling noise occasioned by the falling rain among the bushes. At this time Brown—being much alarmed—very imprudently left his

post and came towards me. I heard light footsteps, presented my gun, and should have fired upon him had he not at that moment said, in an agitated manner, 'Brigham, let us fire and run in; you may depend on it there are Indians in the bushes.' I told him not to fire yet, for fear we should give a false alarm, and while we were standing close together something struck in the bushes near me which I supposed was an arrow. We were both frightened, and ran in without firing, the Indians close on our heels."

Had this attack been delayed but ten minutes longer the troops would have been formed in line of battle and in readiness to receive it. The general had arisen from his bed but a few moments previous to its commencement, and in four minutes more would have ordered the usual signal (three taps of the drum) to be given for the troops to rise and stand "to arms." The orderly musician at the same time stood in readiness for that purpose, awaiting the orders of the general. Some of the troops were up and were sitting by the fires, many of which had been furnished with fresh fuel, and the light arising from them must have afforded the Indians a pretty correct view of the situation, and of the most proper place to make the assault. Every exertion was made to extinguish the fires the moment the attack commenced, but on account of the Indian marksmen this could be but imperfectly accomplished.

The hasty charge made by Major Daviess was with only twenty of his dragoons, dismounted, and its fatal consequence to the major was in a great measure due to his having on a white blanket surtout, which made him a target for the Indians, he having fallen with three balls in his body. His death was greatly lamented by the army, as well as by the citizens of Kentucky, in which State he held the office of attorney-general. He volunteered his services in the expedition under General Harrison, who, knowing his worth, appointed him to the command of the volunteer dragoons.

Colonel Owen, another brave officer, considerably advanced in years, and acting as aide-de-camp, was shot from his horse by the side of the general, and expired immediately.

Judge Taylor, the other aide, had his horse shot under him. In the fall the horse came on top of the judge, in which position he was compelled to lie for some time, being unable to extricate himself. He was finally released from his confinement by a private soldier, who happened to pass near him.

Captain Baen, who had been with the command but a short while, was shockingly mangled with a tomahawk. He was picked up in a delirious condition, and died a short time afterwards. There was but one other instance of any one being tomahawked in this engagement, which was a private of Captain Snelling's company upon a charge in the midst of the Indians.

General Harrison received a shot through the rim of his hat. In the heat of the action his voice was frequently heard and easily distinguished, giving his orders in the same calm, cool, and collected manner with which he had been used to receive them. The confidence of the troops in the general was unlimited, and his measures were well calculated to gain the particular esteem of the entire Fourth Infantry. All kinds of petty punishments, inflicted without authority, by the pompous sergeant or the magnificent corporal, were at once prohibited.

After the action, a soldier of the Kentucky militia discovered an Indian, at some distance above the encampment, leading a horse out of the woods into some high grass of the prairie; he picked up his rifle and made after him. The Indian had loaded his horse with two other wounded Indians, and was making off with them, when the Kentuckian gave a whoop, discharged his rifle, brought down the Indian, and returned in triumph to the camp, leading the horse.

The force of the enemy in the engagement could never be correctly ascertained; but from the best information that could be obtained it was believed to be between ten and twelve hundred warriors, headed by "Winnemuc," a Kickapoo chief, and that they lost about *four hundred* in killed and wounded. The loss among the troops amounted to *forty-one* killed and *one hundred and forty-seven* wounded.

A Pottawatamie chief was found severely wounded on the field some time after the action. He was brought before the general, and expressed the greatest sorrow at what had happened; he accused the Prophet of having deceived them. His wounds were dressed by the surgeon, and the best care taken of him while he remained with the troops. The general left with him a speech, to be delivered to the Indians if they should return to the battle-ground.

A small detachment of mounted men was ordered to advance to the Prophet's town to ascertain the whereabouts of the Indians. They entered the town and found only an aged squaw, who informed them that the Indians had left it in great haste immediately after the action, and had fled across the Wabash. It was a handsome Indian village, of between one and two hundred huts or cabins, and a large storehouse containing about three thousand bushels of corn and beans. In their hasty retreat many articles of value to themselves were left, and these (except a few which were laid aside by the troops for bare subsistence) were all destroyed in the conflagration of the town.

After destroying considerable of the baggage, in order to make room in the wagons for the wounded, the troops, on the 9th of November, began the return march to Vincennes, expecting that the Indians would follow and attack the column. Such an event was greatly to be feared, as the command was nearly out of provisions and had nearly one hundred and fifty wounded men to be attended to,

and nine-tenths of these were painfully situated in the wagons—especially those who had broken limbs—by the continual jolting on an unbroken road through the wilderness.

Having suffered severely in consequence of the light afforded the Indians from our fires in the late attack, another method was adopted on the return,—that of building large fires some distance beyond the line of sentinels, while those in the encampment were extinguished on retiring to rest. This, in case of attack, would have placed the enemy between the fires and the camp. The sentinels on post at night, having been frequently alarmed by lurking Indians, would place a stake in the ground about the height of a man, and, hanging a cape and blanket on it, retire a few paces behind some log or tree, as it had become very hazardous for sentinels to walk their posts. In the morning arrows would be found sticking in some of the blankets put up as described. The Indians would approach within a few yards of a sentinel, in the stillest night, without being discovered, as was the case at Fort Harrison, where a soldier was shot down by an Indian who had made his way through a thicket of bushes, directly in front, and within twelve feet of the man on post.

The command arrived at the small block-house on the Vermilion River on the 14th of November. The vigilance of Sergeant Reed, who commanded at this place, was highly applauded. He arrested two militiamen, who deserted from the command at the moment the action commenced, and fled with such precipitancy that they reached the block-house the night following, informing Sergeant Reed that the army was defeated and nearly all destroyed, advising him to leave the place and hasten back to Fort Harrison. Their advice was entirely disregarded by the sergeant, who placed them both in confinement. The express messenger on his way to Vincennes, a few hours afterwards, passed the block-house, and informed the sergeant of the success of the engagement.

The troops suffered much for the want of provisions during the march to this place,—many of them made use of horse-meat to satisfy their hunger. Colonel Miller, then at Fort Harrison, on being apprised of the situation, immediately dispatched a boat with fresh provisions, to relieve the wants of the men, which, fortunately, arrived at the block-house at the same time that the command reached there. The wounded were placed on this boat, and it was sent back. Captain Snelling, with his company of the Fourth Infantry, was left in command of the block-house, and the army proceeded on its march, reaching Vincennes on the 19th, where the Fourth Infantry took quarters for the winter, having baptized its beautiful colors by one of the most sanguinary Indian conflicts that has ever taken place on the American continent.

PART II.

DURING the latter part of December, 1811, while the Fourth Infantry was at Vincennes, Indiana, a Kickapoo chief, bearing a white flag, and in company with several other chiefs, appeared before the town, with the intention of holding a council for the purpose of concluding a treaty of peace. Governor Harrison informed them that he did not consider them qualified to make a treaty that would be binding on their leader, the Prophet, and therefore no treaty would be made unless the Prophet was present with his principal chiefs. They replied that the warriors of the Prophet had all left him, reproaching him with being the instigator of all their misfortunes, and threatened to put him to death. He had impressed them with the belief that they could defeat the troops with ease, and the intention was to have made an attack on the camp if the command had remained at Fort Harrison a week longer.

The Pottawatamie chief who was taken prisoner and left on the battle-ground, they said, had since died of his wounds; but that he had faithfully delivered the speech of the governor to the different tribes, and had urged them to abandon the Prophet and agree to the terms offered them by the governor.

On the 10th of March, 1812, some heavy shocks of an earthquake were experienced, which occasioned considerable alarm, but did no other damage than throwing down a few chimneys in the town. On the Mississippi River the shocks were more severe, and considerable damage was done to buildings. It is said that the motion of the earth in that quarter was from six to eight inches, but at Vincennes it did not exceed three inches in the heaviest shocks, as was ascertained by a leaden ball suspended by a thread from the ceiling of one of the houses. The duration of the longest shock was about three minutes. These disturbances continued at intervals throughout the month.

About one hundred and fifty Indians, who were said to have remained neutral in the late contest, came to Vincennes on the 29th of March, 1812, and encamped about two miles north of the town. They were informed that they must deliver up their arms, and a guard of soldiers should be placed over them for their protection, as well as to be supplied with tents while they remained there. This they complied with, and asked for an audience with Governor Harrison, which was granted. In council, they declared their detestation of the Prophet and his adherents, expressing the wish to remain in peace and friendship with their father, the President of the United States. The governor, in a short reply, warned them against entering into any alliance with the Prophet and his warriors, telling them that if he should again be disturbed and obliged to go among them, it would be

out of his power to restrain his young warriors from destroying them all. A treaty was accordingly signed, and the Indians received presents of blankets, broadcloths, calicoes, etc., and left for their encampment. They, however, returned a few days afterwards, habited in their new dresses, and performed their dances through the town, to the great diversion of the men of the Fourth Infantry, who were unacquainted with their peculiarities. Towards evening they retired in good order, and soon afterwards received their arms, when they returned to their villages up the Wabash.

There were still remaining many refractory Indians on the river who would agree to no terms of peace. They had even opened the graves of the unfortunate soldiers who had fallen in action, stripped and scalped them, and left their bodies above-ground. Colonel Miller was preparing to send a detachment of troops to the late battle-field to have the bodies interred, when some friendly Indians undertook the office, and they were replaced in their graves.

On the 4th of April information was received of the murder of a family of seven persons on White River, besides many depredations on the Mississippi. The settlers were alarmed and fled to the forts and most populous towns for safety, leaving their property to the mercy of the savages. A family on the Embaras River, only seven miles from Vincennes, consisting of a man, his wife, and three small children, were massacred while in the act of leaving their home for Vincennes. A young man who had resided with the family escaped and fled to Vincennes, where he arrived about twelve o'clock midnight, and gave the alarm. The troops were immediately called to arms, expecting an attack upon the town.

The following day Colonel Miller, with a small detachment of the regiment, proceeded to the Embaras River, where they found the bodies of the murdered family shockingly cut up with the tomahawk and scalping-knife. The man had his body cut open, his entrails torn out and strewn about the ground. They were all scalped except an infant child in the mother's arms, which had been knocked on the head. No Indians could be found, but the dead bodies were decently buried.

Soon after the above-mentioned circumstance information was received that the famous Indian chief "Tecumseh," brother to the Prophet, had collected a considerable force on the Wabash, with the intention of attacking the town of Vincennes, sending word to the governor, "You have destroyed my town in my absence, and I shall, when the corn is two inches high, destroy your town before your face."

Tecumseh was not an enemy to be despised, and the knowledge of his approach towards Vincennes created great alarm among the inhabitants. The town was filled with refugee families, that had gone there to avoid the fury of the savages. Many of the principal dwelling-houses were picketed, and the militia were called upon to be at their

posts at a moment's warning. The citizens were thus kept in a state of dreadful apprehension of this attack. Add to this the frequent shocks of earthquake (which it was afterwards believed frightened away the Indians), and the reader may imagine the unhappy situation in which the inhabitants were placed.

A serious misunderstanding had for some time existed between Governor Harrison and Colonel Boyd, which was supposed to have originated from some hasty remark of the colonel's upon the conduct of the militia of Indiana during the campaign; and perhaps he had laid claim to a greater share of the laurels won in the late engagement than the people of Indiana were willing to allow him. However, it was admitted by all that the bravery, good order, and discipline of the Fourth Infantry secured to the army the victory of Tippecanoe. For this Colonel Boyd deserved the highest praise. On account of this misunderstanding Colonel Boyd left Vincennes on the 17th of April for Washington City, and soon afterwards orders were received for the Fourth Infantry to march to Dayton, Ohio, there to join the army under General Hull.

Upon the departure of the colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel Miller assumed command of the regiment, and Captain Snelling having joined with his company, on the 4th of May, 1812, the men slung their knapsacks and commenced the march for the falls of the Ohio. The road was so bad that pioneers were kept constantly in advance to clear it, which greatly retarded the march. On the route through Indiana several houses, where a number of families had collected for defense, were observed to be picketed, while every man that was at work in his field had his rifle slung over his back.

The regiment arrived on the banks of the Ohio on the 11th of May, and immediately crossed the river to Louisville, where great respect for it was manifested. Many of the citizens of this place had fought beside it in the battle of Tippecanoe, and hence the greeting with the men was very warm. Proceeding the following day, the arsenal at Newport was reached on the 16th, and on the 18th the command recrossed the river to Cincinnati, where it was highly honored by the citizens of that beautiful and flourishing town. A grand salute was fired from two field-pieces while the regiment was crossing the river. Forming line on the banks, it was escorted through the town by a fine-looking company of artillery. In one of the principal streets through which it passed was a triumphal arch, ornamented with wreaths of evergreens, and the words "HEROES OF TIPPECANOE" were displayed in large letters over the arch. The command was marched a few miles from town and placed in camp, where the officers and men were bountifully regaled by the generous citizens of the place.

Resuming the line of march on the 19th, the regiment reached Dayton on the 1st of June to find that General Hull had left the place

and gone on to Urbana with the army, forty miles farther, which place was reached on the 3d. Here the regiment was received with a repetition of the honors shown at Cincinnati. The army now consisted of three regiments of Ohio militia volunteers, commanded respectively by Colonels McArthur, Lewis Cass, and Findley. A short respite was given the regiment on account of the long and fatiguing march of nearly four hundred miles with but one day's rest at Newport.

On the 13th of June, Colonel McArthur's regiment was ordered to proceed on the march for Detroit, with directions to cut a road for the army and to build block-houses at the distance of every twenty miles. On the 15th the remainder of the command took up the line of march. The weather was extremely wet, and the new road had become a perfect slough nearly the whole distance to the Scioto River, which contributed greatly in retarding the progress of the troops, being compelled to halt frequently and extricate the baggage-wagons from the mire. The army overtook Colonel McArthur's regiment at the Scioto, where it was just completing a large block-house.

While at this place a militia sentinel was shot through the body, while peaceably walking his post, by one of the men of his own regiment, without any previous provocation having been given by the deceased. His punishment was as singular as his crime. A court-martial found him guilty of murder, and sentenced him to have both ears cropped and both cheeks branded with the letter "M," which sentence was immediately put into execution.

Colonel McArthur's regiment having moved forward on the 17th, the army followed on the 20th. An extensive swamp, called the "Black Swamp," was encountered, and it was found impossible to carry the baggage through on the wagons. It was therefore necessary to transfer the flour to pack-horses, and it was put up in bags for the purpose. A great deal of rain having previously fallen, the troops had to wade for whole days through mud and water, tormented in the extreme both day and night by the stings of the innumerable mosquitoes and gnats. Drinking-water could only be obtained from holes made by the pioneers in advance, or from places where trees had been torn up by the roots.

It was expected that the Indians would cause some trouble on the march through this swamp and forest, and a temporary breastwork was thrown up each day on encamping. However, no annoyance was experienced from an enemy during the march to the Miami Rapids, which point was reached on the 29th, Colonel McArthur, with his regiment, having previously arrived and formed his camp on a beautiful plain along the bank of the river. On the opposite bank was the famous spot where, on the 20th of August, 1794, General Wayne gained an important victory over a large body of Indians.

The command crossed the river on the 1st of July, and marched

through a small village and went into camp. Here the general chartered a small schooner to take the sick and the baggage to Detroit, with Lieutenant Gooding, of the Fourth Infantry, and wife, and the wives of Lieutenants Bacon and Fuller. Sergeants Jennison and Forbush and about thirty privates were also placed on board. These were all captured by the British brig "Hunter" at the mouth of Detroit River. The capture of this vessel was truly unfortunate in its consequences to the American army, as many papers of great importance relative to future operations fell into the hands of the enemy, besides the private baggage of some of the officers of the army.

Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Fuller were sent to Detroit by a flag of truce immediately after the schooner was taken. Mrs. Gooding preferred remaining at Malden with her husband, who was then seriously indisposed.

On the 2d of July the army proceeded on its march, and, without any occurrence worthy of note, arrived at the Huron River on the 4th, which day was spent in constructing a bridge over that stream. The Indians from Brownstown came to the river in considerable numbers, appearing very friendly. Seeing many wagons cross the bridge, while the main body of the army was screened from their view by a piece of woods, they expressed their surprise that General Hull should think of capturing the Canadas with so many wagons and so few men; and were very curious, examining the wagons to ascertain if the army was packed away in them.

The command crossed the bridge and encamped the same day, and it being the anniversary of American Independence, an extra glass of grog was issued to the men. A little past sunset a rumor was spread in the camp that an attack was intended by a large force of British and Indians. In consequence the troops were called to arms, and remained in that position, by turns, during the entire night, but no hostile demonstration was made. At this place was first received the information of the declaration of war between the United States and Great Britain.

At sunrise on the 5th the army proceeded on its march without interruption, passing through the Indian village of Brownstown. The inhabitants appeared very friendly, some of their chiefs saluting the general with great cordiality. About 5 P.M. the command encamped at Spring Wells, about three miles from Detroit, and on the following day marched into the town and formed camp. Five or six days were then consumed in making preparations to cross the river into Upper Canada. The troops were in much better health and spirits than was to be expected after so long and laborious a march, and all appeared anxious to commence active operations against the enemy immediately.

On the 12th of July, a little before daybreak, the troops were turned out by detachments and marched with great silence to the river, where they immediately embarked aboard boats prepared for the pur-

pose, with muffled oars, and a few minutes after daylight all were safely landed in Upper Canada, and an encampment formed directly opposite Detroit, where the American standard was hoisted, and the following proclamation issued by General Hull:

"*Inhabitants of Canada:*

"After thirty years of peace and prosperity, the United States have been again driven to arms. The injuries and aggressions, the insults and indignities of Great Britain have once more left them no alternative but manly resistance or unconditional submission. The army under my command has invaded your country; the standard of the Union now waves upon the territory of Canada. To the peaceable, unoffending inhabitants it brings neither danger nor difficulty. I come to find enemies, not to make them! I come to protect, not to injure you!

"Separated by an extensive wilderness from Great Britain, you have no participation in her councils, no interest in her conduct; you have felt her tyranny; you have seen her injustice. But I do not ask you to avenge the one or redress the other. The United States are sufficiently powerful to afford every security consistent with their rights and your expectations. I tender you the invaluable blessing of civil, political, and religious liberty, and their necessary results,—individual and general prosperity; that liberty which gave decision to our councils and energy to our conduct in a struggle for independence,—which conducted us safely and triumphantly through the stormy period of the Revolution; that liberty which has raised us to an elevated rank among the nations of the world, and which has afforded us a greater measure of peace and security, of wealth and improvement, than ever fell to the lot of any people.

"In the name of my country, and in the authority of the government, I promise you protection to your persons, property, and rights. Remain at your homes; pursue your peaceful and customary avocations; raise not your hands against your brethren. Many of your fathers fought for the freedom and independence we now enjoy. Being children, therefore, of the same family with us, and heirs to the same heritage, the arrival of an army of friends must be hailed by you with a cordial welcome. You will be emancipated from tyranny and oppression, and restored to the dignified station of freedom. Had I any doubt of eventual success, I might ask your assistance; but I do not. I come prepared for every contingency. I have a force which will look down all opposition, and that force is but the vanguard of a much greater. If, contrary to your own interests and the just expectation of my country, you should take part in the approaching contest, you will be considered as enemies, and the horrors and calamities of war will stalk before you.

"If the barbarous and savage policy of Great Britain be pursued, and the savages are let loose to murder citizens and butcher even women and children, *this will be a war of extermination!* The first stroke of a tomahawk—the first attempt with the scalping-knife—will be the signal of an indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner; instead, death will be his lot. If the dictates of reason, duty, justice, and humanity cannot prevent the employment of a force which respects no rights and knows no wrongs, it will be prevented by a severe and relentless system of retaliation. I doubt not your courage and firmness. I will not doubt your attachment to liberty. If you tender your services voluntarily they will be accepted readily. The United States offer you peace, liberty, and security. Your choice lies between these and war, slavery, and destruction! Choose, then; but choose wisely; and may He who knows the justice of our cause, and who holds in His hands the fate of nations, guide you to a result the most compatible with your rights and interest,—your peace and happiness!"

The troops considered the proclamation as highly indicative of energetic measures, although the *exterminating* avowal was disapproved by the advocates of humanity and generosity to a fallen enemy. The Canadians who had fled from their homes on our entrance into Canada, or were doing duty in the service of the Crown at Fort Malden, returned to their dwellings, and sought protection from the American army. Such was their confidence in the ability of General Hull to afford them protection that many of them had expressed their willingness to join the American army whenever it should be ready to march against the enemy's post at Malden. The Indians also seemed willing to remain neutral rather than take up the tomahawk against a force which, to them, seemed so formidable as that of General Hull's. The officers and men were in high spirits, and loudly expressed their anxious wish to be immediately led against the enemy; instead of which, or taking any advantage of the favorable moment offered to strike the important blow, the services of all the carpenters, blacksmiths, and artificers of every kind were put in requisition to build gun-carriages, scaling-ladders, and gondolas for the transportation of the heavy ordnance. In fact, the preparations which were then made seemed to bespeak some grand and brilliant achievement unparalleled in the annals of martial prowess.

On the 14th of July, Colonel McArthur was detached with one hundred and fifty men to the river Thames, where he captured a considerable quantity of provisions, blankets, arms, and ammunition, while another party secured several hundred merino sheep at Belle Donne, the property of the Earl of Selkirk.

Colonel Cass, with a detachment of about three hundred men, left

the encampment on the 15th to reconnoitre the enemy's advanced posts. They were found in possession of the bridge over the Aux Canard River, five miles from Malden. A detachment of the Fourth Infantry crossed to the south side of the river at a ford about five miles above the bridge, thence moved down to the enemy, whom they attacked and, with the assistance of the militia, drove from the position. Three times the British troops formed, and as often were compelled to retreat. The militia in this affair behaved with great gallantry. Colonel Cass encamped for the night on the scene of action without molestation.

Frequent skirmishing took place between other detachments that were sent to reconnoitre the enemy. In one of these rencontres seven men were killed and eleven wounded. Such skirmishing, marching, and counter-marching by detachments from the army, without obtaining any advantage over the enemy, had become irksome to the troops, and loud murmuring took place.

Sergeant Forbush, one of the prisoners confined at Malden, found means to have a letter conveyed to his captain (Burton, Fourth Infantry) informing him of the weak state of that post. He said that at one time the prisoners could have taken it with ease, as all the force of the enemy had crossed the river to the American side and left but a sergeant's guard at the post. It was further said that at the time Colonel Cass drove the British from their position at Aux Canard River an immediate attack was expected on the town and fort, and that preparations were made to secure the public property and make good their retreat in case of an assault by the Americans.

On the 21st of July a large schooner was taken possession of at Sandwich, and towed up the river to Detroit, and men were employed to fit her up for service. The same day a cartel arrived from Fort Michilimackinac, with American prisoners, who had surrendered that post to the enemy without resistance. The commander was ignorant of the declaration of war until the troops were made prisoners.

The vast preparations for an attack upon Malden still progressed with great industry. The militia from that place were daily coming in to join the American forces, and it was expected that an immediate attack upon that fort would be made.

On the 4th of August, nearly one month after the Fourth Infantry had joined at Detroit, Major Van Horn, of Colonel Findley's regiment, was detailed with two hundred men to go to the river Raisin for the purpose of escorting a quantity of provisions to the army, which were being held at that place under charge of Captain Brush. The major was attacked in the woods of Brownstown by a large body of Indians while the men were resting and refreshing themselves. So sudden and unexpected was the attack that it was impossible to form in line of battle, although every exertion was made by the officers for that purpose.

In this defeat, seven officers and ten privates were killed and many more wounded. They retreated in great disorder, leaving part of their killed upon the field.

On the 5th of August orders were at last issued by General Hull for the army to be in readiness to take the field against the enemy. The first step for this purpose was the *abandonment* of the position in Upper Canada and the return to Detroit, which was accomplished on the night of the 6th, leaving a detachment, however, to garrison a small fort that had been constructed during the encampment at Sandwich. This was shortly afterwards set fire to and abandoned.

In consequence of the failure of the expedition under Major Van Horn, and the return of his defeated command, the Fourth Infantry, with a detachment from the militia, all under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Miller of the Fourth, left Detroit about 3 o'clock P.M. on the 8th of August and proceeded to open communication with Captain Brush, who had fortified himself on the bank of the river Raisin. The command reached the river Des Cosses, which was crossed, and went into camp.

Early the following morning the march was resumed, and about twelve o'clock noon an advanced cavalry detachment was fired upon by some Indian scouts, who had stationed themselves behind an old log hut, killing one and wounding another of the detachment. Line of battle was instantly formed and the troops advanced rapidly for a considerable distance, but no enemy could be discovered. A brief rest was given in an open field and the troops moved forward. About 3 P.M. the vanguard, commanded by Captain Josiah Snelling of the Fourth Infantry, was fired upon by an extensive line of British troops. Snelling maintained his position in a most gallant manner until the main body could be formed in line of battle and advanced to his relief. Then the whole force, except the rear-guard, was thrown into action in a masterly style by Colonel Miller.

The enemy occupied an advantageous position behind a breastwork of felled trees. The command had advanced but a few rods towards these works when a large body of Indians arose on either flank of the British line and poured a tremendous fire into the ranks of the Americans, and then suddenly dropped behind their logs. Not in the slightest degree daunted, the Americans moved on, partly shielded from observation by the smoke from the frequent discharge of musketry by the British and Indians. The enemy suddenly perceived the troops almost upon them with the bayonet, and not having time to reload, retreated to a second breastwork. But the intrepid "old Fourth," remembering "Tippecanoe," pushed on to the second line, and from that, as well as every other place where they endeavored to make a stand, drove the British and Indians before it. The rout became general, and the pursuit continued about two miles, to the vil-

lage of Brownstown, where the British took to their boats and the Indians to the woods.

Colonel Miller had directed a charge to be made by the cavalry while the enemy was in full retreat; but it was not made, although Captain Snelling offered himself to lead them in person. This cowardice of the cavalry alone saved the enemy from destruction.

During the action an Indian climbed into the top of a large tree, from which he discharged many arrows into our ranks; but he was discovered by the soldiers, and brought down very suddenly. Another Indian, who had been wounded, and laid in the woods, unable to move his position, had loaded his rifle and shot down a militia soldier who was searching for some of his fallen companions. A party near by heard the report of the rifle, came up, and, seeing what he had done, quickly dispatched him to the "Happy Hunting-Grounds" while he was in the act of reloading his rifle for another victim.

The killed and wounded were collected before dark and brought to the camp. They consisted of eighteen killed and fifty-eight wounded. The loss of the British and Indians was one hundred killed and nearly twice that number wounded. Many of the latter were picked up and brought into camp the same evening, and their wounds were carefully attended to.

In this action the British were commanded by Major Muer, and the Indians by "Tecumseh," "Marpot," and "Walk-in-the-Water." Their force consisted of three hundred regulars and five hundred Indians, nearly one-third greater than the American force under Colonel Miller.

Lieutenants Peters and Larabee, of the Fourth Infantry, were both wounded in the engagement, the latter losing an arm. The former commanded Captain Wentworth's company. Boats came down from Detroit to take up the wounded, and these, on their return, were fired upon by the British brig "Hunter." Even after the wounded were transferred from the boats to wagons this vessel took several positions from which she could harass them.

Colonel Miller had determined to push on to the river Raisin, and for which purpose the troops were paraded, all ready to march; but the colonel was suddenly attacked by a fit of fever and ague,—a recurrence of his old trouble at Vincennes,—and the troops remained on the ground all day, expecting some provisions from Detroit, but none arrived. The British were observed to be busy this day in crossing over troops from Malden, a few miles below the command, and it was concluded they intended an attack upon the encampment the following night. About sunset, however, an express arrived in camp from General Hull, with a peremptory order for the troops to return that evening to the river Des Cosses. It having rained the whole day, and the night being extremely dark, it was with great difficulty the command

reached the river at two o'clock in the morning. Having no tents, every officer and man was wet to the skin, and many lost their shoes in the mud, compelling them to march the remainder of the distance in their bare feet. The following day the troops recrossed the river, and arrived at Detroit about noon of the 11th of August.

The British had already taken possession of the ground abandoned by the Americans at Sandwich, and on the 12th of August commenced throwing up their works, at which they continued without interruption until the 15th, working in open day. The American troops were also employed in erecting batteries on the bank of the river opposite those of the British.

A detachment of three hundred and fifty men from Colonel McArthur's and Colonel Cass's regiments were dispatched on the 14th to the river Raisin, to escort the provisions which had so long remained there under the protection of Captain Brush. This made the third detachment that had been sent on that errand.

About ten o'clock on the 15th, the enemy having completed his works, General Brock, the British commander, sent over a flag of truce from Sandwich, with a summons for the surrender of the town and fort, stating that he could no longer restrain the fury of the savages, and should, at three o'clock, commence a cannonade upon the place unless the summons was complied with. A prompt and spirited refusal was returned. At four o'clock the enemy's batteries opened upon the town from two 18-pounders and a howitzer. This fire was briskly returned by two batteries of three 24-pounders, and continued without interruption until dark. In the evening the enemy commenced throwing shells, which was kept up until nine o'clock. No person was injured, and but little damage was done to a few buildings in the town.

At daylight on the 16th the firing recommenced, this time on the fort where the Fourth Infantry was stationed. Not a gun was fired from this place in return. Five men were killed and wounded in the fort, where General Hull and some citizens had repaired. At sunrise the Indians appeared in the woods back of the town, while the British troops were seen landing from the "Queen Charlotte" at Spring Wells, three miles below. About eight o'clock they began to move on the town in close column. It was now that the men expected every moment to receive orders from the general to march out and commence the battle which was to decide the fate of the army. The long-wished-for moment had arrived, the eyes of the soldiers of the Fourth Infantry were turned towards their brave commander, Colonel Miller, and seemed to express their ardent wishes for *him* to give the word and lead the way. The militia were posted outside of the fort, behind a line of pickets. Two 24-pounders, loaded with grape-shot were placed in position to sweep the advancing column of the enemy, who moved with regular step and in fine order. Every ear was strained

listening with eager expectation for the sound from the discharge of the 24-pounders. What was the surprise, however, when the militia were beheld retreating towards the fort, and at the same time an American officer on horseback riding towards the British column bearing a *white flag*, while another was placed on the parapet of the fort!

A soldier attempted to knock the latter down with his musket, but an officer stepped up and commanded him to desist. "There, sir," said the soldier, pointing to the American colors, then waving on the flag-staff,—"there is the flag I choose to fight under!" Such was the spirit that animated the whole body of the troops.[3]

A British officer rode up to the fort, and in thirty minutes afterwards a capitulation was signed. The adjutant then informed the troops that they must consider themselves prisoners of war to His Britannic Majesty's forces under General Brock. Such curses and imprecations as were then showered upon the head of General Hull by the soldiers were, perhaps, never before made use of in any army. "*Treachery!*" "*We are sold!*" was the cry throughout.

The American troops were ordered to pack up their effects as soon as possible, and at twelve o'clock the British marched in and took possession of the fort. The Fourth Infantry was then ordered to shoulder arms and march out in sections. Passing near the British, it was observed that the majority of the men were militia, having "*Canadian Militia*" stamped on the buttons of their coats, which, being red, gave them the appearance of being regulars. Of the red-coats there were twenty-nine platoons of twelve men each, three hundred and forty-eight, and about the same number without uniforms.[4]

[3] Leonard Harrison, of Dearborn, said that shortly after a white flag had been hoisted at the fort, he was standing near Colonel Findley, of the Ohio Volunteers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, of the Fourth Infantry. Colonel Findley said, "Colonel Miller, the general talks of a surrender; let's put him under arrest." Miller replied, "Colonel Findley, I am a soldier; I shall obey my superior officers;" intimating that if he would assume command of the army, he, Miller, would obey him.

[4] Colonel Miller wrote to his wife, from his prison at Fort George, as follows: "Only one week after I, with six hundred men, completely conquered almost the whole force which they then had, they came out and took Fort Detroit, and made nearly *two thousand* of us prisoners, on Sunday, the 16th instant. The number brought against us is yet unknown, but my humble opinion is, we could have defeated them without a doubt had we attempted it. But General Hull thought differently, and surrendered without making any terms of capitulation. . . . Colonel Brush and I made the best terms we could after the surrender, which were but poor."

General Hull was afterwards exchanged for thirty British prisoners, when his conduct was investigated by a court-martial. The court declined giving an opinion on the charge of treason, but convicted him of *cowardice* and *unofficer-like conduct*, and sentenced him to *death*, but he was pardoned by the President, and his name ordered to be stricken from the rolls.

The regular troops were marched into a field adjoining the fort, where arms were stacked, and a British guard immediately placed over them. Then THE COLORS OF THE FOURTH INFANTRY, which had been victoriously borne from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and thence to the Lakes, and fresh from the field of Maguago (or Brownstown), were brought out by the adjutant, and, while tears streamed down the cheeks of officers and men, were delivered into the hands of a British officer, and subsequently sent to England, where they have been kept for seventy-five years.

MAJOR WM. H. POWELL,
U. S. Army.

SMALL-CALIBRE SMALL-ARMS AND AMMUNITION.

WE have arrived at another epoch in the development of the military rifle. The small-calibre repeating-rifle is rapidly taking the place of the single-loader of a year ago. All the leading powers of Europe are taking steps towards re-armament with pieces not exceeding .315″ in calibre. Within a year England, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Russia, Denmark, and Belgium have adopted the small-bore system. All of these nations, excepting Italy and Russia, have also adopted repeating-rifles. Italy is conducting experiments with a view to the adoption of a repeater. Russia alone has decided against a repeating-rifle and in favor of a single-loader.

To produce such a rapid change of armament the small-bore rifle must possess decided advantages over the larger-calibre gun. Professor Hebler, a German artillery scientist, published in 1886 a pamphlet in which he argued strongly in favor of the small-calibre rifle. He claimed for it the following advantages, viz.: lighter ammunition; flatter trajectory and greater dangerous space; less deviation by wind; less recoil; greater penetration; greater accuracy; wound produced, while being sufficient to disable, is much more humane.

I will take up these points in detail, and, to show more clearly the superiority of the small-bore rifle, will make comparison with the Springfield rifle, this being a large-calibre rifle with which we are familiar.

Weight of Ammunition.—The favorite calibre in Europe appears to be 8 millimetres (.315″). The service cartridge for the .315″ calibre Mannlicher gun, adopted by Austria, weighs 472¼ grains, being 14¾ cartridges to the pound. The service cartridge adopted by Denmark for the new .315″ calibre gun weighs 529¼ grains, being 13¼ cartridges to the pound. Our service cartridge weighs about 750 grains, being 9⅓ cartridges to the pound. Therefore, when one of our soldiers carries 60 rounds, an Austrian soldier has 95 rounds and a Danish soldier 85 rounds, with the same weight.

Guns now fire cartridges so rapidly that the problem of ammunition supply is an important one, and we must concede to the small-calibre rifle a great advantage in this respect.

Trajectory and Ballistic Properties.—The great advantage of the small-calibre bullet arises from its light weight. The muzzle energy of a bullet must be within certain limits, or the recoil of the rifle will be too great. For any given muzzle energy $\left(\frac{mV^2}{2}\right)$, the lighter the bullet the greater initial velocity it will have. The small calibre, moreover, enables us, if we wish, to make a very long bullet without its being too heavy, and the retardation by resistance of the air $\left(\text{measured by } \frac{\text{square of diameter in inches}}{\text{weight in pounds}}\right)$ becomes very small. This long bullet will therefore retain its velocity very well and will produce excellent results at long range.

Were we to make our service bullet longer and give to it a proper initial velocity, we could obtain results equally as good as any that are obtained with the new rifles. But we would meet with two great difficulties,—excessive recoil and great weight of cartridge.

There is but one way to obtain flat trajectories with a military service rifle. We must use a small-calibre bullet to which we can give a great initial velocity with little recoil, and which, at the same time, affords opportunity to use a long bullet, thus making the retardation a minimum with weight of cartridge not too great.

The large-calibre bullets average about 2.5 calibres in length. Our service bullet is about 2.8 calibres long. The small-bore bullets vary greatly in length. The service bullet for the French Lebel rifle is said to be about 3.8 calibres long. The bullet recommended by Professor Hebler as giving the best results was about 4.4 calibres long.

The advantage of the small-bore rifle being admitted, it is important to determine the calibre best adapted to a service rifle. The bullet should be large enough to place a soldier *hors de combat* when hit.

Professor Hebler experimented with all calibres from 8.7 millimetres (.342″) to 7 millimetres (.275″). He states that the smallest size is limited by difficulty in manufacture and subsequently to difficulty in cleaning the rifle. He selected the calibre of .296″ as being most efficient. England has practically adopted this calibre, as its new rifle has a calibre of .30″.

For the computation of trajectories, etc., the only data necessary are the weight, diameter, and initial velocity of bullet. But it is difficult to obtain this information concerning the recently adopted service rifles, and I am forced to limit myself to one service gun, the French Lebel rifle. It is claimed that this gun gives an initial velocity of 2194 feet per second. Calibre, .3149″; Weight of bullet, 231.48 grains. This is the latest data given, and it is supposed to be correct.

The Hebler rifle is an experimental gun, not a service rifle. The bullet is a very long one, weighing 225 grains; calibre, .296″; initial velocity, 1968 f. s.

I have given to our service bullet an initial velocity of 1300 f. s.; calibre, .45″; weight of bullet, 500 grains.

The following are the tabulated results of such computations as I have made:

	Maximum Ordinate of Trajectory.				Time of Flight to 600 yards.
	Range.				
	200 Yards.	400 Yards.	600 Yards.	1000 Yards.	
Springfield	18″	5.1′	13.24′	47.8′	1.814″
Lebel	4.7″	2.05′	6.076′	25.86′	1.23″

1000 *Yards.*

	Muzzle Energy in ft. lbs.	Angle of Elevation.	Angle of Fall.	Remaining Velocity.	Time of Flight.	Remaining Energy.	Remaining Energy per Unit Circumference.
Springfield	1876	8° 0′ 8″	4° 24′ 47″	676	3.43″	507	358.6
Hebler	1934	1° 39′ 22″	2° 50′ 50″	819.15	2.63″	335.1	360.3
Lebel	2473	1° 29′ 58″	2° 45′ 28″	816.44	2.535″	342.5	346.1

2000 *Yards.*

Springfield	.....	9° 48′ 59″	18° 32′ 45″	409.5	9.317″	186.1	131.6
Hebler	.....	6° 2′ 46″	12° 19′ 48″	505.5	7.38″	127.6	137.2
Lebel	.....	5° 58′ 26″	12° 57′ 11″	480.1	7.425″	118.4	119.7

Calculations made with Ingall's ballistics. Bullets supposed to have similar-shaped heads. No corrections made for density of atmosphere.

The marked superiority of trajectory of the small-calibre guns is at once seen. The dangerous space of the Lebel rifle is much greater than that of our service rifle. Also, at the longer ranges, the angle of fall is much less, thus increasing the probability of hitting.

The Springfield rifle has more remaining energy at the ranges given, but much of this energy is expended uselessly in making a large perforation, since a smaller perforation is equally effective.

The useful work of a bullet is penetration. Bullets are compared, for penetration, by their remaining energies per inch of circumference. This method is only approximately true, however. The relative penetration of the new bullets is greater than given in the tables, on account of a covering of some hard metal by which they retain their form.

The superiority of a long bullet for long-distance firing is plainly shown by the Hebler bullet. This bullet has an initial velocity of 226 f. s., less than the Lebel bullet, yet at 1000 yards its remaining velocity is greater.

The Lebel bullet is a light one for its calibre. It is not as long as our service bullet, the lengths of these bullets being 1.181″ and 1.26″ respectively.

The retardation of the Lebel bullet is greater than that of our service bullet. We naturally ask, What was the object of the French in adopting a bullet with inferior ballistic properties? Would not better results obtain were the muzzle energy of their rifle expended in imparting to a longer (and therefore a heavier) bullet a less velocity?

To illustrate, I have assumed a bullet of .3149″ calibre; weight, 256 grains (this bullet would be about 4.2 calibres long); muzzle energy, 2470 ft. lbs. therefore the initial velocity would be 2085 f. s. The tabulated results are as follows:

	Maximum Ordinate of Trajectory.				Time of Flight to 600 Yards.
	Range.				
	200 Yards.	400 Yards.	600 Yards.	1000 Yards.	
Lebel	4.7″	2.05′	6.076′	25.86′	1.23″
Assumed bullet	5.05″	2.154′	6.35′	25.52′	1.242″

1000 *Yards.*

	Muzzle Energy.	Angle of Elevation.	Angle of Fall.	Remaining Velocity.	Time of Flight.	Remaining Energy.	Remaining Energy per Unit Circumference.
Lebel	2473	1° 29′ 58″	2° 45′ 28″	816.44	2.535″	342.5	346.1
Assumed bullet	2470	1° 30′ 15″	2° 38′ 49″	842.4	2.519″	403	407.4

2000 *Yards.*

Lebel	.....	5° 58′ 26″	12° 57′ 11″	480.1	7.425″	118.4	119.7
Assumed bullet	.....	5° 37′ 50″	11° 25′ 30″	520.3	7.134″	154	155.7

We see from these tables that the Lebel bullet is an excellent short-range bullet and gives superior results up to about 800 yards. Beyond this distance the longer bullet is the better. The Lebel rifle may, however, produce sufficiently good results, at the longer ranges, for a service gun, as firing at long range is necessarily inaccurate.

The French evidently consider that the most important feature of a military arm is to obtain a maximum dangerous space, and they use, therefore, a light bullet. Moreover, the cartridges, being shorter, are more convenient to handle, are lighter, and the bullets do not require as great angular velocity.

A report of a competitive trial of guns in England states that at long ranges each grain of lead is worth its weight in gold.

Deviation by Wind.—When light bullets lose much of their velocity at the longer ranges the deviation by wind must be considerable. During experiments made in England with small-calibre bullets in a Gatling-gun (range 1900 yards) an officer stated that entire volleys of bullets were blown entirely off to one side by the wind.

If bullets are made very light so as to give very flat trajectories at short ranges, it must be expected they will be inaccurate at longer ranges, as they lose their velocity so quickly.

Professor Hebler claims as a result of his experiments that the deviation by wind is less with the small-calibre bullet. This is probably true at short ranges, but very doubtful at the longer distances. Long-distance firing will be generally directed against large bodies of troops, and even if the small-calibre bullets do suffer much deviation from wind, they nevertheless possess the advantage of smaller angle of fall.

Recoil.—Our service rifle has considerable recoil. The Hebler rifle gives greater muzzle energy, yet Professor Hebler claims a very light recoil. This may arise from the progressive burning of his powder, as the charge is ignited from a central perforation or canal and burns outward.

The muzzle energy of the Lebel rifle is very great, but it is claimed the recoil is not excessive. This is principally attributed to the use of a new powder, and it may be that the progresssive burning of this powder has its influence.

Powder.—The following remarks on powder are from the General Information Series of 1888, Naval Department:

"Both in Germany and France extensive experiments have been carried out to produce a powder which shall be comparatively smokeless and non-corrosive, and, at the same time, give higher initial velocity without increase of pressure.

"The Germans have chiefly experimented with gun-cotton and nitro-lignin. The French have bestowed the greatest attention on picric powders.

"The French Brugère powder is composed of ammonium picrate and potassium nitrate. It gives high velocities with slight recoil. Large numbers of cartridges of this powder were ordered for the new Lebel rifles, but it is stated that a recent examination of a quantity of this ammunition that had been stored at Châlons showed that the

powder had deteriorated—rotted—to such an extent that the whole lot had to be condemned.

"France is now experimenting with gun-cotton powders, and has already obtained some marvelous results; some reports say that velocities as high as 2500 f. s. have been reached. The powder is practically smokeless.

"The powder with which a velocity of 2380 f. s. was obtained from the Armstrong 36-pdr. rapid-firing gun is a German invention. The same German experts have perfected a powder for small-arms which is absolutely smokeless. This has been adopted as the service powder for the German army."

Bullets.—It is better to wound an enemy than to kill him, as it takes two of the enemy's force to carry the wounded man to the rear. The enemy should be encumbered with the greatest possible number of wounded. When the leaden bullet with its great velocity strikes a man it is very liable to be deformed and to expend all its energy on this one man, thereby probably killing him. Were the bullet covered with a harder metal, it would pass completely through the man, wounding him, and be still effective, having lost but a portion of its velocity.

The lead bullets of the recent small-bore rifles are all covered with an envelope or jacket of some harder metal. The Germans and Austrians have adopted steel-coated bullets. The English and French have nickel-jacketed bullets. The Danish bullet is copper-jacketed.

The method of manufacture of one of these bullets is thus described in the General Information Series:

"The shell or jacket (of one of the harder metals) is drawn out and pressed into the required shape, its inside is tinned and filled with compressed pieces of soft lead, and the whole is then raised to a temperature sufficient to fuse the lead and effect an intimate union between it and the casing. The lead filling is afterwards subjected to pressure, after which the bullet is cut to the required length and gauged.

"The shell metal from which the best results have been obtained is steel, tempered at the point, but comparatively soft along the parts that take the grooves."

Penetration.—It is said that the Lebel bullet at 220 yards penetrates 15 inches of oak. The Germans claim their bullet will perforate a 30 millimetre (1.18″) steel plate.

The Austrian bullet at 15 paces pierced a steel plate about .25″ thick and penetrated over 4 inches into the wood backing. The Austrian bullet has not that great velocity which is obtained with the new powder.

In 1887 a series of experiments were conducted in Austria with hardened lead bullets, steel-jacketed bullets, nickel-jacketed bullets, and copper-jacketed bullets. One target was a 3.54″ beech block covering a .087″ steel plate. The steel-coated and nickel-coated bullets passed

through the target but slightly deformed and penetrated about 3 inches into the beech-wood backing. The other bullets were stopped by the plate and badly deformed.

Accuracy.—During these trials it was found after rapid firing that there was a great loss of accuracy in the lead bullet (probably due to leading the bore), while the nickel-jacketed bullet seemed to improve in accuracy.

The accuracy obtained with steel-coated bullets, in Lorenz ammunition, is remarkable. In 20 targets of 30 rounds each at a 400-metre range the 80 per cent. rectangle measured only 2.15″ by 1.60″.

The effects of prolonged fire of these new bullets upon the bore are no greater than with lead projectiles. Over 6000 rounds have been fired from a service rifle without in the least impairing its serviceable qualities.

Rifling.—The new bullets require greater angular velocity than the larger-calibre bullets. Our service rifle has a twist of one turn in 22 inches, or nearly one and a half complete turns in the barrel. The bullet of the new Danish rifle makes three complete turns before leaving the barrel. The Lebel rifle has a twist of one turn in 9.45″. The barrel is 29⅓″ long (about 3″ shorter than the barrel of the Springfield rifle), therefore the bullet makes about three turns in the barrel.

Many experiments have been made to determine the best kind of rifling for the new ammunition. The Hebler rifle has six grooves and lands,—each groove is about seven times as wide as a land. In the Nagant rifle (100,000 of which have been ordered for Belgium) the profile of a groove is a simple arc of a circle. This form of groove facilitates cleaning, and has been proved to be well adapted to the steel-jacketed bullet.

Wounds.—Professor Hebler claims that the wound made by a small-calibre bullet is less serious than that made by the large-calibre bullet. In France, members of the Academy of Medicine lately experimented on the effect of the Lebel bullet on corpses. Twenty corpses were placed at ordinary firing distances and were shot into. Bones were pierced through without fracturing them, as is done by the Gras rifle. The wounds were very small in their punctures, and consequently were pronounced very dangerous and difficult to heal. Injuries inflicted at short distances were so considerable that, in the opinion of the surgeons present, they would be almost incurable.

This account of the very dangerous wounds made may be exaggerated. If true, it will require more courage than ever to assault a position defended with repeating-rifles.

Concerning small-calibre guns, our Chief of Ordnance in his last report (1887) states: "The question of a reduced calibre for small-arms is now under consideration by the Department. There is a movement in that direction in military circles here and abroad, and while the

present calibre meets the demands of the service in a very satisfactory manner, and was adopted fifteen years ago, after extended tests involving combinations of charge of powder, weight of bullet, number and character of grooves, and degree of twist, it is thought that a further examination and report will be of great interest to the service."

Repeating-rifles.—All the leading nations of Europe, Russia excepted, have either adopted a repeating-rifle or are trying hard to find a suitable one to adopt. I will not discuss the relative merits of repeating-rifles and single-loaders. This question has been settled, for the present, at least, in favor of the repeater.

Russia has adopted the small-calibre Berdan single-loader. If this arm is used in a future war, we will probably have an opportunity to judge readily whether or not the repeating-rifle is superior to the single-loader as a service weapon.

The Austrian government has adopted the .315″ calibre Mannlicher repeater, said to be similar in all respects to the late .433″ calibre Mannlicher rifle excepting changes due to smaller calibre and ammunition. This gun is a bolt gun with detachable magazine. We therefore recognize it as being a gun of the same type as the Lee magazine rifle, on trial in our army a short time ago.

The old Mannlicher gun could not be used as a single-loader. We infer that the new gun is the same in this respect. This is considered a bad feature of this gun, causing waste of ammunition.

The magazine-case is of tin, weighs the same as a single cartridge, and costs about two cents. It holds five cartridges, is inserted in the gun nearly as readily as a single cartridge, and is ejected automatically when its cartridges have been fired. The cartridges are all packed in these cases ready for issue. The bolt-lug has a straight backward and forward motion, so the piece can readily be fired without removing it from the shoulder in the position of aim.

England is said to have adopted a gun combining the best features of the improved Lee and the Austrian Mannlicher guns. So it must be a gun with detachable magazine that can be used as a single-loader.

Germany and France have adopted rifles with tubular magazine under the barrel.[1] These magazines hold about eight cartridges each.

In these guns a spring attached to the forward part of the magazine presses against the cartridges, throwing them one at a time into a carrier or trough situated under the receiver. When the bolt is moved back the carrier is raised, so that the bolt in closing strikes the base of the cartridge and forces it into the chamber. The carrier is, at the same time, forced down and takes another cartridge.

[1] The latest information indicates that the Germans are not satisfied with their tubular magazine gun, and it is probable that this gun will be replaced by the Mannlicher gun, cal. .30″.

The German gun differs from the French gun in repeating mechanism, but I will not go into details. Five French army corps have already been provided with Lebel rifles. The Germans are taking steps to arm with their new gun as rapidly as possible.

Magazines.—Magazines for military rifles may be classed as follows, viz.: tubular magazines, under barrel; tubular magazines, in butt of stock; detachable magazines, under receiver; fixed magazines, under receiver.

A gun with tubular magazine possesses the disadvantage of having the position of the centre of gravity continually changing, due to the varying number of cartridges in the magazine. This is not conducive to good marksmanship or to facility in handling the rifle.

It is apparently difficult to produce a good service gun with tubular magazine in the butt of the stock, for, among the latest patterns of repeating-rifles adopted, we find none of this type. The position of the magazine is a poor one. It is in the same part of the gun as the trigger; moreover, it is liable to weaken the stock. It is very inconvenient to charge the magazine, and the number of cartridges contained therein is very limited.

As we have seen, Germany and France have adopted the tubular magazine under the barrel, England and Austria have adopted the detachable magazine. These are the two prominent types of repeating-rifles at present.

A great deal has been said concerning the relative merits of these guns. The gun with detachable magazine certainly possesses the merit of great simplicity. The portion of the gun under the receiver is adapted to the reception of a magazine-case, and this is a comparatively simple problem. The position of the centre of gravity is not materially affected by the introduction of the magazine.

The principal objections urged against the detachable magazine may be given as follows: The magazine is not in the gun, and is therefore not ready when wanted. The cases may be deformed or lost, and the gun is then virtually a single-loader. The cases usually contain only five or six cartridges. The case when attached to the gun is in the way. Increased expense and weight of cases and continual annoyance in supplying cases in addition to cartridges. Means of attachment of case to gun may fail. These objections do not apply with so much force to the Mannlicher detachable magazine gun. This gun is not a single-loader, and the magazine-case with five cartridges is habitually carried in the gun.

It might be said in favor of the detachable magazine that the soldier is not limited to one magazine, but may have several at his disposal, already charged. Cases really cost but little, and are not so easily deformed. When the magazine is needed it would appear to be very easy to attach it rapidly enough. When in a position where a sudden attack

or surprise might be expected, it could be carried in the gun ready for immediate use.

The tubular magazine under the barrel also has its defects or fancied defects, viz: Changing position of the centre of gravity of gun. Repeating mechanism may at any time get out of order, as the mechanism is more or less complicated. Cartridges may jam or even explode in the magazine. It is difficult to ascertain how many cartridges are in the magazine. Magazine cannot be either charged or emptied very readily.

It is claimed, however, in favor of this magazine that it is always in the gun and available for use, and that it contains enough cartridges for any crisis. It is ready for immediate use, as the push of a button suffices to turn it on.

One great objection is urged against this tubular magazine in common with all fixed magazines. In an action, a soldier, being excited, may at any moment turn on his magazine, and when the critical moment arrives many magazines may be empty. When the tubular magazine is once emptied it is difficult to again charge it in an action.

The detachable magazine is in the soldier's belt, where it can be more easily controlled, and, a number of cases being supplied, at least one case would probably be ready for use at the supreme moment.

A magazine is intended for use only at certain crises, and it would appear that the magazine upon which we could most depend for these occasions would be the best one.

In Germany and France, with their system of squads, where each man is directly under the eyes of his squad leader, magazine fire may be controlled until the proper moment. For our service, as we must depend greatly upon the volunteer soldier, the gun with detachable magazine, that can be used as a single-loader, is probably the better arm.

For defensive purposes the gun with detachable magazine is undoubtedly an excellent one, as a soldier may lie down with several filled cases ready to be attached in succession.

The Schulhof gun with fixed magazine under the receiver possesses considerable merit. This gun is interesting as being the first of its type to rise into prominence. The magazine is cylindrical and holds eight to fourteen cartridges grouped around a central revolving arbor. When the magazine door is opened to charge the magazine a spring attached to the arbor is forced under tension, and, upon closing this door, the compressed spring, acting through a lug on the arbor, throws the cartridges up, one at a time, into the receiver.

This gun is said to possess the following merits, viz.: Fixed magazine of minimum size; gun is nicely balanced, compact, magazine not in the way; magazine works entirely independent of action of bolt; magazine is easily charged and easily emptied; it is easy, at any time,

to see how many cartridges are in the magazine; rotary motion of cartridges prevents jamming. The inventor claims that ten cartridges can be placed in the magazine in five or six seconds.

This gun has been favorably received in Europe, but it probably has defects of mechanism, as, in a competitive trial with three other guns in Austria, it stood last in order of merit. The heat from rapid firing may have caused the magazine to work badly.

A gun of this pattern that would work well would doubtless combine more advantages with fewer disadvantages than a gun of any other type with fixed magazine. Our Chief of Ordnance in his last report (1887) states, "An effective and simple magazine gun has become a necessity,"—but a satisfactory one has not yet been found.

Conclusion.—We are in a position to wait and profit by experiences of European armies before arming with a new gun. The nations of Europe are afraid of each other, and are forced to adopt the best guns obtainable at this time, defective or not. Our next service rifle will undoubtedly be a small-calibre repeater.

The use of smokeless powder on the battle-field will probably be a feature of the next war, and it would be interesting to discuss the effects likely to be produced. Hasty intrenchments will not afford the soldier as much protection as formerly if we are to believe in the great penetrative effects of the new ammunition. The new powder about to be introduced will probably be used in field-guns, and there seems to be no reason to doubt that sea-coast guns will also be provided with it.

The Springfield rifle has been a good gun, but its day has evidently passed away, and it will soon be placed in the museum along with the Gras, the Mauser, and the Martini-Henry.

C. A. Bennett,
Lieutenant U.S.A.

REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES STEWART, UNITED STATES NAVY.

A Wonderful Career. From a Poor Lad to the Head of his Profession.

The career of Rear-Admiral Charles Stewart, United States Navy, has but few parallels. His name and prowess are linked and woven with the glory and fame of his country. Deprived of educational advantages, with poverty to contend with, Charles Stewart had naught to recommend him beyond his merits, and they were sufficient to win for the poor boy the proudest station in the United States navy.

Charles Stewart was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 28th of July, 1778, the month after the British army evacuated the city. His parents were natives of Ireland. He was the youngest of a family of eight children, and never knew the care and love of a father, who died when Charles was but two years of age. His mother was thus left to struggle alone, in the midst of the Revolution, with four children to provide for, and with but extremely limited means for their support and education. Being a woman of talents and great energy, she was not found wanting in this arduous task. In company with Decatur, Somers, and Caldwell, he attended the old Philadelphia Academy, his mother denying herself many comforts that her son might present a creditable appearance when mingling with his school-mates. Between Stewart and Decatur a warm friendship existed, extending throughout the latter's brilliant career, so suddenly and sadly terminated by the bullet of Barron on the gloomy field of Bladensburg. As a school-boy, Decatur was fond of a fight, so long as he had right and justice on his side, and, as Stewart once remarked, "The boy would sooner lose his dinner than miss an opportunity of avenging the wrongs of some small boy who had been imposed upon by a superior in size. Steve was the universal champion of the small boy."

Consumption was a hereditary disease in the Stewart family. One brother had filled an early grave, a victim to the terrible disease, and Charles, developing unmistakable signs of the malady, was sent to sea when only thirteen years of age. The merchant service, in that early day, was a rough, hard school; but the lad took to the profession naturally: he was at last in his right element, and he quickly slipped

from the forecastle to the quarter-deck. He served through the several grades, commencing with cabin-boy, and never halted until he was placed in command of an Indiaman.

The *English Naval Chronicle*, vol. xxxii., has the following allusion regarding Stewart's early life: . . . "Disgusted with the indignities put upon the Irish exiles in Paris, and unable to endure the poverty that oppressed him, he made his way towards the coast of Holland, with the design of becoming a seaman, and meeting at Antwerp with an American master, who seemed superior to the general run of his class, he told him candidly his situation and his views. The captain would have given him a passage to America, which he refused, and merely requested to be received as a landman, and fare as the sailors fared.

"To this the captain agreed; he was provided with a jacket and trousers, and had his berth assigned him among the sailors. He applied himself sedulously to acquire a knowledge of practical seamanship; being a good mathematician, the study of navigation was easy to him. In three months he was able to perform an ordinary seaman's duty, and in one year was taken as second mate of a large ship, bound to Holland, and thence to Asia and back.

"When he went to France he dropped his real name, and is now known, except to some few, only by his assumed one. His spirit of enterprise was such that the Dutch agents at Batavia, in 1804, intrusted him with the direction of a commercial enterprise of great moment to the coasts of Japan. He is at this time esteemed as one of the best navigators in the American naval service; he commands a ship of war, and after a fierce engagement has seen his flag wave above the British ensign; and if ever America should become a great naval power it is likely he will be the future Nelson of that great republic."

That the author of the above erred in many particulars will be conceded, and exactly how much truth is attached to the revelation of Stewart's career cannot at this day be stated.

He was in the full tide of mercantile success when he resolved to join the naval service of his country. There was every probability of a war with France, and his ardent spirit impelled him to seek a wider and more congenial field of duty. On the 9th of March, 1798, he was commissioned a lieutenant, and joined the "United States," frigate. She had been equipped at Philadelphia, then the capital of the country, and the centre of American civilization and refinement. The frigate had for lieutenants Ross, first; Mullowney, second; Barron, third; and Stewart, fourth; while in the steerage Somers, Decatur, and Caldwell, all Philadelphians and old acquaintances, messed together. William M. Rea, of Virginia, was first lieutenant of marines, and George Gillespie, of New York, surgeon. Bluff old Commodore John Barry was in command, and Stewart, with no little pride, donned his uniform for the first time. It may be briefly described as follows:

Coat, long, blue, with half-lapels, standing collar, and lining of buff. Lapels to have six buttons, and one on the collar. Buttons, yellow metal, and to have the foul anchor and American eagle on the same. Below the lapel, right side, three buttons; left side, three close-worked button-holes. Three buttons to the pocket-flaps, and three to a slash-sleeve, with a buff cord. One gold epaulet on the right shoulder. Trimmings, plain twist. Vest and breeches, buff; the former to be made with skirts and pocket-flaps, but to have buttons on the pockets. Cocked hat with black cockade, and small sword, yellow mountings.

On June 8 the frigate sailed from Philadelphia, but had to come to at the fort, there not being sufficient depth of water at ebb-tide to admit of the frigate passing the shoal below the island. She again made sail with the flood, and proceeded on her cruise direct to the West Indies. We next hear of her through the log-book of Captain Wallace, commanding the ship "Dauphin." This vessel, with twenty-five merchantmen, sailed from St. Pierre, bound to Prince Rupert's Bay, under convoy of the United States revenue cutter "Scammel," 11 guns. Wallace reported finding the following vessels at anchor: frigate "United States," Commodore Barry, 52 guns; frigate "Constitution," 46 guns; "George Washington," 36 guns; ship "Merrimac," 28 guns; "Herald," 26 guns; revenue cutter brig "Pickering," 14 guns; revenue cutter brig "Eagle," 16 guns; and revenue cutter schooner "Scammel," 11 guns.

Part of the time the frigate was actively employed in the West Indies, looking after and restraining the French privateers. Early in the spring of 1799, owing to Lieutenant Ross leaving the ship, and the promotion of Mullowney and Barron, Stewart was advanced to a first lieutenancy; Edward Meade, second; Somers, third; and Decatur, fourth.

In the latter part of 1799 the frigate was engaged in transporting the commissioners for treating with France to that country, and was thus deprived of the opportunity which, under other circumstances, might have led to glory and renown.

On the 16th of July, 1800, Lieutenant Stewart was appointed to the command of the United States schooner "Experiment," of 12 guns, in which he sailed on a cruise to the West Indies, having under his command those distinguished officers, Porter, Caldwell, and Tripp.

Arriving on the station assigned him, on the night of September 1 he captured, after an engagement of ten minutes, the French privateer "Deux Amis," of 8 guns. Being short of water, he proceeded to Prince Rupert's Bay, finding two British men-of-war at anchor. Amos Seely, a citizen of the United States, had been impressed on board of one of them, the "Siam," Captain Matsen, and Stewart, learning the the facts, at once addressed a note to the senior officer demanding his release. In a private interview the British commander remarked to

Stewart that the war in which his Majesty was engaged was arduous; that the difficulty of obtaining men for his numerous fleets and ships of war was great, and that he should encounter great hazard of being censured by his government should he lessen his force by yielding up his men; urging, moreover, that the example would be injurious to the service. Lieutenant Stewart replied that the British officers had too long trampled on the rights and liberties of his countrymen, and it was high time they had learned to respect the rights and persons of an independent nation, etc. It was stated in answer that Seely was impressed in England as an Englishman. "Then prove him so," replied Stewart, "and I have done; but if you cannot, I am prepared to prove him a citizen of the United States." The man was surrendered and entered on board the schooner.

On the 30th of September, while cruising, two sails were discovered bearing down on the "Experiment," with all sails set and English colors hoisted. The American schooner hove to, with the British signal of the day flying, until they approached within gunshot. When, finding one to be a brig-of-war of 18 guns and the other a three-masted schooner of 14 guns, and that they would not answer the signal, Stewart manœuvred so as to avail himself of the first opportunity to engage either one singly. The "Experiment" easily outsailed them, and, discovering the fact, both hoisted French colors, fired a gun to windward, and kept off before the wind. Stewart kept in their wake to windward, and at eight o'clock at night came up with the three-masted schooner, pouring in a broadside as she ranged along the port-quarter of the stranger. She struck her colors, proving to be the French national schooner "Diana," 14 guns, commanded by Captain Perandeau; Lieutenant de Vaisseau, with a detachment of thirty invalid soldiers, and a crew of sixty-five men. General Rigaud was one of the prisoners secured. The brig made her escape into St. Bartholomew. Lieutenant Caldwell was placed in charge of the prize and ordered to proceed to the United States. The schooner was afterwards restored to the French under an article of treaty, but the captors were never compensated by the government for the prize they had so gallantly won.

The prisoners were landed at St. Christopher, and Stewart, resuming his cruising, recaptured a number of American vessels. On the night of the 16th of November he fell in with an armed vessel, which disregarded all hails and orders to heave to. A running fight for forty minutes ensued, when the stranger was so badly cut up and crippled that she was obliged to strike. Lieutenant Porter boarded her, ascertaining that it was the "Louisa Bridger," of Bermuda, carrying eight 9-pounders. She had four feet of water in her hold, and after repairing her as well as circumstances would permit, Stewart allowed her to resume her cruise. The "Experiment" lost her boatswain and two men wounded in the engagement.

In the Mona passage a vessel was discovered on the reefs, with a large number of people on board. Lieutenant Porter was at once sent in to their relief, and after great danger and difficulty from the breakers succeeded in rescuing sixty women and children, with seven men of the crew. They were the families of the most respectable inhabitants of St. Domingo flying from the siege of that city by the blacks. They had been on the rocks two days without anything to eat or drink, and at the time of their rescue only a small portion of the quarter-deck was above water. The sailors, by diving, regained a large proportion of their property from the hold of the vessel, and in due time they were all restored to their friends. The President of St. Domingo, Don Joaquin Garcia, wrote a handsome letter of thanks to President Jefferson, extolling Stewart and his command.

The "Experiment" arrived at Norfolk in 1801, and was sold out of the service under the act of Congress fixing the naval establishment. Lieutenant Stewart was among the thirty-six lieutenants retained under that law, and was placed in charge of the frigate "Chesapeake," in ordinary at Norfolk. In 1802 he joined the frigate "Constellation" as executive officer, Captain Murry commanding. They proceeded up the Mediterranean to blockade Tripoli, then at war with the United States. The cruise was a short one, and no opportunity for testing the prowess of the ship's company was afforded. On the frigate's return to the United States, Stewart was placed in command of the brig "Siren," then in course of construction at Philadelphia. Stewart superintended her, and seven days after she was launched was *en route* to the Mediterranean to join the command of Commodore Preble,—an example of zeal, seamanship, and activity that might be studied and followed with advantage even in this advanced era of steam and high-pressure civilization.

The squadron rendezvoused at Syracuse, and the "Siren" was at once employed giving protection to commerce and conveying the consular presents to the Dey of Algiers. The "Siren" was engaged in the expedition under Stewart to destroy the frigate "Philadelphia." Lieutenant Decatur was sent in the "Intrepid," ketch, with seventy volunteers, to board and burn the frigate, which he accomplished in the most gallant manner, and with the aid of the "Siren's" boats, under Lieutenant Caldwell, effected his retreat out of the harbor.

Stewart, with the "Siren," "Vixen," "Enterprise," and "Nautilus" under his command, afterwards maintained a rigid blockade of the city of Tripoli and the adjacent harbors. During this period the Greek ship "Catapoliana" and the British brig "Scourge," of 12 guns, were captured by the "Siren" for a violation of the blockade. The ship was restored to the Greeks, and the brig put into the service of the United States by Commodore Preble. During this blockade Stewart frequently led in the vessels of the blockade to the attack of

the batteries and Algerian gunboats. On one occasion they attacked and destroyed two batteries the enemy had erected to the westward of the city for the protection of their coasting trade.

On the 1st of August, 1804, Commodore Preble arrived off Tripoli with the frigate "Constitution," two bomb or mortar vessels, and six gunboats, united with the "Siren" and "Argus," brigs of 18 guns, and "Nautilus," "Vixen," and "Enterprise," schooners of 12 guns. With this force he determined to strike a blow at the enemy. On the 3d, the wind proving favorable, at meridian the signal was made to prepare for battle, when the whole force, forming line ahead, led on by the "Siren," advanced to the attack. When within reach of the enemy's fire the gunboats were cast off. Twenty of the Algerian cruisers were moored in a line outside the reef which formed the harbor. Three of them were carried by boarding and added to the American squadron.

When Decatur sought out the Turk who had so treacherously murdered his brother, pushing within the enemy's lines with his single boat, and engaging his gigantic adversary with a cutlass, the weapon shivered close to the hilt as it came in contact with the iron head of the espontoon. The two closed, and in the furious struggle that ensued both fell, Decatur underneath. The Turk drew his dagger, intending to make short work of his foe, but Decatur managed to get hold of a small pistol in his pants-pocket, cocking and firing without withdrawing the weapon. His quickness and presence of mind saved his life, and the dagger, preserved as a memento of the affair, was given to Stewart by his friend, who carefully treasured the relic among his most sacred treasures and possessions. It was crescent-shaped, with a handle of ivory made from an elephant's tusk, the blade exceedingly slender, and sharp as a needle.

During the various engagements before Tripoli the "Siren" lost three officers and eight seamen, and thirteen wounded. Stewart was now promoted to the rank of master-commandant, and placed in command of the "Essex," which vessel, after the conclusion of peace with Tripoli, proceeded with the rest of the squadron, commanded by Commodore Rogers, to Tunis Bay, for the purpose of intimidating the Bey and his followers, as well as to prevent depredations upon our defenseless merchantmen.

The hostile attitude of the squadron while before the city induced Mr. George Davis, consul of the United States, to withdraw to the fleet. Consul-General Lear advised Commodore Rogers to assemble his officers in council, and in obedience to the summons Captains Hugh Campbell, Decatur, Stewart, Hull, Smith, Dent, and Robinson responded, meeting in the cabin of the flag-ship. The situation of affairs with the regency was explained, and the opinion of the officers demanded whether hostilities ought not to immediately commence. It

was at this council that the opinion of Stewart carried with it the assent of all the officers and preserved the peace of the country with the regency. Captain Stewart stated that there was no power under the Constitution of the United States which authorized hostilities and war on others but that which was lodged exclusively with Congress; that the President of the United States could not exercise this power without the sanction and authority of Congress, much less the commander of an American squadron; that due respect for the law of nations forbade aggression, and only justified self-defense by vigilance and convoy for the protection of our citizens and commerce; but when hostile attempts were made on either he would be justified in seizing all persons engaged in them, but no farther would his country sanction his acts, etc.

On receiving the opinion as delivered in the council, President Jefferson expressed to his Cabinet the high satisfaction he felt at having an officer in the squadron who comprehended the international law, the Constitution of his country, and the policy of his government.

On the termination of the affair with Tunis Captain Stewart took command of the frigate "Constellation" and returned to the United States. On his arrival he was promoted to a past captaincy.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, 24th April, 1806.

SIR,—It affords me real pleasure to have it in my power to transmit to you, herewith, a commission, to which your honorable services so justly entitle you.

I am, with great respect, sir,
Your most obedient servant,
R. SMITH.

To CAPTAIN CHARLES STEWART, Philadelphia.

That day must assuredly have been a proud and happy one for the successful naval officer, the more so when he reviewed the past, and remembered that as a poor and friendless boy he had begun his career before the mast in a merchantman.

During part of the years 1806–7 Captain Stewart was employed in superintending the construction of gunboats at New York, and was afterwards engaged in prosecuting mercantile enterprises to the East Indies, the Mediterranean, and Adriatic. During these voyages he was fortunate enough, through his spirited intercession, to release several of his fellow-citizens who had been impressed into British ships of war.

The declaration of war, 1812, found both Stewart and Bainbridge in Washington, anxious for duty and ready to serve their country at a moment's notice. Together they presented themselves at the Navy Department, but were informed by Mr. Gouldsborough, chief clerk,

that it had been decided by the Cabinet to place all the ships of war in the harbor of New York for its defense. The dismay and indignation of the two officers knew no bounds when they realized fully the disgrace and stigma thus cast upon their branch of the service by such a withdrawal of confidence by the chief men of the nation. It was tacitly acknowledging the superiority of the enemy, without affording the slightest opportunity to refute the boast that "Britannia ruled the wave."

There were but fourteen available vessels of war, three of 44 guns, one of 38 guns, and one of 32, while the balance were small vessels averaging 10 guns each. On the other hand the Royal navy consisted of two hundred and thirty-six ships of the line, and six hundred and sixty frigates and cruisers of all classes. Not a very encouraging prospect even for the most sanguine naval officer to face, but neither Bainbridge or Stewart hesitated as to the course to pursue, but acted promptly, and as it afterwards proved effectively.

In an interview with the Secretary of the Navy they asked him what the navy had done, that its members were to be deprived of so favorable an opportunity of plucking trophies from their renowned enemy on his own element, the ocean wave. The Secretary of the Navy replied, stating the anxieties of the government on the subject, and that nothing had perplexed them more, apprehending that our very limited marine would be immediately overwhelmed and crushed by superior force and numbers. The inexperience of our officers generally, the want of artillery-practice in our seamen, who were not inured to scenes of blood, seemed to forbid their being opposed to a marine which had triumphed over every flag in every sea, with the advantages of twenty years' constant practice. To this formidable array of cautious reasons they replied with arguments that convinced the Secretary of the erroneous position, and a spirited letter written to the President that night by Captains Bainbridge and Stewart convinced him also; he immediately directed the Secretary of the Navy *to send the vessels of war to sea, to seek the enemy, and he would take the responsibility on himself.* Mr. Gouldsborough, who was acquainted with the contents of that letter, sought it in vain at the hands of Mr. Madison, for insertion in his work on the "Naval History of the United States."

Captain Stewart received the command of the brig "Argus" and "Hornet" sloop-of-war, which vessels formed a part of the squadron of Commodore Rogers, but were under instructions to proceed to the British West Indies, where Stewart proposed to prey upon the enemy's commerce.

In December, Stewart was appointed to the command of the frigate "Constitution," then repairing at Washington. She was ready for sea in December, and a splendid entertainment was given on board. Over

eight hundred ladies and gentlemen, together with the President and Cabinet, participated in the festivities.

A return ball was given to the naval officers, and the *fête* was signalized by an event of no uncommon interest. About ten o'clock at night Midshipman Hamilton, aide to Captain Decatur, and son of the Secretary of the Navy, made his appearance in full uniform, a bundle of dispatches in one hand and a small package in the other. A buzz of excitement pervaded the ball-room, the music ceased, and the young officer, without a moment's hesitation, delivered papers and package into the hands of the President. It was Decatur's announcement of his victory over the "Macedonian," and the package contained the flag of the vanquished frigate. It was spread out on the floor that all present might view the "meteor ensign" which had for so long held undisputed sway of the ocean. Secretary Hamilton seized the opportunity of proclaiming to the guests that "*It is to Captains Bainbridge and Stewart you owe your naval victories.*"

Through the unexpected appearance of a vastly superior force of the enemy the "Constitution" did not get to sea, but, safely moored between Forts Norfolk and Nelson, assisted in repulsing the attack on Crany Island.

The War of 1812 was Stewart's opportunity to achieve a record and win fame, both of which he accomplished in a manner peculiarly his own. In the summer of 1813 he was ordered to the command of the frigate "Constitution," then undergoing repairs at Boston, succeeding the gallant Bainbridge, who had achieved his fill of honor with "Old Ironsides" in capturing the "Java."

Stewart sailed from Boston in December, 1813, with the frigate in prime order so far as the hull and rigging were concerned. He displayed "Old Ironsides's" pennant off the coasts of Georgia and South Carolina, thence to the Bermuda Islands, off the coasts of Surinam, Berbier, and Demerara, to windward of the islands of Barbadoes, St. Vincent, Martinico, off St. Christopher's, St. Eustatius, Porto Rico, and Santa Cruz. The cruising-ground was familiar to both commander and vessel. He destroyed the privateer "Pictou," 16 guns, a merchant ship of 10 guns, the brig "Catherine," and schooner "Phœnix;" he chased several British ships of war, narrowly missing an engagement with the frigate "La Pique," 36. He was unable to overtake any of them on account of the worn-out state of the sails of the frigate. They had performed good service for Captains Hull and Bainbridge, and Stewart reluctantly shaped his course to Boston for the purpose of receiving a new suit. Reaching the capes, he fell in with the "Junon" and "Tenedos," 50-gun frigates, both under the orders of Captain Upton, which vessels pushed him hard, chasing him into Marblehead. He soon gave them the slip, proceeding without further molestation to Boston, where he arrived in April.

Stewart's stay in port was short, but long enough for the gallant sailor to win a prize, with all the dash and *éclat* for which he enjoyed an enviable reputation. He had been told by a fortune-teller years before that he would "wed with the belle of Boston," and her prophecy proved true. He met, won, and married Delia Tuder, daughter of Judge Tuder, one of the leading citizens of Boston at the time. She was one of the most fascinating and accomplished women of her day, and the acknowledged belle of the city. Her brother, Frederick Tuder, known as the ice-king, enjoyed from the British government, after the War of 1812, the monopoly of furnishing ice to Jamaica for a term of years, besides releasing his ice ships from all port charges. It may not be generally known that Mrs. Parnell, mother of the famous Irish agitator, is the daughter of Admiral Stewart.

In December "Old Ironsides" was ready for another cruise, having been refitted with great care, and furnished with a complete set of new sails.

Stewart, before bidding his bride adieu, asked her what he should bring her when he returned. "A British frigate," was the quick reply, with flashing eyes. "I'll do better," responded Stewart. "You shall have two, and I'll wear my wedding uniform as a safeguard against bullets."

Stewart was a trifle superstitious, and, like many a stout-hearted seaman, believed more or less in omens and superstitions. During his career he never received but one wound. It was in the engagement with the French privateer "La Diana," in 1800. During the heat of the engagement a pigeon, terrified by the uproar, hovered over the quarter-deck of the American vessel, finally nestling on Stewart's left shoulder. The next instant a bullet struck its foot at the junction of the toes and penetrated his shoulder. That wound was trifling in itself, but the surgeon stated that the pigeon was the means of saving him from a shattered shoulder.

Stewart sailed from Boston in "Old Ironsides" December 17, 1814, and went to Bermuda, to the eastward of which he captured the brig "Lord Nelson." Thence *via* Madeira he cruised into the Bay of Biscay. From the Bay of Biscay he shaped the frigate's course off Lisbon, where he captured the ship "Susan," with a valuable cargo, and sent her to New York. Off the same place, one dark night, he encountered a large ship, resulting in the exchange of a number of shots before it was ascertained that the stranger was a Portuguese.

Realizing the imprudence of remaining any length of time in one locality, he stood to the southward and westward towards Madeira.

On the morning of February 19, 1815, a number of the officers of the "Constitution" were standing in the starboard gangway lamenting their hard fate at the unsuccessful nature of the cruise. They had been absent from home some time, and no opportunity had as yet presented

itself to win promotion or renown. Captain Stewart overheard the disconsolate remarks, and joining his subordinates bade them not despair. "The old craft has not yet lost her good luck, and I assure you, gentlemen, that unless all signs fail, we shall have our hands full ere another sun rises and sets. We shall meet the enemy, and it will not be a single ship, you may depend upon that."

Stewart did not reveal the source of his information, but the officers shrewdly surmised that "the old man had had an omen," and a quiet smile was indulged in when sheltered by the precincts of the wardroom.

At 1 P.M. the next afternoon a sail was discovered on the port bow and to leeward. The weather was hazy, the wind blowing fresh from the eastward, and all sail was at once made in chase. At four o'clock the main-royal mast was carried away, and before the damage was fairly repaired and the royal sheeted home another vessel was seen to leeward of the first, which was soon made out to be a ship, close-hauled, standing to the southward. The nearest of the strangers up helm and ran down to speak his consort, signaling at the same time, which proved conclusively to Stewart they were cruising together. The "Constitution" squared away in chase, setting everything that would draw, alow and aloft.

One of the vessels was painted with double yellow streaks and false ports in the waist, presenting the appearance of a double-decked ship. Lieutenant Ballard expressed the opinion to his commander that she was nothing less than a 50-gun ship. "You may be correct," was the response, "but you know I promised you a fight before the setting of the sun, and if we do not take it now that it is offered we may never have another chance. The opportunity so ardently longed for has come, and we must whip them whether she has one gun-deck or two."

The two strangers proved to be British vessels of war, the "Cyane," 34, and "Levant," 22, and, reducing sail to fighting canvas, they hauled by the wind in line ahead, awaiting the approach of the American frigate, now about one mile distant, on the starboard quarter of the sternmost vessel.

The moon was shining brightly as the "Constitution" ranged along the windward side of the sternmost vessel until she reached the desired position, which was at the apex of the equilateral triangle, the British ships forming the base-line. This position was maintained throughout the engagement until victory declared in favor of Stewart, who displayed consummate skill and coolness in handling his vessel. While raking his adversaries repeatedly, he baffled their attempts to return the compliment, and, as Cooper states, "backed and filled in the smoke, forcing her two antagonists down to leeward when they were endeavoring to cross her stern or forefoot, constituting the most brilliant manœuvres in naval annals."

During the battle Stewart was pacing back and forth, delivering

his orders and watching the enemy, carrying his sword under his arm, —a pure Toledo, which had been presented to him years before by the king of Spain. He had rescued a Spanish ship that was drifting in mid-ocean, the crew being helpless from yellow fever. A grape-shot carried away the hilt, and the armorer replaced it with a rough contrivance which was always retained.

After the battle, and when everything had been placed in readiness again to meet an enemy, Stewart sought his cabin, where the British captains were seated glum and disconsolate. During the conversation which ensued the discomfited officers got into a dispute relative to the details and result of the combat, contending that if such an evolution had been resorted to, or a certain position attained at the right time, the termination of the triangular meeting would have been widely different.

"Gentlemen," interrupted Stewart, "it is useless to multiply words and lose your tempers now over our little engagement. It cannot be undone. It matters little what manœuvring you might have resorted to, it could not have changed the result. I was bound to win two prizes when I donned my best uniform, and if you doubt me, I will put you all on board again and you can try it over."

The midshipman of the watch making his appearance, no reply was vouchsafed to the proposition. The youngster stated that "the officer of the deck sent his compliments to Captain Stewart, and wished to know if the crew could have their grog." As the usual grog hour or serving-out time had elapsed previous to the battle, Captain Stewart inquired, "The grog has been already served, has it not?" "No, sir," was the reply; "it was mixed ready to be dealt out, but the older seamen said they would have no Dutch courage at that stage of the game, and capsized the grog-tub in the lee scuppers." A second allowance was at once authorized.

Stewart went at once to Porto Praya with his prizes, arriving there on the 19th of March. The town has nothing remarkable in it unless it is the entire absence of window-glass, which adds to the general air of squalor and wretchedness of the hovels. The eastern side of the entrance to the harbor is a high bluff, called East Point, from which "Old Ironsides" narrowly escaped serious injury owing to the prevalence of a thick fog. The "Cyane" came to with the "Constitution" on her port-beam and the "Levant" on the port-beam of the old frigate. In the harbor was a Portuguese and an English brig trading for jackasses and mules, etc. The English merchantman upon discovering the Yankee ship was thrown into a state of confusion and great excitement, apprehending capture and the captivity of all hands. Stewart at once sent an officer on board reassuring the master, stating that Americans always observed the neutrality of ports.

The British captains, at their request, were allowed to visit the shore for the purpose of making arrangements with the master of the English

brig to transport their officers and crews to Barbadoes under a flag of truce. They availed themselves of the opportunity to call upon the governor, and by some means prejudiced that official against the commander of the American frigate. He sent a message on board to Stewart that no more prisoners would be allowed to land.

At midnight a Portuguese officer brought off a boat-load, with the information that he would return at once with another, but Stewart prevented the carrying out of the plan by detaining him on board till daylight, when he was sent back with the freight he had brought. At daylight on Saturday, March 11, 1815, the signal was made from the "Constitution" to land all prisoners, which was at once obeyed on board the "Levant" and arrangements made for painting her. At 11 A.M. a boat was sent from "Old Ironsides" to get the brig chartered by the British officers under way to receive the baggage from the American frigate.

Cooper, in his sketch of "Old Ironsides," relates the following interesting incident:

"Shubrick, on whom the discharge of the executive duties of the vessel had fallen in his new character of first lieutenant, was walking the quarter-deck deeply ruminating on the business before him, when he heard an exclamation from one of the English midshipmen who was aft on the taffrail. The lad had spoken to Captain Falcon, late of the 'Cyane,' saying 'Oh, Captain Falcon, look at the large ship in the offing.' So intent was Shubrick on his own ruminations that these words might have passed unheeded for the moment but for the answer. 'Hold your tongue, you little rascal!' answered Captain Falcon, in a low voice. This completely aroused the lieutenant, who, walking aft, saw over the bank of mist the upper sails of a large ship that was apparently beating up to gain the harbor. After taking a good look at the stranger, Shubrick went below and reported the fact to the captain. Stewart was shaving at the time, and, without discontinuing the operation, he answered, calmly, 'Very well, sir. It is an Indiaman, or it may be a frigate: call all hands and heave short, and we'll go out and see what she is made of.' Shubrick ordered 'all hands up anchor,' and then went on deck to take another look at the stranger while the men were tumbling up and manning the bars. He now saw the upper sails of two more large ships in the mist above the bank, all then beating up for the roads. Captain Stewart was immediately informed of this, and without a moment's hesitation he gave the orders to 'cut.' It is probable that this prompt command saved the ship. A signal was made for the prizes to follow, and the duty went on in the most beautiful and cool manner. In fourteen minutes after the first ship was seen, and in ten after the order to cut was given, 'Old Ironsides' was walking out of the roads under her topsails."

When passing the forts the flag of the prince regent of Portugal

was hoisted over them, and their guns opened simultaneously upon the "Constitution" and her two prizes.

They were all abeam of the strangers, who tacked, all of them standing to the southward. The pursuing ships were the "Leander," 50, "Newcastle," 50, and "Acasta," 40. The first two ships were new, built expressly to overmatch the American 44's.

The "Acasta" gained upon the prize "Cyane," which tacked by signal and disappeared in the fog, reaching New York in safety. The "Newcastle" approached close enough to open fire by divisions, which ruined her chances of success. The "Acasta" continued to weather upon "Old Ironsides," and Stewart, apprehending trouble, signaled the "Levant" to tack, at the same time lighting his shot-furnaces, in hopes to set fire to the "Acasta" and escape while her consorts proceeded to her assistance. But the Englishmen tacked, following the "Levant" closely, which ship was compelled to seek the protection of Porto Praya, anchoring under the guns of the forts. She fell an easy prey to the squadron of Sir George Collier, who took her to the West Indies, together with the boats of the "Constitution." Not the slightest attempt was made by the forts to uphold the dignity of their flag or redress the insult offered in their waters.

Stewart proceeded to Brazil, landed his prisoners at Maranhao on parole, and shaped his course for the United States, arriving at Boston in May. Peace had actually been declared when the engagement between the vessels took place, but the prizes were legal under the provisions of the treaty.

In Boston he and his officers were received with a triumphal procession. New York gave him the freedom of the city, a gold snuff-box, and the officers a magnificent banquet. Pennsylvania voted him the thanks of the State and a gold-hilted sword, while Congress conferred a vote of thanks to him and his officers, and gave Stewart a gold medal in commemoration of the victory.

The War of 1812 having been brought to a close, the "Constitution" was placed out of commission, and laid up in ordinary. In 1816, Stewart was placed in command of the "Franklin," 74, and in 1817 she was fitted out at Philadelphia as the flag-ship of Commodore Stewart, who was ordered to take command of the American squadron in the Mediterranean. In November, 1817, he sailed for England, having on board as passenger the Hon. Richard Rush as minister to the court of St. James. He remained on the station until 1820, when he returned to the United States, and the "Franklin" was refitted for a cruise to the Pacific. He served on the board of navy commissioners until 1837, when he relieved Commodore Barron in command of the navy-yard at Philadelphia. With the death of Barron he headed the list as senior officer of the service. By special act of Congress in 1859 he was made "senior flag-officer" of the navy, and in 1861 was fully retired.

He greatly preferred the title of commodore above that of rear-admiral, conferred a few years before his death, and loved to fight over his battles when surrounded by genial friends. He possessed a wonderfully retentive memory, and distinctly remembered the burning of Benedict Arnold in effigy in 1781. He remembered Paul Jones, having seen that celebrity upon the eve of his departure for Russia.

President Lincoln, in the early days of his eventful administration, placed great reliance upon the judgment and opinions of the old veteran. He was frequently summoned to attend grave councils, and during the investment of Fort Sumter said the government should succor the brave men within its walls. He guaranteed to perform the service if the necessary orders should be issued. "I saw the same thing done during one of the Spanish wars, and give me the vessels and men and I will do it."

At this time Stewart was eighty-three years old, but active and patriotic as the best. He begged to be placed in active service, to be given something to do, but the President replied that he had well earned repose, and there were younger, but no braver, men than he who must defend the country.

It is said he had drunk wine with Washington and dined with every succeeding President except Harrison and Tyler, who died before the opportunity was afforded him.

Once, when dining with a number of English naval officers, in company with Hon. Richard Rush, he astonished the company by declaring his ability to capture the city of London. "I could have done it, too," he remarked when relating the circumstance, "but the secret I reserved for the benefit of my country, should she require it."

He probably referred to the then untried theory of armored or plated vessels of war, combining the principles of the steam ram, the building of which he urged frequently upon the attention of the government.

In 1844 he was a prominent candidate for the nomination for the Presidency, but was defeated by Polk. He was the intimate friend of Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's eldest brother, and induced him to settle at Bordentown.

Admiral Stewart was about five feet nine inches in height, erect and well-proportioned, of fine carriage and dignified presence. His complexion was fair, but bore the traces of exposure to the elements. His hair was of a chestnut color; his eyes blue, large, and penetrating. The cast of his countenance was Roman, bold, strong, and commanding, and his head finely formed. A phrenologist pronounced it the head of a man of great vigor and mind, high sense of justice, and inflexible resolution of purpose. It is well known that his character corresponded perfectly with the above description. His mind was acute and powerful. He not only fully understood his profession as a naval

officer, but also the varied interests of commerce, the foreign and domestic policy of his country, the principles of government, and the law of nations. His control over his passions was a surprising feature of Stewart, and the officers and men who served with him never saw a ray of anger flash from his eyes under the most trying circumstances.

The disease that caused his death was similar to General Grant's malady,—scirrhus cancer, which appeared at the root of his tongue. With his iron constitution and wonderful vitality he could easily have undergone an operation, but he had lived so long that life was becoming burdensome, and he longed to join his loved ones on the silent shore. He refused to have anything done, allowing the cancer to work its will.

In the summer of 1868 his nimble, petite figure was frequently seen on the main avenues of the capital, carrying with him a little cane. But the fatal cancer soon undermined his strength. Towards the last he lost the power of speech, having recourse to a slate. But throughout all his sufferings no murmur escaped his patient lips. He died on Saturday, November 6, 1869, at the age of ninety-one years, three months, and nine days. His eventful career, embracing over three-fourths of a century, was replete with valuable services and adventures rivaling in point of interest and thrilling incidents the eventful history of the illustrious Bainbridge.

H. D. Smith,
First Lieutenant U. S. Revenue Cutter Service.

A GARRISON BELLE.

(Continued from page 156.)

IV.

But how fared it at the fort during the absence of the horsemen? To take five troops of cavalry, the adjutant, and most of the young officers included from a seven-company post must necessarily change the complexion of the garrison. Mrs. Trumpets, Mrs. Sabres, and Mrs. Shotgun were, for the nonce, contented; for with the party in the field were Lawrence, Scott, Trolls, Digby, and others, who were the recognized admirers and associates of Miss Langlie. So they fancied Lilian's occupation gone. And they sincerely hoped that the dullness of the garrison might result in her speedy return to New York; but they dismally failed in their conjecture.

Lilian was greatly surprised to see Lawrence, in scouting attire, ride by her window; and later in the day, when Crumbs told her what officers were absent, she was naturally sorry; for the very life of the garrison had gone forth. However, it cannot be said that she actually grieved, for Lilian was a very sensible young woman, and with her books, her embroidery, and her brush, to all of which she was devoted, existence did not wholly depend upon the presence of numerous smitten subalterns.

The dust raised by the moving column could still be seen in the distance, as Mrs. Sabres sauntered into the quarters of Mrs. Trumpets, where, much to her delight, she beheld Mrs. Shotgun, snugly ensconced in a reclining-chair. The trio were enough alike in temperament, disposition, and general vindictiveness to pass for three of a kind. In fact, Sabres had once whispered that he would not be afraid to open a jack-pot with them. They were discussing Lilian when Mrs. Sabres entered, and, as this was an ever-agreeable subject, she was not slow to express her opinion, which she did as follows:

"I had hoped that, with all the subs in the field, life would be so unbearable for her that she would go home; but I fear not. So long as it is a man, it matters not who he be. I just saw her strolling towards the river with Captain Trumpets."

This was a double side-thrust at her dear friend, and it had the desired effect.

"You saw her walking with my husband!" almost shrieked Mrs. Trumpets, while Mrs. Shotgun seized an old magazine to hide the smile which illuminated her countenance.

"Yes" (innocently). "Poor fellow! I suppose she asked him to go with her, and what *could* the poor man do?"

"I'll find something for him to do!" retorted Mrs. Trumpets, springing from her chair and calling "Peters! *Peters!* PETERS!"

Peters was the captain's striker, and he soon appeared.

"Peters," she said, "I wish you would go down by the river, find Captain Trumpets, give him my compliments, and tell him I should like to see him at once."

"Yes, um." And Peters disappears.

Of course, Mrs. Shotgun and Mrs. Sabres were going to stay and see the thing out; so there they sat until Peters returned with the information that the captain could not be found.

Mrs. Trumpets studied the situation for a moment, and then she decided on her course.

"I tell you what we will do," she said: "we three will go out together and unearth them. I guess they will appear sheepish enough when we come upon them."

But once more were the little women doomed to disappointment; for when they did come upon them it was in the hop-room, and they did not appear sheepish at all. Lilian was seated on one of the rude benches, and the gallant captain was on the floor, turning, as gracefully as his avoirdupois would permit, to Lilian's "One, two, three; one, two, three; one, two, three." Yes, she was teaching the captain the "Glide Polka!" Trumpets, who was shot almost to pieces at Malvern Hill, and who carried a memento of Antietam in the shape of an ugly sabre-cut on his head; Trumpets, who was always excused from field service because he was so bunged up, learning to dance! Learning to dance the "Glide Polka" with the fast Miss Langlie as instructress!

The three women stood as if petrified when this sight met their gaze. Mrs. Trumpets was too indignant to speak audibly; but a half-smothered, "The old fool!" was borne to the ear of Mrs. Shotgun, who had already whispered to Mrs. Sabres that she thought it simply disgraceful. At the same time she was experiencing keen delight at the discomfiture of her very dear friend.

But Trumpets was determined to learn that dance, and, after a polite word to mesdames, the lesson continued, much to his satisfaction and to Mrs. Trumpets's infinite disgust.

But Mrs. Trumpets was not the only one destined to experience annoyance that day. Towards evening she felt completely "done up," as she expressed it. So, armed with her huge glass smelling-flask, she

proceeded to Mrs. Shotgun's, and asked her to accompany her to the hospital,—that she must have some ammonia, arom. spr.

The two little women strolled across the parade-ground, and the accommodating steward filled the flask. They had just left the hospital, when the sound of horses' feet caused them to turn, and this is what they see: Lilian, in her neatly-fitting dark-green habit and high hat, mounted on the same little beast which had run with her, and Captain Elias Cobdin Shotgun of the Ninety-third United States Infantry, mounted on the major's sorrel, bobbing up and down at her side!

To say that they stood speechless with astonishment barely expresses it; for, during his whole tour of service, Shotgun had never been seen astride an animal. In fact, he had told his wife—when at times she had suggested a ride—that he hated riding. That he had a bad toss when a boy, and had never been on a brute since! But he is on one now, and away they go, Shotgun riding as badly from necessity as do the English guardsmen for effect when off duty.

So it will be seen that with Captain Trumpets, her pupil in dancing, and Captain Shotgun, her pupil in riding, Miss Langlie was not left so completely to herself as the spiteful, jealous triumvirate had hoped; consequently they were indescribably disappointed. So much so, in fact, was Mrs. Trumpets that she actually took a large spoonful of Weeks's lightning from her husband's decanter, just prior to seeking her couch that night.

The name of Robert Lawrence was borne upon the sick report. He was able to get up, and, with the assistance of his striker, to dress, but a cavalry cape was substituted in lieu of the blouse, and his lounge proved more agreeable than a chair.

When a young officer is sick in quarters he may, as a general rule, safely conclude that he is quite forgotten by his friends and associates. To be sure, "Pinky" Scott dropped in now and then on his way to the store, and Trolls and Digby had paused for a light. But that was all, until the fifth day of his confinement, when Crumbs so far violated the custom of the service as to actually call upon him. As Crumbs was leaving, he said,—

"I will ask my wife and Miss Langlie to look in on you, if you would like it."

"If he would like it!" Had he not been longing for a glimpse of those fair features? And had not Lilian walked more than once by his quarters in hope of seeing a face at the window?

So, later in the day, Mrs. Crumbs and Lilian were comfortably installed in Bob's reclining-chairs, and the pleasantest hour he had known for a long time was passed.

Unfortunately, just as these good little women were entering Bob's quarters Mrs. Trumpets was sailing across the parade-ground at the

heels of Trolls, who was officer of the day. She wanted to get the prisoners to water her garden-plot, she said.

Though her whole soul seemed to go with the request, yet she did not fail to observe Bob's visitors. She turned instantly and walked—I mistake, she absolutely flew—to Mrs. Shotgun's. To her joy, she found Mrs. Sabres on the floor tracing, with one of her husband's spurs, a pattern of a new *tournure* from the *Bazar*.

"What *do* you think!" she exclaimed; "I just saw Mrs. Crumbs and Miss Langlie coming out of Mr. Lawrence's quarters! It is execrable taste in Mrs. Crumbs, but utterly disreputable in Lilian!"

Of course they agreed with her; and they were wondering what scandalous thing the fast New Yorker would do next, when Captain Shotgun entered. After speaking to the ladies, for whom he had not much admiration, he turned to his wife and said,—

"Mary, Lawrence is tied in his quarters with that wound of his. 'Twould not be a bad trick for you to go and see him. He's fit to see company, and he might like it."

Certainly she would go! to be sure she would! She had been meaning to all along! And then Mrs. Sabres and Mrs. Trumpets had many questions to put concerning poor, dear Mr. Lawrence, whom they all missed *so* much.

As Mrs. Shotgun was leaving Bob's quarters that evening she encountered her visitors of the morning just entering. They had arrived at the conclusion that, being married women and ladies of the garrison, "don't cher know?" it was no more than decency required that they should just stop and see how the poor fellow was getting along. And from this date Digby declared that Bob received from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. daily.

Digby was right. From experiencing almost solitary confinement Bob was scarcely able to have one moment to himself. His striker was in constant attendance at the door, if not admitting persons, receiving dishes, tumblers, and bowls of that kind of food usually found in sick-rooms, styled delicacies.

At length Lawrence got out,—driven out, the surgeon said. And Private Muldoon—his striker—told it in the barracks: "It is moi belafe that them women, with their jellies and their jams and their braths, will make a howling lunatic of the *loo*tun'nt yet."

Yes, Bob is out; his arm is still in a sling and the cape is still worn, as on towards the river he goes, with his world, in the person of Miss Langlie, beside him. The same old cottonwood is reached, and once more they avail themselves of its spreading branches.

Bob is the first to break the silence: "You look troubled; is anything the matter, *Chérie?*"

Yes, it had come to *Chérie!* There had been no more holding of hands, no more touching of lips; but he had permission—that per-

mission born of silence—to call her *Chérie*, Dearie, Chicken, Tot, Baby, and like epithets, which are always allowable when Love is their sponsor in baptism. And when asked to call him Bob she acquiesced.

"Yes, something is the matter," was the reply. "Mr. Greene will be here to-night."

"Mr. Greene! here!" exclaimed Lawrence, greatly astonished. "How is he coming, and from where?"

"I had a telegram from him last night at Piute City. He has chartered some kind of a conveyance, and will be here this evening. It's intensely provoking, but I see no help for it."

"Well, you must bear in mind one thing: you are not to marry him!" said Lawrence.

"I am not likely to forget it; but I wish I might feel one-half so certain on that point as yourself."

"Listen, Lilian," said Robert. "If I satisfy your mother that it will be better for all parties concerned that this engagement be broken, you will not hesitate to tell Mr. Greene of your resolve?"

"Can you doubt me? Such an occasion will be regarded as a joyful epoch in my existence."

"Very well, then," said Lawrence. "I did not mean to go to the dance to-night, simply because I cannot get into a coat. But I shall wrap my martial cloak around me and play wall-flower, for the express purpose of seeing Mr. Greene,—your ex-*fiancé* to be."

"Taps" had gone. The hop-room, which had been prettily decorated in the conventional way with flags, sabres, and bayonets, was a blaze of light. Mrs. Sinclare was giving a party to Miss Langlie. Lilian had been asked to lead the cotillon with whomsoever she desired. Naturally, she asked Lawrence; but his shoulder barred him out, much to "Pinky" Scott's delight, for he was second choice. And he is in the hop-room now, with his long blond moustache worn *à la Victor Emmanuel*, and his lithe, graceful figure showing to great advantage in a perfectly-fitting new uniform.

"He looks for all the woorld like a drood," said Private Flannegan, mentally. Flannegan had not been east of the Missouri for eighteen years, and this was the nearest he could come to it.

And now Mrs. Crumbs, becomingly dressed in pink, enters; and close behind her, radiant in blue satin and a necklace of pearls, comes Lilian on the arm of a man in civilian evening dress,—presumably Mr. Greene.

Yes, it is; she presents him to "Pinky": "Mr. Greene, of New York, Mr. Scott."

Every lady and every officer of the garrison, save Bob, is now present, and the old hop-room looks quite gay.

A soldier enters and hands Miss Langlie a superb bouquet of

Cornelia Cook buds. This gift may be more fully appreciated when it is learned that Furnish is two hundred miles from a railroad, and several hundred more from a civilized community.

"How perfectly exquisite!" exclaimed Mrs. Shotgun, rushing up to Lilian and burying her proboscis in the fragrant flowers; "and so thoughtful and nice in Mr. Greene!"

"Much as I dislike to, I fear I must plead 'not guilty,'" said the *fiancé*, looking not at all pleased.

"Who could have sent it to her?" asked Mrs. Shotgun of Mrs. Trumpets.

"I cannot imagine," was the reply. "The man who brought it belongs to Sabres's troop. Perhaps Lydia" (Mrs. Sabres) "might ask him who gave them to him."

"To be sure she can; let us ask her." And away they go to join the divine Lydia, who, being as deeply interested as themselves, agrees to do all in her power.

Mrs. Sabres sweeps along to where her husband is sitting and says,—

"Are those not lovely flowers? It was one of your men who brought them. I wonder who sent them?"

Sabres evidently does not think this remark worthy of reply. He pulls savagely at his collar, which seems to be somewhat rebellious, and remains silent.

But Mrs. Sabres is not going to be repulsed so easily. "Would it be out of the way at all," she asks, "for me to ask the man who gave him the flowers?"

"Yes, it would; decidedly out of the way. Way off, in fact," answers Sabres. "Why don't you ask Miss Langlie, if you are so crazy to know? You may be sure no young fellow would send her such a thing as that without taking precious good care to let her know whence it came."

But Mrs. Sabres was not going to ask Lilian, and she was going to solve the mystery of the bouquet. Out of the way or not, she determined to ask the man. Fortune favored her. The very next morning she saw him passing her quarters. She ran to the door and said,—

"I wish you would come here a minute and help me to move a trunk I have up-stairs." And up the stairs they go.

"Are you not the man who brought that bouquet into the hop-room last night?" she ventures.

"Oi am, mum," is the reply.

"Did Mr. Lawrence seem any the worse when he gave it to you?" is the next query.

"And phat would *Loot*un'nt Lawrence be given me floores fer?" is the answer.

"Then it was not Mr. Lawrence?"

"Indade it was not, mum."

"Who did give it to you?"

A pause.

"Who did give you the flowers?"

"The capun told me, mum, to say niver a woored about it; and be jabers, saving your presence, I'll not!"

"Captain who?" is the next question.

"Capun Sabres, to be sure; me troop commander."

"Do you mean to tell me that Captain Sabres gave you that bouquet?" asked Mrs. Sabres, trembling with anger and excitement.

"I didn't *mane* to tell you nothing, mum. And if you have no more trunks to move, I'll be moving myself." And poor, frightened McGulligan, seeing courts and guard-houses in prospective, goes down to the stables to bewail his fate in solitude.

I will not lift the curtain on the scene which was enacted when Sabres next entered his quarters. He made his escape as soon as possible from his infuriated wife, and sauntered aimlessly towards the trader's store. Before this structure is reached he sees McGulligan approaching. The poor soldier has suffered, terribly suffered, for his breach of diplomacy. He would have given his right hand sooner than have done anything to cause his captain annoyance; but the captain does not know this, and the poor private dreads the consequences.

"When is your time out, McGulligan?" asks Sabres.

"This day month, sir," is the reply.

"When I am filling in your discharge I wish you to remind me to give you a good character. I will tell you now what it will be. It will be d— fool! Do you understand? D— fool, *and in red ink!*"

Yes, poor McGulligan understood. But at the expiration of the thirty days, the recollection of McGulligan's behavior in Skull Valley that morning quite effaced the harrowing scenes incident to his want of tact in the bouquet affair; so "Excellent" was substituted for the promised ominous words. And McGulligan told his Eastern associates that he had "Sarved wid the foinest troop commander in the United States service." And he had.

But we must return to the cotillon. "Pinky" led out with Miss Langlie in the "Newport," followed by Trumpets and Mrs. Crumbs. Yes, Trumpets was so far advanced that he felt equal to a german. Mrs. Shotgun followed next with Mr. Greene. The major was dancing with Mrs. Sinclare, and Mrs. Robbins's waist was encircled by the arm of Digby. They were all there, and all hugely enjoying themselves when Lawrence enters. He crosses the room and seats himself beside the colonel, who instantly remarks,—

"Stop up your ears, Lawrence, so you cannot hear the music, and see if they all do not look like a party of dumb idiots."

Lawrence had done this on former occasions, so he only smiles. But why is it that the naturally colorless cheek of Mr. Greene pales, until he presents the appearance of a corpse? Why should the entrance of Lawrence so effect him as to make him wish from the bottom of his heart that he had never come to Fort Furnish? The reason is this. He has seen that he is recognized; and he reads in the glance riveted upon him the words, "Yes, Mr. 'Opium' Greene, I remember you!"

Lawrence, to his horror and amazement, beholds in Miss Langlie's *fiancé* "Opium" Greene; and this is what he remembers:

Just prior to his entering the army Lawrence belonged to the Somersault Club, of Boston. Among its members was Mr. "Opium" Greene, a man of gentle birth and large fortune. Mr. Nicholas, a prominent member of the club, had a superb residence and magnificent grounds at Brighton. This gentleman proposed a race, to be run on his private track; open to members of the club only. Any member was allowed to enter any animal that had not a better record than 1.30; and each man must ride the horse he entered.

The day dawned. Some twenty club-men were on the track, mounted, when "Opium" Greene appeared, astride a superb coal-black mare. Not one white hair was to be seen, as many admirers drew near and looked her well over. Greene backed his mount against the field; giving large odds and finding many takers.

The race was run, and Greene was an easy winner. With the purse Mr. Nicholas had made up, together with his own winnings, Mr. Greene made a very neat thing of it, and he was warmly congratulated.

But in returning the mare to her owner, who was a sporting character of the lowest type, Mr. Greene refused to pay the price demanded for the use of the animal.

"I will give you one hundred, and no more," he said to the man.

"Then I'll peach," was the reply.

"Peach and be d—!" said Mr. Greene, walking away.

The next morning the Boston *Daily Squealer* printed the following card:

"The animal which Mr. Greene, of the Somersault Club, rode at the club race yesterday was no other than the celebrated Lady S., whose record at the last spring meeting of the Beacon Jockey Club was 1.17½. The white star in her forehead and the white stocking on her off hind leg were artistically colored by the deft hand of Mr. Greene to prevent recognition.

"JIM COLE."

Of course, Mr. Greene was expelled from the club, and the society shut its door in his face. Lawrence had never seen him since the day of the race, and now he comes upon him in the hop-room at Fort Furnish. What a little world it is?

"How did that rascally blackleg, that insufferable cad, get into swell New York society? and how did he get Mrs. Langlie in his power?" These were the questions Lawrence mentally asked himself; quite forgetting that Mr. Greene's bank-account was of such proportion as to serve as a passport to swell society anywhere in these degenerate days.

The dance goes merrily on. The second figure is just finished, and Bob sees Miss Langlie on the arm of Mr. Greene approaching.

"Mr. Lawrence," she says, "let me introduce Mr. Greene." And then "Pinky" Scott bears her away to ask if she has any choice respecting the next figure.

Lawrence refuses to see the hand which Mr. Greene extends; but he bows politely and mutters some conventional phrase.

So soon as the rivals—I may as well call them such—are alone Lawrence says,—

"I spoke to you, Mr. Greene, solely on Miss Langlie's account. As I should deem you an unfit acquaintance East, I must so regard you here. On one condition I will not mention that affair of the race: release Miss Langlie from her engagement. Refuse to, and I shall tell her the whole thing and its consequences."

Oh, how Mr. Greene longed to choke the handsome young cavalryman, who, in such a nonchalant manner, was putting an insurmountable hurdle between himself and the goal he had felt so sure of reaching! He should not tell Lilian himself; of this he was resolved. He must also prevent Lawrence doing so; but how? Presently he raises his eyes to Bob's and says,—

"It will be quite an old story to Miss Langlie. I told her all about it myself, together with other escapades of earlier days."

"I do not believe you!" answered Robert.

"Do you mean, sir, to tell me that I lie?" asked Mr. Greene, trembling with anger.

"Take it as you please," answered Lawrence. "After what you have done lying is a trivial matter."

"I will see you later, sir!" said Mr. Greene, as he rose and crossed the room.

"As you please," was Bob's reply.

After reviewing the situation and wondering what would be the better course for him to pursue, Lawrence decided that he would on the morrow telegraph to department head-quarters for a twelve days' leave of absence. He would go to New York, see Mrs. Langlie, and release her, if possible, from Mr. Greene's power.

He had just reached this conclusion when Lilian approaches him with a favor.

"Come, Mr. Lawrence," she says, pinning the little rosette to his cape. "You do not dance with your shoulder, and that is your only weak point. I want you to come out with me."

So with his right arm around the waist of the only woman in the world who is dear to him, and his left helpless in its sling, they glide gracefully around the room to the strains of the "Stable-Call" Waltz.

Mrs. Shotgun, Mrs. Sabres, and Mrs. Trumpets each thought it decidedly marked to give one's favor to a cripple when there were so many sound men present. Nevertheless, it occurred to them that it might be good form after all. Consequently Bob accepted in turn the favor of the trio; but he begged, and successfully, too, to be excused from dancing.

(To be continued.)

HOOKER'S DIVISION AT SEVEN PINES.

After the battle of Williamsburg, as we slowly advanced up the Peninsula, we found everywhere evidence of the toilsome retreat of the Confederate army in the shape of broken-down wagons and abandoned material. The roads, which had been literally transformed into muddy ditches by the passage of their artillery and trains, were well-nigh impassable. General McClellan mentions in a dispatch to the Secretary of War, May 17, that the trains of two of his divisions which left Cumberland upon the 16th for White House, a distance of five miles, had, at the end of twenty-four hours, traversed less than half the distance, and that it was impossible to make a movement of troops upon that day. For the remainder of the month it stormed incessantly. I find notes in my army letters of having been frequently drowned out of our bivouacs.

The 26th of May saw our division covering the left of the Army of the Potomac in their exposed position on the west bank of the Chickahominy, and guarding the line of the White Oak Swamp from Bottom's Bridge to Brackett's Ford.

Our two regiments, the Fifth and Sixth New Jersey, were encamped upon a rise on Turner's farm, about five miles in a direct line from Seven Pines, but probably a mile farther by the road, *via* Savage's Station.

At 3 P.M. upon the 31st of May we had orders to march towards the sound of battle, upon General Casey's front. We had not advanced far in the direction of Savage's Station before we began to meet the routed troops from the front; they were rushing madly to the rear, as thoroughly disorganized and demoralized a mass as it has ever been my lot to encounter.

I was with a similar advance of our division, under General Berry, of Maine, to restore our right flank at Chancellorsville, and there met the Eleventh Corps in their wild stampede before Jackson, which was bad enough, but nothing to this,—a panic-stricken mass of defeated troops, mixed with gaunt, wild-eyed, wounded men; a complete mixture of different regiments, hatless, coatless, battle-begrimed, mud-stained, and bleeding, filled the road and adjoining fields, and made it difficult for us to advance and maintain our regimental organization.

Against and through this mass our troops resolutely pressed forward, passed Savage's Station, and reached the line of battle just as darkness began to close in upon the scene, but too late to be able to take a hand.

Referring to the delay in bringing up the seven regiments of our division, General Heintzelman says, in his report, the road was filled with fugitives as far as Bottom's Bridge; Colonel Starr's regiment, of Hooker's division, had to force the way through them with the bayonet. General Hooker says Colonel Starr's regiment led the column, and the road was heavy, but offered no serious difficulty to our advance until our column reached the Burned Chimneys, about two miles from our camp, where we first encountered the throng of fugitives from the battle-field, which greatly delayed us from that point onward.

Colonel Starr reports the road and fields upon both sides were thronged with flying regiments from the battle-field, two or three miles in front, through whose routed and disorderly masses he was obliged to force his way with bayonet and sabre.

The battle of Seven Pines was certainly a great failure of a well-laid plan upon the part of the Confederate forces to crush our left wing; they were greatly favored by their position, as their lines completely enveloped General Casey's devoted division, upon his front on the Williamsburg road; they were almost in contact, while they encircled his flanks within a distance of one and a half miles from his head-quarters. The elements also favored them, for the month of May had been one of unprecedented rains, and the storm of May 30, 1862, will long be remembered for its severity.

General Keyes, in his report of the battle, writes as follows: "Through all the night of the 30th there was raging a storm the like of which I cannot remember; torrents of rain drenched the earth, the thunder-bolts rolled and fell without intermission, and the heavens flashed with a perpetual blaze of lightning."

From their beds of mud, and the peltings of this storm, the Fourth Corps arose to fight the battle of the 31st of May, 1862.

So with his army divided by the angry and swollen Chickahominy, McClellan's left wing was apparently at the mercy of General Johnston, who issued from his camps and attacked the advance of Casey's division upon the Williamsburg stage-road, about five miles from Richmond, at 12.30 P.M. upon the 31st of May, Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's Confederate divisions attacking Naglee's, Palmer's, and Wissell's brigades simultaneously. Casey's left soon gave way, uncovering Naglee's brigade, who, making a gallant fight and losing about forty per cent. of their force engaged, fell back upon Seven Pines, where, together with Couch's division under General Keyes, they for about three hours resisted the attack of four large divisions of the Confederate army,—Smith's and Huger's divisions having joined Longstreet, making twenty-three brigades opposed to our six. At about half-past

two o'clock Smith's attack along the Nine-Mile road on Couch's right was so heavy that it broke through the Union line near Fair Oaks Station, cutting off General Couch and Abercrombie, with four regiments and a battery, from the rest of Keyes's corps. There was unaccountable delay in communicating with General Heintzelman, who was at or near Savage's Station, about two miles in the rear of Keyes's head-quarters, with two brigades of Kearney's division near by, and his four other brigades distributed from Bottom's Bridge to White Oak Swamp, and it does seem incredible that we did not get our order to move until as late as 3 P.M. General McClellan from his head-quarters across the Chickahominy notified General Sumner to move forward at 2.30 P.M., and Sedgwick's division got into action upon the right of Abercrombie's brigade, having marched about two and a half miles from the Grape-Vine bridge by 4 P.M.; Kearney only got notice from Heintzelman at 3 P.M., put in Berry's brigade immediately, and brought Jamison's brigade into action by 4 P.M.,—Birney's brigade being held in reserve.

Hooker, with seven regiments, or a brigade and a half, did not get up in time, nor did Richardson's division, three brigades of Sumner's corps. Therefore eleven Union brigades, numbering sixteen thousand two hundred men, did the fighting upon the 31st against twenty-three rebel brigades, numbering fifty thousand men. The result of the day was that at night-fall the extreme right, about the Adams and Courtney houses, midway between Fair Oaks Station and the Chickahominy, was securely held by Couch and Sedgwick, while upon the extreme left General Berry's brigade and part of General Jamison's, Kearney's division, held fast in their position beyond the Saw-Mill road until about eight o'clock in the evening, when, finding that the centre of the line north of the Williamsburg road and Seven Pines had given way, they fell back to the line of rifle-pits established by General Keyes upon the 26th of May, which crossed the Williamsburg road about three-fourths of a mile east of Seven Pines, in which, upon about a mile front from White Oak Swamp upon the left to across the York River Railroad upon the right, Generals Heintzelman and Keyes had managed to collect probably seven thousand five hundred men,—viz., Birney's brigade of two thousand three hundred fresh troops, the remnant of Kearney's division, say two thousand men, Casey's division, twelve hundred, and Couch's division, two thousand; while still in the rear of this line was General Hooker with three thousand five hundred men, and to the north of the railroad General Richardson's division of three fresh brigades, over six thousand strong, were coming into action.

Colonel Trawin, of the Eighth New Jersey, in charge of the *Tête-de-pont* at Bottom's Bridge reports that he collected and returned to their regiments from three to four thousand stragglers. He also reports the Chickahominy so swollen on Monday, June 2, from rains or some

other cause, that all of the bridges, except the railroad bridge, were carried away.

The principal feature of the Seven Pines fight was the splendid service of the artillery, which held the vastly superior forces of the enemy at a stand-still upon the Williamsburg stage-road, and would have checked them in front of Casey's first position, a half-mile in advance of Seven Pines, if the precaution had been taken to slash the timber to the left of the Williamsburg road and in rear of the unfinished redoubt, from which position the Confederate forces, after dislodging Palmer's weak brigade, enfiladed Casey's lines. Casey certainly was not prepared for an attack upon this flank, and General Keyes expected it upon his right, but when Generals Keyes and Kearney formed the line one-half mile farther back at Seven Pines and swept the approaches to their position over the broad Williamsburg stage-road with case and canister from their batteries, the enemy wearied of a direct front attack, and Longstreet and Smith began to pour in solid masses upon the right flank along the line of the Nine-Mile road from the direction of Old Tavern. When night came they were about fought to a stand-still, and I greatly doubt, even if they had had more daylight, that they would have attempted to charge *en masse* down the Williamsburg road, in the face of the artillery and infantry then in position in the line of rifle-pits on Allen's farm.

But to return to my personal experience. As I have said before, it looked very gloomy when we reached the front. All hands seemed to have had an abundance of fighting, and, as we made our comfortless bivouac, we also felt as though "the soldier's lot was not a happy one."

I was soon asleep, only to be awakened some time in the small hours of the morning by a noise like thunder and a roar of frightened voices. It was a stampede, and what it ever amounted to I never learned, but I could hear men and animals rushing along the road a short distance from us. It was most appalling. I have heard it since, when a drove of cattle becoming alarmed rise suddenly to their feet, but that night I expect both the Johnnies and ourselves were in such *a highly nervous state* that, had they heard it also, they might have stampeded for Richmond.

Morning came, and just as our coffee and hard-tack was ready for us, the awful rattling sound of volleying musketry broke the stillness of the morning air. General Richardson mentions this firing as about the heaviest that he ever heard. I finished my coffee, but I could not swallow any more hard-tack. The accompaniment of small-arms was entirely too satisfying and so suggestive of a breakfast on cold lead, that it drove all thoughts of more tempting eatables out of my mind.

Soon came the orders to Fall in, Take arms, and Move off by the flank. In silence, without even the tap of a drum in the drizzling rain, we moved off to "glory or to the grave" across a cleared field of

apparently firm ground, but so water-soaked and boggy that we sank deeply into the mud and were forced to leave our artillery behind us.

Between the Allen farm clearing and Seven Pines a sluggish stream, an arm of White Oak Swamp, crosses the Williamsburg road, and heads up near the railroad. General Hooker led us in, and we moved rapidly down an old farm road by the flank and parallel to the railroad, only to suddenly receive the fire of the enemy from the wooded border of the swamp formed at right angles to the railroad. It was very hot for a while, but we saw old General Hooker out in the field at the edge of the woods swinging his hat, waving us forward, so we formed forward into line under fire and steadily forced the enemy backward, rolling up their right flank, while their centre was engaged with Richardson's force, the line of our advance being almost at right angles with and across General Richardson's front. At the same time General Sickles's brigade charged along the Williamsburg road upon our left.

Our advance was steady but very difficult as we passed through the densely-wooded swamp in our front in line of battle, alternately charging, then halting to fire.

General G. W. Smith, who was temporarily in command of the Confederate army after General Johnston was wounded, has published a communication in the January number of the *Century*, in which he says, " As soon as I heard that a large portion of General Longstreet's forces had not been engaged upon the Williamsburg road, I ordered him to renew the attack as early as practicable the next morning, June 1." This attack, he afterwards acknowledges, was made with six regiments, which were repulsed, while their retreat was covered by another Confederate brigade. Rather a weak attack for a victorious army to make upon a defeated foe, except for cause!

It was this swamp that proved such an obstacle to the advance of Generals Longstreet and Smith the evening before; it was literally afloat, and in advancing we would plunge off of mossy roots and over fallen logs into deep black mud. They could not have passed it in the dusk of evening and have held their formation! The only way left for them to advance was open to them June 1,—*i.e.*, by massed columns down the Williamsburg road and the railway track.

I think it took about two hours of fighting to regain the ground as far as Seven Pines. After which we were recalled to get our knapsacks, and completed our unfinished breakfast with a better appetite.

Upon returning to our lines we found General McClellan and staff upon the ground, and the reserve line of troops cheered us most enthusiastically upon our approach to the last line, formed the night before, as if to thank us for our services in driving off their late adversaries. It still lingers in my memory, the thrill of that moment, when amid the earnest plaudits of our fellow-soldiers we, as it were, passed in review before the commander-in-chief.

In his report of this engagement General Heintzelman says, "After some fighting General Hooker made a gallant charge with the bayonet, leading himself the Fifth and the Sixth New Jersey against the rebel troops and driving them back for a mile."

General Hooker says, "It gives me great pleasure to give testimony to the continued good conduct of the Fifth and Sixth New Jersey Regiments. Their ranks had been greatly thinned by battle and sickness, and they had been camped in the immediate vicinity of troops partially demoralized from the events of the preceding days, yet on the first indication of a renewal of the conflict I found their lines formed, and they were as ready to meet the enemy as though our arms had been crowned with success."

General Sickles's brigade occupied Seven Pines during the afternoon of June 1, and Colonel Potter, Second Regiment, reports finding a large number of Union and Confederate wounded there in the most distressing condition of want and suffering.

The enemy had formed a line near where General Casey's headquarters were before the battle, their line crossing the Williamsburg road at right angles, a half-mile beyond Seven Pines. Seeing a stage-coach with four horses driving towards their picket-line, Colonel Potter detailed three files of marksmen to stalk it. It was occupied by some distinguished Confederates, possibly by his excellency Jeff. Davis, and our men were so successful as to halt and capture it only a few hundred feet beyond their lines. The distinguished occupants dismounted hastily and ran to cover, but the two colored citizens upon the box threw up their hands and surrendered the coach.

Upon the night of June 1 the enemy barricaded the Williamsburg road and started to throw up a log breastwork upon this line, but they gave it up before midnight and retreated. They left a number of wagons stuck in the mud, and all along the Williamsburg road they unloaded and left supplies to lighten their transportation.

Upon the morning of the 2d of June we started to advance, and soon the old battle-field was crowded with blue-coated troops again. I well remember that our brigade was halted, closed in mass, upon the left of the Williamsburg road in advance of Seven Pines. Suddenly, down by the saw-mill to the left, towards the Charles City road, somewhere in front of General Kearney's advance, the roar of file-firing broke out. Colonel S. H. Starr, an old regular officer, commanding, immediately gave the following orders: "'Tention battalion, on First Division. First Battalion take wheeling distance. Battalion about face, then left into line wheel?" thus forming a line facing our left flank in the precise position where Casey's line first broke. The brigade commander then ordered all of the commissioned officers to the front of their commands, then the non-commissioned officers likewise, inward face collected, and advanced them in front of him, the same as he

would on dress parade, when he spoke as follows: "Officers and non-commissioned officers of the Third Brigade, we are about to meet the enemy, and in the heat of battle some of you may be induced by personal fear or excitement to give an order to retreat. I now notify you that no such order will be given. If it is necessary to change your position it will be done by some military order. An officer giving such an order will be ranked as an enemy, and shot by his companions."

But we did not have to fight there, and in the afternoon we were moved out into some swampy land that formed the head of White Oak Swamp, and did picket duty all night, far out in front of Casey's old position, knee-deep in water. I shall never forget that night. We were upon reserve at the crossing of one of the wood-roads, with orders not to go to sleep, and as I was sent in charge, I had to keep upon the *qui vive*. Towards morning human nature could stand it no longer, and I heard upon all sides the snores of sleeping men, accompanied by the splash of their muskets as they fell from their nerveless hands into the pools of water in which they were standing.

Upon the 3d of June I find in one of my letters I wrote home as follows:

"BIVOUAC UPON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

"The piles of dead men and horses fill the air with a stench which nearly suffocates me as I write. Oh, it is a horrible sight! I counted fifteen dead rebels within an area of ten square feet, lying half buried in the mud and water. What between sick, dead, and wounded, our regiment hardly turns out three hundred men. I am still well, but both officers and men are played out with fatigue and exposure. All of the general officers speak of the terrible condition of our camps upon this battle-field. The dead men were barely covered with mud, and frequently a hand or foot would be left projecting from their hasty graves. Soon came the sickening heat of the hot June sun. Next the baked ground began to crack; next came swarms of flies that settled in clouds upon the putrid mass exposed through the cracks. Next came armies of maggots, who in their loathsome crawling invaded wells, water, tents, food. Oh, it was horrible! It was one foul breeding-bed of pestilence."

The generalship of McClellan upon the Peninsula, while his army occupied a menacing attitude before Richmond in 1862, has been as recklessly criticised as it has been ably defended by himself, as well as by his faithful lieutenants.

As a soldier General McClellan should be judged only by the light of the information he was at the time possessed of, and the adverse conditions brought about by the delays of others, changes of plans, faulty organization of departments, and the dissolving action of the elements upon the treacherous soil of the Chickahominy must receive careful con-

sideration before reaching a verdict. But, above all, the impartial critic must bear in mind the fact that he felt a lack of confidence and support from the President and his Cabinet that sorely embarrassed him. Upon the 1st of April, 1862, he commanded an army in front of Washington of two hundred and fifteen thousand men and four hundred and seventeen guns; at the same time General Wool had fifteen thousand men and forty-four guns at Fortress Monroe. Within less than three months he was struggling in front of Richmond with about ninety-two thousand men of all arms ready for duty. Upon the 27th of July, nearly a month after the terrible Seven Days' battle, General Halleck, who was on a visit to the camp at Harrison's Landing, uses the following language in a report to the Secretary of War: "In regard to the force of the enemy, McClellan expressed the opinion that it was not less than two hundred thousand men, and I found that in this estimate most of his officers agreed. . . . McClellan's effective force, officers and men, is about ninety thousand men." In the outset any critic will be forced to grant that in his advance up the Peninsula, attacking double his numbers in fortified positions he certainly did not give evidence of timidity.

Upon the 26th of May we find General McClellan's army extended from Hanover Court-House, fifteen miles north of Richmond, to the junction of White Oak Swamp and the Chickahominy, occupying a front of about twenty-five miles, and covering his base of supplies, which he had established at White House, upon the Pamunkey River, about twenty-three miles east of Richmond.

Upon the above date General Porter's command of twelve thousand men had completely defeated General Branch's force of ten thousand men, and McClellan's army was advantageously posted to connect with General McDowell at Fredericksburg, placing General Anderson's division of the Confederate army (which confronted McDowell at Bowling Green) between two fires.

General McClellan's well-known intention of connecting with McDowell has become a matter of history, and the strong military position he at this time occupied demonstrated his ability to consummate this plan and unite his formidable army in front of the rebel capital.

The Confederate commanders at this time felt the urgent need of concentration. General Johnston reported to President Davis that he regarded McDowell's approach as a certainty, and General D. H. Hill appealed in feeling terms for an immediate consolidation of their armies, so that they should not be attacked and beaten in detail.

I have just given you the story of the battle of Seven Pines. Astride of the Chickahominy, his left wing, of less than twenty thousand men, received the attack of fifty thousand of the flower of the Confederate army defending their capital. His forces fought a drawn

battle and held their ground, inflicting heavier blows than they received, although the loss and demoralization of some of the divisions, *upon each side*, was fearful.

Right here was an instance where General McClellan was criticised for not attacking Richmond and following the retreat of Johnston's forces into the rebel stronghold. Undoubtedly, if at any time, during his campaign of 1862, McClellan had a chance of concentrating his forces and capturing Richmond, this was his opportunity, but it is also a matter of fact, recorded in every general officer's report, that the elements were against him, and that the condition of the roads and fields, and in fact the whole surface of the country, was such that it was barely possible to get infantry into line, and a matter of almost absolute impossibility to bring artillery into action.

I quote from General Hooker's report of the battle of Seven Pines, in which after vain endeavor to move two batteries across the open ground east of Fair Oaks, upon the morning of Sunday, June 1, he gave it up as an impossibility and went into action with infantry alone.

Ten days from this date General Burnside, who was on a visit to General McClellan's head-quarters, writes as follows to the Secretary of War: "The roads are in the most wretched condition. I was four and a half hours traveling nine miles! It is impossible to move artillery while they are so bad."

General Sumner on the right by superhuman exertions brought up one battery, which when in action recoiled deep into the mud, and the guns had to be lifted bodily by a large force of men and the location shifted after each discharge.

Upon the night of the 31st, General Sumner sent a regiment back to the Grape-Vine bridge to try to bring up two guns. Men could drag and lift guns where horses mired down.

The Confederates at the battle of Seven Pines suffered terribly from the fire of our guns in position and found great difficulty in bringing up their own; in fact, the general nature of the soil of the Chickahominy bottoms being of clay underlaid with quicksand favored a defensive more than an attacking force.

Colonel Trawin's Eighth New Jersey held the *Tête-de-pont* at Bottom's Bridge on the Chickahominy, and three days after the fight reported an immense rise in the river, which carried away every bridge but the railroad bridge to White House, which was fortunately left to provide for the forwarding of our supplies. On the night of the 2d of June we were picketing to the south of the Williamsburg road, about five miles from Richmond, upon comparatively level ground, over which the enemy moved to attack Casey. The water stood in large pools, the continuing storms then prevalent having left the whole surface of the country apparently afloat.

Eight months from this date, upon the 20th of January, 1863, it

was my hard fortune to be with Burnside, when, after two days' rain, he got his army almost buried in the mud, within from five to seven miles from their winter quarters, and could not extricate them; and there, an object of ridicule to the enemy, who were observers of the movement from across the river, they remained, and were provisioned by pack-animals, until corduroy roads were built for the return passage of their artillery and pontoon trains.

General Lee on taking command after Johnston was wounded recognized the fact that what he wanted was, first, a strong line of breastworks and redoubts, and, second, to have McClellan's army attack his fortified position. One of his first orders was to appoint strong pioneer corps for each division under the command of competent engineer officers, and authorize the employment of slave-labor, in order to complete the said works as quickly as possible.

Upon our division front we also went to work to complete Casey's intrenched line. Although our men were battle-worn and weary from picket duty and constant calls to arms, within ten days we had established a defensive line, in front of which General Hooker stated to the writer that if they would attack his division in position "he would bury the Confederacy."

Undoubtedly, before General McClellan could establish proper and sufficient lines of communication across the Chickahominy, and the lines of approach had dried up sufficiently to admit of a general advance, the time had passed when it would have been wise generalship to have attempted to force an entrance into Richmond.

All this time the Army of the Potomac was extended, with its right arm thrown out in the direction of Fredericksburg, as though anxiously waiting to grasp hands with McDowell's army corps. If they were not there for that purpose, they had no right there at all. They should have been fortifying their right and extending south with their left. Reconnoissance made upon the 23d of May by General Naglee and the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry demonstrated the fact that there were practically no troops in position south of Richmond, while ten days previous Commodore Goldsborough with a fleet of ironclads had attacked Fort Darling on Drury's Bluff, twelve miles south of Richmond. An intrenched and fortified stronghold such as Richmond at this time certainly was, which can be readily turned or invested on its lines of communication, should never be attacked in front, nor should a wise general hazard a general engagement of great importance upon ground of his enemy's selection and fortification.

Had the Army of the Potomac, as soon as possible after the battle of Seven Pines, moved rapidly on Fort Darling and crossed the river there, or at some point below, General Lee would have been forced to do the attacking upon ground of McClellan's selection, and that, as

was subsequently proved at Savage's Station, Glendale, and Malvern Hill, was about all that was required to insure their defeat.

It is a great advantage in war to be attacked, especially when your lines of communication and supply are secure and the responsibility to the country, and the country's future, which General McClellan had to assume in ordering an attack upon this intrenched position, without a strong certainty of success, and without it was an absolute impossibility to accomplish the result aimed at in any other way, evidently deterred him from assuming the terrible risk. How great the general who in his cool judgment could thus subordinate his ambition as a soldier to his duty as a patriot! The general was always the citizen.

Upon the day of the battle of Gaines Mill, when he knew that Jackson was attacking his flank with overwhelming force, he telegraphed Secretary Stanton and implored him *for the sake of the country* to put some one general in command of the Shenandoah and of all the troops in front of Washington; he begged him to secure unity and bring the best men forward.

At the battle of Gaines Mill General Porter with twenty-five thousand men for a long time held at bay upward of sixty thousand Confederates. He did this in the open field without intrenchments, and inflicted terrible losses upon the Confederates before his lines were forced. Two years later, the position being reversed, General Grant attacked General Lee upon the same ground, when the Confederates, protected by lines of rifle-pits, hastily thrown up, were able to resist him so successfully that within a quarter of an hour he sustained a loss of about thirteen thousand men, or upward of ten times the loss of the enemy he attacked.

After the war, General Johnston said that if General Sherman had made direct attacks, as did General Grant on General Lee, he (General Johnston) would have defeated Sherman, but Sherman showed his wisdom by fortifying his own front and occupying strong positions on Johnston's flank.

In an attacking campaign of thirty-five days, from May 5 until June 10, 1864, the Army of the Potomac under General Grant lost upward of three thousand officers and sixty thousand men, while he inflicted a loss of less than twenty thousand men upon the opposing forces of the Confederate army. At Cold Harbor General Lee had about forty-five thousand men, and General Grant over one hundred and ten thousand men.

On the 25th of June, General McClellan was engaged in forcing General Lee's lines from the line of the York River Railroad to the Charles City road, southeast of Richmond. He had little trouble to push the enemy back to within five miles of Richmond, because he was advancing over ground, and towards works, where they were thoroughly prepared to receive and give him a warm reception. Fringes

of heavy timber, which separated the clearings and crossed the Williamsburg stage-road at right angles, had been slashed, and had been transformed into formidable abatis, and wherever our attacking division could have forced the passage in massed columns, it would have been through openings purposely left for them and in the face of a destructive fire of grape and canister, and after coming in front of the enemy's line they would have been forced to deploy and advance upon and over ground without shelter and closely swept by their musketry and artillery.

General McClellan's attention was called from Fair Oaks upon the 25th to meet Jackson's advance upon his right flank, and upon the 27th the first battle of Gaines Mill was fought, resulting in the breaking of General Porter's centre, at about seven o'clock in the evening, and the evacuation of the north bank of the Chickahominy upon the same night.

The giving way of his centre at the close of this battle was a surprise, as General Porter considered it the strongest part of his line, and the battle was about ended by darkness.[1] Immediately the very existence of the Army of the Potomac was menaced, as they were cut off from their base, and had only their wagons and their supplies at the Savage's and Fair Oaks Stations depots to depend upon. At that time it took about two hundred wagon-loads of stores to feed McClellan's army for a single day.

Again we hear the criticism from historians who aspire to be authorities upon strategy and logistics that General McClellan should have gone into Richmond upon the 28th of June. General Webb, in his "History of the Peninsular Campaign," gives General McClellan at this time a quota of ninety-two thousand five hundred effective troops; upon the 27th of June he had lost heavily: upward of six thousand men and twenty-two guns. Porter's, McCall's, and Slocum's commands were crippled by the loss of valuable officers, and their artillery could hardly be moved on account of the loss of horses. Casey's command at White House had to be ordered around to the James River by water. I doubt if he had man to man as many effective troops as General Lee. His entire transportation was also hemmed in between his front line and the Chickahominy. There were lots of soldiers who were classed as effectives at that time who were so worn by fever and disease as to be barely able to stagger into ranks and answer to roll-call.

Upon the 28th, General Ewell with one of Jackson's divisions cut the York River Railroad at Dispatch Station near Bottom's Bridge. The enemy were then upon the east, west, and north of him; he had to cover fifteen miles of line and protect his trains in transit towards

[1] Captain Frank Howell says General Porter advanced his centre on a counter-charge, and was caught by a counter-charge of the enemy.

the south. What troops had he to mass in solid columns and lead to slaughter before the earth-works of the Southern stronghold? Were not General Magruder's twenty-five thousand men behind a strongly-fortified line more than equal to double their numbers of an unprotected attacking force? Did not subsequent experience demonstrate the fact that a line of ordinary log breastworks thrown up over night made more than the difference of two to one? Was not the whole of Lee's army within supporting distance? What would have been the consequence to the Army of the Potomac and to the country had he made an attack along the railroad and the Williamsburg road upon the 28th of June and suffered as bloody a repulse as our army afterwards encountered at both Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor? Does not our country owe him a deep debt of gratitude for his wisdom and self-control in allowing the Southern army to come out of their works and do the attacking, with a loss to them of twenty thousand men to our fifteen thousand, as they did at Savage's Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, and Malvern Hill? Did he not still command the army that won Antietam? How would the history of the war now read had he wrecked and destroyed the Army of the Potomac charging Magruder's fortified front?

JOS. U. CRAWFORD,
Late *Captain Sixth New Jersey Volunteers.*

THE MEXICAN ARMY.

THE military establishment of the republic of Mexico is worthy of consideration, both on account of its present strength and the many important events in which it has been prominent. Under the viceroys of Mexico the natives of that country were not trusted with prominent positions in the Spanish army, and it was only in the struggle for independence that the sons of that beautiful land were allowed to control military matters and show what competent leaders had been developed. In the Mexican revolution the patriots were very poorly armed and equipped, and their first efforts ended in dismal failures. Under the soldier-priest Guadalupe Hidalgo the Mexicans were armed only with a few Spanish muskets and corn-knives, but, notwithstanding this, for a considerable time made headway against the regular troops of Old Spain, capturing and plundering the wealthy city of Guanajuato in 1810. Hidalgo himself was captured and shot at Chihuahua on the 27th of July, 1811. From October 20, 1810, until his death he was generalissimo of the Mexican army. The people after his death regarded him as a saint. Generals Guerrero, Morelos, Bravo, and Victoria were all good soldiers who assisted in achieving the independence of their native land, which was acknowledged by Spain in 1821, and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa surrendered to the Mexicans.

For a long time after it had become a republic there was much trouble in the country, and revolutions were of frequent occurrence; the warfare was not of the highest type, but served to develop a good deal of military talent and ability. Munitions of war had to be fabricated in the country, and everything built up, as, before this time, the main reliance had been upon the arsenals of Spain for warlike material. The natives of the country made good soldiers, who were true to their officers, and evinced great bravery on many occasions. They were exceedingly tractable, took kindly to the hardships of a soldier's life, and displayed a good deal of originality in caring for themselves and making much of little. When the President of Mexico invaded Texas, in 1836, he had his army well in hand and well provided for. The divisions were under experienced commanders, who kept their men up after a long and fatiguing march. The cavalry and artillery appear to have been good and amply furnished, the men understanding their

duties, and on several occasions showing remarkable energy. Afterwards they returned to their own country, many of them participating in the exciting scenes which followed, and showing a devotion to their native land worthy of all praise. From small beginnings the army had worked its way up until it became very powerful.

Hostilities between the French and Mexicans began by an attack upon Puebla in 1863, and the city became noted for its protracted defense against the French under General Forey, when it withstood a siege of two months. It was surrendered by General Ortega, after the death of General Zaragosa, on the 17th of May, after the destruction of many of its buildings by bombardment, and the French entered the place on the 19th. The defense of this place by Zaragosa is looked upon by the Mexicans as absolutely the most heroic of any in the history of the country, and "Zaragosa of Puebla" is honored in song and story. General Gonzales, who was afterwards President of the republic, and General Carlos Pacheco were wounded in this siege. The French took possession of the city, it is true, but paid dearly for so doing. For a time, with so many foreign foes upon her soil, aided by traitors, the fate of the country was sad enough, but eventually the true friends of Mexico overcame all obstacles, and the foreigners withdrew, much to the satisfaction of all patriotic Mexicans. We all know the sorrowful ending of the endeavor to keep Maximilian on the throne of Mexico, and how utterly it failed, Maximilian's downfall being but a prelude to the downfall of Napoleon III., who had been one of the prime movers in the invasion of Mexico and the attempt to establish an empire in that country.

There is a military school at Chapultepec, where the young officers for the Mexican army are educated. The training is thorough, and some of the graduates are accomplished officers and gentlemen. The professors understand their duties and the requirements of their profession, and labor faithfully to advance the pupils intrusted to their charge. Some very bright men have graduated at Chapultepec. Particular attention is paid to instructing the young men in a knowledge of mines and mining, and, as a consequence, they are well up in this branch of knowledge. The training of the young men is made as thorough as may be, and their success in after-life proves that they have been well instructed.

The course is similar to that at West Point, young gentlemen from various parts of the republic being educated at the public expense. On more than one occasion these young soldiers have fought well, and given a good account of themselves. They take naturally to an active out-of-door life, and are always in the best of spirits when marching over the country. Like youth everywhere, they are fond of adventure, and exceedingly polite, as becomes their nationality. Healthy, hardy, and fearless, the honor of the country is safe in their hands, and they

will do whatever they can to maintain the dignity of their beautiful tri-colored flag.

A short time since, while in conversation with the lieutenant-colonel of the Twelfth Regiment of Mexican Cavalry, I asked him how they got along without a baggage-train.

"Oh," said he, "we get along well enough; and when we go far out on the frontier, where supplies are scarce, we take some carts with us."

My reason for asking the question was that I knew they had no baggage-train generally, the wives of the soldiers carrying along such things as their husbands might need, besides cooking for them. These women are a patient set of beings, who take their lot as a matter of course, complaining very little about it. As there is no baggage-train, the soldiers can march long distances in a short time, besides being able to go into almost inaccessible mountain ranges without much difficulty. The women make very good bread out of corn, grinding and preparing it themselves; and with beef, which is found almost everywhere, and red pepper, they have all the rations necessary for the hardest campaigns. Mexican soldiers carry a good deal in their haversacks, and are ready where night overtakes them. They are by no means so dependent upon baggage-trains as are the soldiers of other countries, as they do not care specially for tents. The blanket is a necessary portion of the dress of every Mexican, be he a soldier or a civilian.

The uniform worn by the soldiers on the frontier in warm weather is white, and in cold weather blue, not unlike our own. Some regiments are very well clothed indeed, and it would be difficult to find a handsomer uniform than that of the First Battalion of Artillery, stationed in the city of Mexico. One peculiarity I have noticed is the wearing of a red pompon in a stiff leather cap by all arms of the service. But of course the uniforms differ, those on the frontier being much plainer than those worn in the interior. Some of the infantry soldiers wear sandals, which look strange enough to people who are accustomed only to shoes and boots; but I am told they are excellently adapted for the infantry, keeping the feet cleaner, allowing more play to the foot, and never causing blisters or unpleasant perspiration. The men prefer them to shoes for long marches, besides which, in a country abounding in dry hides, the soldiers themselves can expeditiously fit themselves out with foot-gear without making a requisition on the quartermaster or bothering the shoemaker. The feet become very hard, and the men are capable of making extended marches. From far-off times the ancestors of these soldiers have used this kind of sandal, and they themselves find it all that could be desired in this warm climate.

While in Mexico in the spring of 1888, I took special pains to examine the quarters of the soldiers, and found them very comfortable. In the towns the quarters are generally on the main plaza, the officers

being lodged near by so as to be ready in case they are needed. I found the officers very gentlemanly in their deportment, and willing to accommodate in any reasonable way. They had no hesitation about imparting any information in regard to their service, and seemed, I thought, pleased to have strangers inquire about it. The quarters are built of stone, plain but massive in appearance, and capable of being defended for a long time in case of necessity. On the flat roofs the men could be stationed behind defensive walls built for that purpose, and much trouble might result from any attempt to dislodge them. The soldiers were resolute-looking fellows, who would stand at nothing if properly led on by their officers. Each and every soldier I believe smokes *cigaritos*, and I think all of them absolutely love to gamble, and spend as much time in that way as they possibly can. Every soldier is allowed so much money each day with which to purchase his own rations, so there is no trouble about the subsistence department. In this way each man caters to his own taste and purchases what he most desires.

The arms of the Mexican soldiers will compare favorably with those of any nation, though they are not kept as clean as they ought to be by any means. The cavalry have sabres, carbines, and revolvers, while the infantry have excellent rifles, which they seem to be able to use effectively whenever it is necessary. The experience gained in the war against the French has not been lost upon them, and their army now is upon a very respectable footing. As has been said, some of their officers are well up in their profession, and devoted to their country. I believe President Porfirio Diaz is considered the ablest general in Mexico. He is now about fifty-nine years of age and in the full vigor of manhood. He first studied law, but became a soldier when the French invaded his country, and he found it necessary to do what he could for his native land. He received merited promotion, and continued in the path of rectitude until he saw the invaders leave the soil of Mexico. He is a strong man and one who is determined that the republic shall keep on advancing in the road towards enlightenment and wealth. He has some powerful followers, who are as determined as he himself is in these laudable efforts for the well-being of their country. The army suffers nothing from having such a man at the head of affairs, who knows exactly what is needed.

In their encounters with the Indians the soldiers manifest great determination, and, though sometimes worsted, frequently get the better of the savages. Indeed, the Yaquis, over towards the Gulf of California, have received some salutary lessons, and are now behaving comparatively well. The only expedition of any magnitude sent out during the past year was one which was ordered down towards the frontier of Guatemala, where there is some difficulty about settling the boundary-line between the two countries.

The Mexican soldier is a happy creature, enjoying life in a quiet way, and being satisfied with simple pleasures. He is not given to drinking much, but must have his *cigarito* to while away the cares of the day. With his comrades he sings the patriotic songs of his country with pathos and effect, especially in the delightful evenings. These men are generally of medium size, with well-knit frames, and possessing great powers of endurance. The cavalrymen are excellent riders, who take great pleasure in showing their accomplishments, and seem to enjoy the active exercise as well as human beings can. Many of them whirl and throw the lasso with great accuracy and effect while at the full gallop, besides handling their arms well at the same rapid gait.

A portion of the Eleventh Regiment of Cavalry is stationed at Paso del Norte, or the city of Juarez, as it is now called, the rest of the regiment being scattered through the state of Chihuahua. The Twelfth Cavalry is stationed at Piedras Negras and the adjacent towns, in the state of Coahuila, where they assist the civil authorities in preserving order. They also lend their aid to the custom-house officers in collecting duties. The military does not seem to be so absolutely separated from the civil administration of affairs as it is with us.

There are some excellent artillerists in the Mexican army who will bear favorable comparison with those of any nation, which is not surprising when we bear in mind the fact that many of the officers have spent years in Europe observing the best methods known to the age. They have excellent light batteries, and are adding to them every year. In fact, they keep well up with the times from a military point of view, and though their methods differ from some others, it does not argue that they are not fully as good and would do as well in actual warfare. At the battle of San Lorenzo, fought on the 8th of April, 1867, General Porfirio Diaz captured all the guns belonging to the Imperialists under General Marquez, which he used with great effect upon his enemies.

General Alvarez was a popular leader among the Mexican soldiers, and did what he could to break down the power of Maximilian. While the French had possession of the harbor of Acapulco he had his troops on the hills surrounding the town, and would permit no one to pass his lines. He was idolized by his troops, who never deserted him, but always followed his fortunes through evil and good report. At one time he was President of the republic, but, becoming tired of his honors, he resigned and went back with his beloved Pintas to the state of Guerrero, where he loved to dwell. The simplicity of this man and his influence over his followers were wonderful, and have been excelled in but few instances in history. From the harbor of Acapulco, in January, 1866, one could see the watch-fires of the soldiers of Alvarez at night, on the mountains back of the town. At that time the French man-of-war steamer "Talisman" was there, doing what it could for the

waning cause of Maximilian, which was very little. The Imperialists seemed to have but faint heart in the cause, which appeared almost ready to drop to pieces. There was a kind of stealth and underhand way about everything, which boded no good for the unfortunate empire and still more unfortunate emperor. The whole thing was a mistake from beginning to end, as can now be plainly seen.

I cannot imagine a more patient set of men than the Mexican soldiers; they scarcely ever appear to get excited, but execute their orders in the most matter-of-fact sort of way, undergoing great hardships without a murmur. Their training is not as thorough in some particulars as it is in other armies, but in other things they are more proficient. They are perfectly at home in camp, and can make themselves comfortable under what would seem the most adverse circumstances. In hot weather they make shades with their blankets near a welcome bush, and in rainy weather fold themselves in their blankets and let the rains fall. No complaints are uttered, and they are capable of living on meat for weeks at a time without thinking they have accomplished any wonderful feat. Their wives keep their clothing in repair, and do a great deal of work about the camp.

The rural militia of the country is not remarkably effective, being badly armed and not well drilled. It will in no way compare with the militia of some other countries, though upon several occasions it has done good work, and proved that the men composing it were not destitute of courage. In some revolutionary movements it has been an important factor, and done very well where supported by a few regular troops.

All Mexicans appear to be fond of military trappings and martial display, and readily fall into the routine of army discipline. They are by no means idle when set to work at anything, but require time to accomplish what they have to do; when completed it is well done, though there has been no apparent hurry about it. In fact, they will not hurry except when on horseback. In camp, when required to get wood, they do not bring it in by back-loads, but, mounting their horses, they go out in the timber, throw their lasso around some desirable piece, and drag it in.

In cold and bleak weather they can improvise a shelter as well as any soldiers, provided there is any long grass, timber, or other materials at hand. They excel in everything pertaining to woodcraft, and take as naturally to the mountains as so many squirrels.

The army consists of about twenty-five thousand men, who are kept on an efficient footing, at an annual expense of about seven millions of dollars. They are divided into different arms of the service, as artillery, cavalry, and infantry, so arranged in regiments and battalions as to be most effective. This force can easily be enlarged in case of necessity, and, with the increase of railroad facilities, it is not

difficult to transport them wherever they may be needed in the republic.

The Mexican army is improving all the time in every way, and bids fair for the future. The general officers are men of experience and sound judgment, who will stand by their flag in every emergency. Their military bands will compare very favorably with those of any nation. Considerable garrisons are kept in many of the principal towns to assist in case of any outbreak. Quite a number of officers are attached to the army who do not belong to any particular regiment or battalion, but whose past services entitle them to be cared for by the government. They are of all grades, and exercise command when it is desirable they should do so. In the city of Mexico quite a number of soldiers are stationed who take part in the *fêtes* at the capital, and accompany the President when he visits other cities; not so much to protect him, as to add dignity to his position. Thus, at the recent opening of the railroad to San Luis Potosi, there was a battalion of soldiers on the cars which took the President to that city. The Mexicans are proud of their army, particularly for their services during the French invasion, and always feel a warm sympathy for it. They are correct in their estimate of the value of their services, and the army should receive every consideration at the hands of the people they have served so well.

In line of battle the Mexicans make a fine appearance, the uniforms of many of the officers being brilliant and the men themselves trying to do their best. They are prompt in executing evolutions, and in marching move with great ease and freedom. Their cavalry make a good show, the horses being full of life and vigor, though somewhat under size according to our ideas. The manœuvring of some of their light batteries is all that could be desired, and their practice is excellent. Some very good cannon have been manufactured near the city of Mexico, together with gun-carriages, caissons, and everything else required in a first-class battery. In former times many of their cannon were of English make, but at present the Mexicans rely upon their own foundries, the army possessing some good ordnance officers. They purchase their small-arms wherever they can procure the best, as other civilized nations do, and have some good riflemen. With their bands and colors the military make a grand display, which would be creditable anywhere. The ladies, of course, take great pride in the prowess of their soldier husbands and sweethearts, and encourage them with their smiles. This is as it should be, and shows that the best people in the land are interested in the doings of the soldiery and look upon them as the defenders of all that is most dear.

It is contrary to regulations for officers to fight duels with each other; but this is more honored in the breach than in the observance, and an officer is expected to call another out upon receiving an affront.

This may seem a little behind the times, but suits the condition of our southern neighbors very well. Duels are by no means common, though they do occur once in a while.

The pay of the officers enables them to live very well, according to their notions, and whoever calls upon them is treated with great politeness and consideration. Their quarters are fairly furnished, though there is not as much effort at display as among those occupied by our officers. Some of the young officers are very bright and quick-witted, and extremely gentlemanly in their deportment. Many of them speak French and English very well, having been partially educated in the United States or England. In the balls and parties which occur almost nightly in some parts of the country, these young men do their full share of dancing, entering into it with much spirit, and seeming to enjoy it thoroughly. As a general thing, they are great favorites with the Mexican people, who look upon them with pride and interest, on account of their generosity, fine manners, and devotion to the well-being of their country.

In the extreme southern portion of Mexico the weather is, as a general thing, warm and pleasant, though in the mountains it is cool, but the sun shines almost all of the time. Under these circumstances it becomes pleasant campaigning, and nothing can be more healthful. Sometimes small bands of robbers infest the roads, when it becomes the duty of the soldiers to find them and inflict summary punishment if possible. Cavalry is used for this purpose, but infantry is stationed at some of the dangerous passes. Since the introduction of railroads soldiers are sent out on the trains to guard them against depredations. The active militia of the country render great assistance. Knowing the dangerous places along the road, they are on the alert for robbers, and in several instances caused the outlaws to retreat, leaving some of their number on the ground. There has been a great decrease in the number of these outrages on the part of the robbers since General Diaz became President. As he will continue in office for another term, should he live, the highways and railroads of the country will be more secure than ever. In some instances the outlaws have destroyed the lives of valuable citizens, besides carrying away to their mountain fastnesses a great deal of valuable property and money.

The republic is divided into departments, as in this country, a general officer being in command, and held responsible for the good conduct of the people in his department. Sometimes evil-disposed persons are shot without any undue ceremony. In 1885 some soldiers in Lower California mutinied, killing the captain and his wife, the first lieutenant, and first sergeant of a company. Word was immediately sent out and help asked for in securing these guilty men. They were overtaken and disposed of at once.

There are five great fortifications or castles in Mexico, noted for their strength and the immense sums of money which have been expended on them. The first is at Vera Cruz, and is named the castle of San Juan de Ulloa; the second at Perote, in the interior, and named after the town; the third at Campeche; the fourth at Acapulco, on the Pacific Ocean, and the fifth at San Blas. These fortifications are well supplied with cannon, and have been taken and retaken by different factions on several occasions, though stoutly defended. The castle of Perote is on quite an extensive plain, and has been of more service as a military prison than in any other way. The prisoners are made to work and keep the place in repair, the masonry having been put up by the engineers of Spain. As a defensive work it is now of but little importance, as it is easily turned, and railroads have penetrated the country from other directions than by the old road from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico.

In traveling along the roads or up the mountain-sides the soldiers of Mexico sing and joke one another in the merriest mood conceivable. They all join in singing certain songs, and have as many proverbs as Sancho Panza himself; in fact, they are full of them, and make them play an important part in their conversations. No language is as full of proverbs as the Spanish. The men are full of sly play, though they never carry their jests so far as to make them disagreeable. Another good trait about them is sharing their rations with a comrade who is in need. The hospitality is at times very slender indeed, but is given with good grace and accepted with compliments. Sitting down on the ground, they discuss the *tortillas* and *chili con carne* with much solemnity, and are apparently as much pleased as if it was a great feast. They are by no means gluttonous in their appetites, but as abstemious as the most ultra temperance man could wish, as a general thing. In the large cities some of the soldiers become fond of the national drink, which is called *pulque*, but scarcely ever carry it to any excess. The Mexican army is frugal and temperate.

From what has been said it will be seen that the army of Mexico is really a respectable force, and when properly handled capable of great things. Probably there will be no occasion to use it on outside enemies for years to come, but wherever or whenever used, will give a good account of itself. It has learned much wisdom by experience, and can get along in the field as well as any armed force. Field-trains will be organized when needed, though pack-mules and carts do very well in rough countries where there are no good roads and but few settlements. As packers the Mexicans succeed remarkably well, the mule-trains in many instances being admirable. In fact, in every pack-train organized by our government a few Mexicans are always considered desirable and welcome. The men know how to put on the packs so that they will stick, no matter how many antics the mule may

indulge in. Large and bulky articles are in this way carried over the mountain-passes where there is nothing but a mule-trail to follow. This is not a good way to supply an army, it is true, but it is better than nothing; in Indian warfare it is the most desirable kind of transportation, as the savages can be followed to their hiding-places among the mountains, where wagons could not make any headway whatever.

ALBERT G. BRACKETT,
Colonel Third Cavalry.

THE TRIALS OF STAFF-OFFICERS.

THE AIDE-DE-CAMP.

(Continued from page 210.)

BUT the experience of the 5th of January was only a preface to a fortnight of the liveliest political entanglements it was ever Mr. X.'s fortune to witness. Our gallant old general was torn by conflicting influences and emotions until the turmoil nearly wore him out. Of course, in all that occurred he had to be incessantly at the office, and conceived it necessary to be firing perpetual reports, dispatches, and requests to Washington. These went by telegraph and by mail, but whether by telegraph or mail, it made no difference: the unlucky Mr. X. was the only amanuensis he would employ and the only copyist he would permit. Hours of each day and night was that badgered aide-de-camp sputtering away with his pen, and then—just as told in the previous chapter—seeing his fair copies mutilated on the arrival of every new-comer. It was a mania of the chief's to read his productions to every official who happened in, and a mania of theirs to suggest alterations which necessitated doing the whole thing over. On the day when Mr. X. had made the eleventh copy of a six-page report, detailed in previous number, his youthful spirit gave way, and he mildly asked the old general as they were in the solitude of the office at dead of night whether he really thought it added anything to the value of his reports that every other government official who dropped in should have a hand in them. "If you'll pardon me for saying so, general," remarked this callow aide, "I believe the War Department wants your opinion of these matters and not that of the community at large. Now, *I* think that report was a good deal better as you first put it than after it had been riddled by the successive suggestions of half a score of people, some of them interested parties."

"Ah, my young friend," was the impressive reply, "that's just where you're wrong. When you get to be my age, you'll think a good deal more of other people's opinions and a good deal less of your own."

This was crushing, of course, but said in no unkind spirit. Mr. X. certainly had his opinion, based possibly on the fact that the burden of all the work fell on his shoulders, that it was all waste of time to ask, one after another, the views of a dozen people, and modify official

documents at the beck of any casual caller from the collector of the port down to a politically-disposed "doctor" out of professional practice. It was a capital scheme, thought Mr. X., if the general *must* have advisers, to summon in three or four at one and the same time, and he so expressed himself. "This subjecting papers to successive critics is weariness and vexation of spirit."

"Perhaps it is to you, X.," said the chief, with one of his rare smiles; "but I can't afford to go wrong. I want advisers."

All the same, it got to be a good deal of a joke around head-quarters. There was a keen young officer attached to the Nineteenth in those days, with, despite certain acerbities, a delicious sense of the humorous and a mimetic faculty few could equal; and as he was daily at the office with his colonel, and could see with half an eye what was going on, he used to "do" the whole scene afterwards for the benefit of his brother officers, and especially could touch up the chief and that eminent politico-military staff department officer before mentioned. Confound those fellows! Sometimes, just for the sake of "putting up a job on X.," haven't they been known to go posting off down Camp Street in search of that old military Macchiavelli and tell him they were just from head-quarters, and that the general had just been reading another long, "most important" dispatch to Washington to General S——, and asking his opinion, and that X. was now at work on the fair copy?

"Hey? Hullo! That so? Guess I'll trot along up there," would be the answer; and presently those swift-footed mules and that rattling old ambulance would come tearing up Camp Street, and then in would saunter "The Chief Conspirator" (as we used to laughingly dub him, and, as I honestly believe, he secretly liked to be called), with his pursed-up lips and wide-open eyes and that expression of imperturbable inquisitiveness about his smooth-shaven face, the whole surmounting a suit of loose, baggy, indescribable garments, the like of which was never seen except on old Uncle Cattermole in "The Private Secretary;" and at sight of him X. would groan and the rest of the staff burst out laughing.

Ah, me! what days of tribulation those were! Let me jot down here some pages from the old diary, giving some real names, others fictitious, omitting many things, inventing none.

Saturday, January 6.—Best chance for row yet if they really mean fight. Wars and rumors of wars all morning, and my desk looks like a paper-mill. Office crowded. Letters, dispatches, etc., every hour, and in intervals of writing am sent to Warmouth. Carterites gobbled three of his legislators, and have them penned up in "The Gem." Warmouth sends writs of *habeas corpus* for 'em. Carter refuses to recognize. Warmouth's friends urge the chief to send troops to help him get 'em. Carter wants troops to defend the "Legislature of Lou-

isiana" against assault. Friends of imprisoned men—notably M. Armand Belot—beg the chief to get him out of durance vile.

The chief trying to establish an armistice. Longstreet sides with him. At 2 P.M. sent with second letter to Warmouth and find him placid and determined. He has excellent legal talent to back him. Police, militia, and our troops all under arms. Opposing parties making huge preparations for battle,—so opposing tale-bearers say. If United States troops were not here there would be a bloody encounter,—say both sides. 4 P.M., *United States troops withdrawn!!* The general disgusted at some new development. Now, then, messieurs, fight it out! Chief orders me down to see the fight (got to state-house on Dryades Street just after column started down Canal to attack "The Gem" on Royal. George Sheridan peeping after them around the corner). No fight. No fun! Cheering, fraternization, and general rejoicing. Can't make out why!

Sunday, 7.—Opens quietly. . . . Warmouth said to be indignant at chief's refusal, yesterday, to lend United States troops to attack "The Gem" and arrest Carterites, but in course of morning requests guards of United States forces to protect his armories, which he reports being mobbed. Sent to investigate "mobbing." Exaggerated. 12 M., Warmouth himself comes to head-quarters, and is now having interview with chief. (Asked that the general should come to see him two days ago. Chief declined.) Long conference, as result of which am on duty at office all day and until midnight writing, writing, writing. Tone of dispatches sombre. Chief and others say trouble is impending, but can't see where.

Monday, 8.—Legal holiday. Battle New Orleans. Longstreet, Mayor Flanders, and Ex-Governor Hahn in early to see the chief. They predict row to-night. Dispatches, of course. Deputation of citizens at 12 M.,—Messrs. W——, W——, and others. (B—— says they are all "rebs.") Situation becoming serious, and dispatches and letters I write for the chief this A.M. full of meaning. At 2 P.M. alarming reports from Warmouth and others. Mob gathering, artillery, etc., to attack state-house. May have row. Mass-meeting to-night to determine. At 4.15 am ordered out to post Nineteenth Infantry. Later, to go and "observe the meeting." 9 P.M., row a farce; meeting a fizzle. These fellows remind me of two big dogs furiously charging each other with a fence between them. Take away the fence (United States troops) and both dogs have business somewhere else. Nevertheless, am in uniform and on duty all night long. More dispatches. The chief begins to yield to pressure for martial law.

Tuesday, 9.—Busy day. . . . Sent to Warmouth during morning. He looks pale and dragged. I feel so. . . . The chief sends dispatch modifying his previous one anent martial law. . . . 4 P.M., Mr. Oglesby, the banker, chairman of citizens' committee, calls. Then more

letters and dispatches. . . . 6 P.M., Warmouth impressively reports the murder, "under the walls of the capitol," of Hon. Mr. Whyling, of his legislature, by Sergeant-at-Arms McCullogh and others of the Carter faction. Carterites say 'twas general scrimmage, in which Whyling was shot by a policeman. So it proves. Good card, governor, and well played, but trumped. . . . On duty at desk and at Warmouth's until midnight, when I got a cup of coffee at Moreau's. To bed at last at 2 A.M.

Wednesday, 10.—Aroused at dawn by knocking at door. Governor's private secretary with important message. Slip into trousers and over to the general's room. (Read that dispatch kneeling by the night-light at the domestic bedside.) Warmouth again wants United States troops to assist in arrest of "insurgents" (presumably Carter legislature). Chief can't see it. Orders me down to investigate; then to carry message to Warmouth (one which I took care to write on back leaf of pocket note-book and read to him *verbatim*, to his Excellency's grim amusement. Neither forgets the perversion of the first one). Found Royal Street blockaded. "Gem" besieged. Three hundred police armed with Winchesters in position in front, but (considerately) refrain from attacking. While waiting for the battle to begin get a bite at Moreau's. 8 A.M., rich! Carter slipped out of "The Gem" before its investment. Report to chief at office. *From 9 A.M. until 11 P.M., the desk.* Dispatches, reports, and the Lord only knows what all. Who wouldn't be on the staff? The worst of it is, the rest of the gang just sit around here, smoke cigarettes, and "wish they were good at amanuensis work!" Sanders, confound him! gets no end of fun out of it. With his eyes twinkling with delight, this afternoon, he sat there chuckling up at Gentry (both, alas! gone from us now), and remarked, "One of the sorrows of my life has always been that I did not acquire a liberal education." He's a humorist, that fellow.

Thursday, 11.—All day at office, writing from dictation the chief's report of the state of affairs. Two hours' steady work finishes the *first* day. There are ten more so far. . . .

Delegations all day. . . . 4 P.M., quiet. Sent out to order three companies back to barracks. Four remain on Magazine Street. . . . 8 P.M., Longstreet reports Carterites making new arrests of Warmouth men. Ordered to remain at office. . . . 11.30 P.M., delegation from citizens' committee arrived with their petition for martial law. Took them up to the general's, on Prytania Street. He had gone to bed, but turned out, wrote his endorsement, and directed me to go with Mr. Clinton (assistant treasurer) to the chairman's,—Mr. Marks,—get his signature, and see it sent by wire. Found Mr. M. at one o'clock. Sent dispatch. Bed 2 A.M.

Friday, 12.— . . . Message from Cotton Exchange 10 A.M., protesting against martial law. Wrote and carried to Mr. Summers, presi-

dent, the chief's reply. He advises their telegraphing their protest direct to Washington. . . . 5 P.M., telegram from Washington. Martial law will not be declared. Quiet in town. All troops sent back to barracks.

First evening to myself.

Saturday, 13.—10.40 A.M., hurried message from Warmouth. Mob again. Seven thousand this time; rapidly organizing to attack him at noon. . . . Troops again ordered up from barracks. Some tall swearing. No row.

Sunday, 14.—Chief disgusted at yesterday's experience. Orders me to write and tell Warmouth he will hereafter refuse troops during present imbroglio. Wrote as directed, and Sanders took it at once. W. asks that the chief "keep it to himself," as it will greatly encourage the Carterites if they find it out. Meantime, made and sent several copies of this correspondence for the chief. . . . At 4 P.M., while still at desk, the rest being gone, Senator Jenks and Mr. Howard came in to say that, owing to rumors that troops had been totally withdrawn, there was sure to be trouble on the morrow. 5 P.M., letter from Warmouth asking for troops to-morrow. General comes back to office and replies. W.'s plea is that the telegraph offices are closed on Sunday, and he cannot apply direct to Washington. Bosh! The chief dictates dispatches to War Department detailing situation. Office begins to fill up. All business again. 8 P.M., Warmouth and Longstreet arrive. Alarming rumors with them. Dispatches from Washington—all seem to come in at once. Now the mayor (Flanders) is alarmed for the peace and safety of his town, and wants protection. . . . 9 P.M., troops recalled to town. (Just won't R–m–gt–n blaspheme?) Those fellows have done nothing but tramp to and fro all this last week. Bad as a campaign against Jackson!

Monday, 15.—Long telegram to adjutant-general begun at 8 A.M., detailing whole situation. Then a letter to Carter. The chief asks *explicit* instructions from Washington.

11 A.M. Hurrah! Dispatch from the President. Previous course approved. Troops not again to be brought into town without orders from Washington. That settles it. Now, then, gentlemen, you've been sp'iling to fight for the last two weeks. Here's your chance. Go it! (But of course they didn't.)

The chief has got a cipher-key from War Department, and important dispatches hereafter are to go in cipher. We try one to-night of no earthly importance, but just as a flyer. The chief merely wants to see how the old thing works. (It doesn't work.) Next day there comes hurried order from Washington to repeat. We do so. It's all Greek to me. And the next thing comes another dispatch: "Impossible to decipher dispatch," or words to that effect. "If important, repeat in plain English." The chief concluded it wasn't important, this

time; but jocular allusions to that cipher business are not permitted—and I know it. (*Note.*—Cipher-keys must always be kept under lock in the securest possible place. This one was—religiously, and for the next ten months.)

Wednesday, 17.—Fun in the Senate. The one cuss who made the quorum, accepted heavy bribes and voted in the repeal of the four laws most obnoxious to the citizens, cleared out for parts unknown, leaving the city minus a legal police and the State government in a regular fix. . . . Carterites now ahead. All quiet now until

Sunday, 21.—Up and at office early. Carter has issued proclamation in this morning's paper announcing his intention of attacking the state-house at noon to-morrow. (He *wants* to be stopped, of course.) Am sent to Longstreet for information 11 A.M. He says Carter has nine hundred men sworn in as sergeants-at-arms, has one hundred and fifty rifles, and by morning will have two hundred and fifty rifles and two pieces of artillery. They are to rendezvous at 43 Dauphine Street. The chief dictates telegrams to Washington giving situation as far as known. Detained all afternoon at office. Mr. Oglesby, the only one who came, much disturbed over the proclamation. 8 P.M., send off telegram to Washington and receive orders to remain in charge at head-quarters for the night. Supper at Victor's 9.30 P.M. Longstreet and two Warmouth men at another table—no one else. "The '76" and "The Council of Twenty-Six"—Ku-Klux organizations—issuing proclamations to abstain from rows to-morrow. . . . Longstreet tells me Carter proposes surprise to-night. All quiet at head-quarters nevertheless.

And so it went—alternate calm and storm—for the first two months of the general's occupation of New Orleans. Then came our next distraction,—a Congressional committee of investigation. It was lovely weather when these gentlemen arrived from Washington, and Mr. X. was notified that, "in addition to his other duties," the general desired him to attend the Congressional committee in whatsoever capacity might be most agreeable to them, with a view to showing them courtesies, escorting them around, etc. Mindful of his expensive experiences at West Point only the two preceding years, Mr. X.'s cup did not o'erflow with joy at the prospect. The commission was presided over by the Hon. Judge Schofield, a gentleman and a believer in human nature. Its liveliest member was a keen, snappy, incisive fellow who bore the oddly appropriate name of Spear, and one after another the witnesses of both factions were made to writhe under his pointed questions. Perhaps the greatest sufferer at his hand was the collector of the port, who, during the split in the State government, had resorted to a humorous but lingering expedient to obstruct the wheels of legislation and rob the Warmouthites of a quorum. Having a fine revenue cutter under his orders, the collector bethought

him of a dinner-party aboard; invited thereto a baker's dozen of the opposing statesmen, and these gudgeons swallowed the bait. When they recovered from the effects of the generous viands and wines, and would be put ashore in time for roll-call and the fall of the Speaker's gavel, lo! they were out at sea; and there they were kept a week, more or less, on an ostensible fishing-trip, the guests of the collector. Mr. X. listened to that examination with sentiments of awe, and was devoutly thankful that his own share in the events of early January had been so inconspicuous that Mr. Spear merely looked him over, and then, like Artemus Ward's firemen friends on a certain momentous occasion, "kindly refrained from squirtin'." It wasn't so much that Mr. X. had anything on his conscience in connection with the recent affairs as that he was morally certain he would be self-convicted of every military crime known to the Mutiny Act before Mr. Spear let go. If ever a man had a simple, straightforward, soldierly story to tell, it was the chief when he took the chair; but when Spear "took the witness" he proceeded to twist him all out of his recollection, mix him up on his facts, and so thoroughly to browbeat and confuse the simple-minded and honest-hearted old soldier that by the time he had finished his evidence he had sworn to saying and doing several things that never happened, and to prohibiting things that actually took place. The astute M.C. looked a complacent victor when he finally released his hold and fancied possibly that it would all make a tremendous stir at the expense of the general, the army, and the administration. But if it did I never heard of it.

However, some kind of truce was patched up after this Congressional visitation, and for quite a while the general was not bothered by local politicians. Things began settling down into their normal condition around head-quarters, and Mr. X., who had been made acting judge-advocate of the department,—"in addition to his other duties," of course,—was trying to review a whole raft of cases, some simple, some complex, when another governor concluded it was necessary to call for troops; at least, some of his underlings were making him think so; and the chief determined to go and look into the matter himself. This time 'twas the governor of Mississippi, and away we went—the chief and Mr. X.—up the road to Jackson.

As a result of the conference that ensued, the general decided to let Mr. X. go and overawe the alleged Ku-Klux in the northern part of the State, while he returned to New Orleans. The "Enforcement Act" was in full swing just then, and a couple of troops of cavalry were at the beck and call of the United States marshals and their deputies, and a good deal of night-riding and devilment was going on.

Armed with an order to inspect four military posts in Mississippi, the aide set forth to see what there was in the blood-curdling stories constantly coming in. It involved much discomfort in the way of

travel through mud, rain, and wood-roads and opened his eyes to the flimsiness of foundation on which big sensations could be built. One deputy marshal had secured a guard of cavalry because of a diabolical outrage perpetrated on himself and family by the Ku-Klux, who had attempted to burn the house over their heads in the dead of the winter's night, and, being discovered, fired volley after volley through the doors and windows. Mr. X. couldn't find a bullet mark on the premises, however, but *did* learn from numerous sources that a crowd of young fellows, riding home late from a country wedding, had saluted the new year with a *feu de joie* from their revolvers; and with this exception there happened to have been no night-firing for a month. The deputy had been making an ass of himself since obtaining his cavalry escort by riding around the country on all manner of errands of imaginary importance and threatening people with arrest and punishment. The officers were disgusted, and begged to be relieved from such duty. So, finding a far better place for the troop on the railway below, Mr. X. recommended its immediate transfer thither, and the deputy lost his imposing escort. But he instantly came forward with fresh outrages, and cited in support that one of his assistants had just been stabbed to death by a violent ex-rebel, but not until a mortal wound had been inflicted on the assailant in self-defense. The bodies, said the dispatch, were now lying side by side at the depot, where he, apparently, could not venture for fear of sharing some similar fate. X. was miles away on another trail by this time, and an experienced officer who had served all through the War of the Rebellion, and was then stationed in the neighborhood, was wired to go thither by first train, investigate, and report. He did. On his arrival he found the two corpses up and taking a sociable drink; so the cavalry were not sent back. But, great Scott! Mr. X. little imagined that this was one of the first episodes to stamp him speedily as a "Southern sympathizer." The others came about in various ways, and here is one of them.

There was in existence in the city of New Orleans, later that year, a fine body of officers and men known as "the Louisiana Field Artillery." For the time being, having neither harness, horses, nor suitable gun-carriages, they were armed and equipped as infantry, and a very natty little battalion they made. One day, late in the spring, a soldierly-looking gentleman came into Mr. X.'s office and, presenting his card, asked to see the general. The chief was rather glad to see anybody just then, for time was hanging heavily on his hands that warm afternoon. The tall stranger was welcomed, had a cordial chat with the chief, and came out radiant. It seems that he was the commandant of the Field Artillery; that the Field Artillery wanted very much to go into camp for a week at Mississippi City, on the Gulf, but that neither tents nor camp-equipage of any kind could they get from the State authorities. As a last resort, Colonel B. came up and

told the general of their plight, and modestly asked if it would be possible to help them in any way. The general knew the command well, and was taken by the courteous and soldierly bearing of their colonel. As a result he assured him that *anything* he controlled was much at the service of the battalion, and directed Mr. X. to go at once with the colonel and attend to it at the chief quartermaster's, the barracks, or wheresoever might be necessary. The colonel hardly knew how to express his delight, and, to make the story short, when the officers met and heard the news they unanimously voted to name their camp after the general, and a very handsome camp it turned out to be. They invited the general and his staff to attend it as honored guests, at least on the great day of the review and ball. It so happened that this was impossible for all, but the chief ordered Mr. X. to take his full uniform, go, and represent him and the staff. Now this was duty that no youngster could cavil at. X. went and had a simply gorgeous time. Nothing that those accomplished hosts could think of was too good for the representative of "the chief," who was toasted time and again. The ball at the big hotel was beautiful, and when the command returned to New Orleans on the following day it marched up Camp Street to head-quarters and gave the general a parting salute. Everything had gone off delightfully. Every item of the loaned tents and equipage was scrupulously returned, and the *entente cordiale* between the department commander and the Louisiana Artillery was firmly established.

But this was a matter that gave umbrage to the "radical" element of the political party in power. "What were these men," asked the newspaper devoted to the interests of the Warmouth government, "but rebels or would-be rebels,—relics of the Washington Artillery of war days?" All this was possibly true, but the war was over by several years, and they bore and saluted the stars and stripes and named their camp for a Union general. It was none of Mr. X.'s business, anyhow. He was ordered to go, and he found them mighty nice fellows. Now for the sequel. One night, long afterwards, when the general was living far down-town at the St. Louis Hotel, and Mr. X. had cozy quarters far up-town on Coliseum Place, there arose a new political entanglement; and this time there was the devil to pay, for the mob knocked the Jackson Square police station into flinders, and there was bloodshed and rioting in good earnest; and orders from Washington caused the appearance of the troops in town in strong force, even to the occupation by them of the state-house; and Mr. X. had no end of dispatch-writing at the office and far more welcome saddle-work in trotting to and fro conducting troops hither and yon, and getting into some business-like situations with the rioters. That was all legitimate duty, and he found no atom of objection, though it *was* a little comical at times to meet every now and then some of his camp friends among the

mobs that so readily dispersed at the intimation "United States troops coming." By this time the State had organized its police force as infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and had even a gunboat on the river; but it could not have held its own against the people had not the general government taken a hand. However, things had subsided: the mobs had disappeared, the troops gone back to Baton Rouge and the barracks, and no "military intervention" was to be tolerated again, when one evening, strolling with friends on Canal Street, Mr. X. was surprised by the sight of an armed battalion moving silently along. Inquiry of a detective whom he knew put Mr. X. in possession of the startling tidings that the Louisiana Field Artillery had been ordered to surrender all their arms to the State, and that they had refused. Guards had been placed at their armory on Carondelet Street, but "the boys" had gotten wind of the thing, and in some incomprehensible way had slipped in and were now there in force, determined to "hold the fort." This was news. Being in civilian dress, Mr. X. decided to go up and take a look at the situation. Back of the massive city buildings which front on Lafayette Square there runs an alley-way, and between this alley-way and Carondelet Street was the big armory. The astute police had crossed their bayonets in front at the main entrance, but had given no heed to the alley, and here "the boys" had slipped in. When Mr. X. reached the neighborhood of the armory he found a dense crowd of the populace. Beyond them solid ranks of police-infantry in their State uniforms and with their Winchesters stretching from wall to wall across and completely blocking Carondelet Street. Strolling up the sidewalk until he came to these troops, Mr. X. was not even halted by the sentries thrown out in the rear; and the next thing, without a word from him, the officers motioned to the men to give way and let him through. One hundred yards farther up the street, facing him, were similar solid ranks. Between the two commands in the broad thoroughfare not a soul was stirring. Doors and blinds on both sides of the street were closed and darkened. Only from the sally-port of the white armory a broad glare of light shone across to the opposite wall. And, as nobody hindered, thither went Mr. X. Beyond the light some police sprang suddenly forward, as though to warn him back, but an authoritative voice recalled them, and he could hear mention of the general's name. The next moment Mr. X. found himself looking into the muzzles of a big bronze field-piece and several rifles as he turned into the sally-port, but down went the small-arms as his camp friends recognized him; he was conducted up-stairs, where everything was arranged to repel attack, but where the officers came smilingly forward to ask had he come to demand their surrender. "If the general will send a mere corporal, we'll surrender at once, but this order comes from the lieutenant-governor of the State in the absence of his superior, and we will not give up to him." This was the sentiment of

the whole command, and that the police would have had a lively time enforcing the demand was evident at once. Explaining that he had simply dropped in out of curiosity and to note the situation in case the general should want to know about it, Mr. X. presently left. He carefully abstained from expressing any opinion as to the merits of the case, or giving any advice whatsoever, but, having got all the knowledge he could, he went back the way he came; and then some of the officers of the police battalion asked an eager question or two. It was not for *their* information he had made a *reconnaissance* which would have been forbidden them, and he laughingly declined saying anything about the condition of affairs, but strolled around awhile to see how they were posted and to await developments. After an hour he ventured to ask a new arrival if an attack were probable. "Attack! Lord, no!" was the answer. "That building's chuck full of fighting men, and we'd get shot down like sheep. Not much! We're just going to hold this street until orders come from Washington for *you* fellows to go in. That's what the governor's after to-night."

So Mr. X. wended his way up to head-quarters. The general had been there and gone earlier in the evening, said the janitor; everything was quiet. Mr. X. decided to go home and go to bed. He couldn't have been asleep an hour when there came a bounding step on the veranda, and then rat-tat-tat! at the blinds.

"What's up?" demanded Mr. X.

"The general wants you at once, sir."

Quickly as possible Mr. X. jumped into uniform, always hanging ready, took his sabre and gauntlets, sprang into the cab standing ready for him, rattled through the deserted streets wondering what might be going on, and in twenty minutes was in the general's room at the hotel, finding him tramping up and down in his night-gown and a fume of wrath and excitement. Sitting in the corner, with the same owl-like expression of preternatural gravity, was the inevitable politico-military adviser, and the instant X. caught sight of his face he knew what was up with the chief. The same old story: Mr. X. had "ruined him" again.

"My God, sir! *My* God, sir! What's this I hear? *Who* authorized you to go to those artillery men and tell 'em to stick to their guns and I'd see 'em through?"

"Nobody, sir."

"Then how in God's name did you come to do it, sir?"

"I didn't, sir, or anything like it."

"But I've just got a long message from Governor Pinchbeck to *say* that you did."

"The governor l—knows nothing about it, sir."

"Then how does it happen you're here in uniform?"

"The last time you sent for me at dead of night you wanted to

know why I *wasn't* in uniform. When your orderly roused me I presumed, of course, it meant duty, and dressed as quick as I could."

"You mean you've been home and to bed?"

"Certainly, sir."

Then the blessed old gentleman turned to and blasphemed the Fates that had thrown him in contact with such a gang of Munchausens as the political ring of that day. In ten seconds he had totally forgotten his wrath at X. and thundered his invectives at the others. In ten minutes he had directed X. to go to the armory and stay there, and represent him again, and keep the peace until they should hear from Washington, and at four in the morning the orders came. Not to Pinchbeck, but to the United States, the Field Artillery gave up their arms, and that episode was over.

But troublous times were on us again. It wasn't long before, for the third time, Mr. X. "ruined" his irascible old chief. This was a comicality. It was right in the midst of this same *emeute* and late one night, long after everybody had gone to bed, that Mr. X., who, having been in saddle much of the day, longed to go likewise, came in to headquarters about one o'clock, and was surprised to find the general at his desk. A room had been fitted up for him next his office, and there he spent his nights during the rows of the winter of '72–'73. Eagerly he looked up to receive the aide's report of his latest mission, and then said,—

"I waked up just a while ago—an idea struck me—most important—and I've been trying to find my pen. Just sit down here, will you, X.? I want to clinch it *now*."

Not until after 4 A.M. were the fair copies of that long confidential dispatch finished to his entire satisfaction. It was to Washington,—a *résumé* of the situation,—and when at last signed and finished his comfort and satisfaction knew no bounds.

"There, X.!" he said. "There! That thing has been hanging over me for three days. Now it's done—beautifully done. That last is admirable. Now. Not a word of it to a soul. This is confidential. I'll tend to mailing it in the morning." (Copies were already made,—by Mr. X., of course,—and all were in one package in the general's hands.) "Now, where can I put this, meantime? Here! The very thing. Here's the private drawer of my desk. There! Now it's securely locked, and I've got the key. Now—how tired you must be! Go home, my young friend. Go home and get a good night's rest! God bless my soul, but it's after four o'clock! Go home and sleep till noon if you can—you deserve it. I'll make some one else do your work. Good-night, X., good-night. Remember, though,—not a word of this is to be breathed to a soul. Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

Gladly enough went X. to his roost. It was after broad daylight when, having seen his horse cared for, he reached his up-town lodgings

and got to bed. It could not have been a moment later than 9.30 when he was aroused by thundering knocks and the voice of the general's special messenger. "Needed at once at head-quarters!" X. was half into his uniform when it occurred to him to ask where the row was this time; and the messenger replied that there wasn't any *outside of the office.* The significance of *that* reply brought about speedy change to "cits," and in due time the A.D.C. reached the scene. Clerks were flying to and fro. The adjutant-general, the other two aides, the commanding officer from the barracks, and two of his staff all looked upon the arriving subaltern with eyes in which gloom and pity and the same old "Oh,-I-wouldn't-be-in-your-place" expression were intermingled. Every drawer in X.'s desk was turned topsy-turvy, and over and above all could be heard the objurgations of the chief. In an instant he was in the room, and the crowd silently listened and looked on.

"My God, sir! *My* God, sir! What have you done with that report, sir—that most important dispatch I—we wrote last night—this morning?"

"Nothing, sir. I haven't laid eyes on it since I left you at half-past four."

"Good God! Gentlemen, you—you hear him—and—and I intrusted that to his keeping."

"Why, no you didn't, general. You locked it up in your private drawer, and I'll bet it's there yet."

A dazed look on the old soldier's face. A light slowly breaking. A fumbling for the keys, a rapid clutch at the drawer, and out it comes, packet and all, just as he had left it. *Tableau!*

Then we all sat down and laughed, and the general told his story. He had gone to sleep after the letters were finished, but couldn't get them off his mind. He dreamed that they were in X.'s possession, and when he waked, and the officers began to come in, the old anxiety to consult with them took possession of him, and neither X. nor the letters appeared. We had champagne with the general that afternoon, but meantime the precious documents were read to one or two of the gang, and poor X.'s night-work went for nothing. It all had to be done over again.

Funniest of all was the night a prominent State official either *was* shot at or fancied he was, and fled for protection to head-quarters. There was intense excitement at the office by the time Mr. X. got there in obedience to impetuous summons, and he found the room thronged with sympathetic political friends and "heelers," and the general striving to get the report of the matter into shape for immediate transmission to Washington. The moment Mr. X. arrived he exclaimed, "Now, my dear sir, here's our man. Just give your pages to him." And in another moment Mr. X. found himself (locked in by the

politico-military supply department official aforementioned where no reporters could get at him) hastily occupied in writing from six or eight letter pages of somewhat shaky memoranda a dispatch for the signature of the shot-at party. Every now and then "the arch conspirator" would pop in to make suggestions as to changes, etc., until finally X. looked up and asked, "See here. Was it you or the other fellow who was shot at? and who's writing this dispatch, you or he?" And then in course of an hour the thing was finished in Mr. X.'s by this time well-known hand, and the signature of the eminent victim of a "close call" duly affixed. Then X. was sent to the telegraph office with it so as to see it off without any newspaper man's getting hold of it. At midnight the chief went home to bed, leaving Mr. X. at head-quarters as body-guard for the alarmed civilian.

But within the next twenty-four hours something occurred which aroused the wrath of the chief to boiling-point, and against the very man whom he had been protecting,—some piece of political trickery. More reports and dispatches were necessary. The general was excitingly dictating. X. was about half through a long report when an idea suddenly occurred to the old soldier:

"My God, sir! Stop! What am I thinking of? Why, it would ruin me, sir,—*ruin* me at Washington,—if a dispatch were to come there with my signature, but written by the same hand that wrote that mendacious report that—that—blank, blank, blank fellow signed. Tear it up, sir. Tear it up, and send me another amanuensis."

X. was "mad" this time, and chose to get foolishly huffy about the thing instead of laughing the sorely-badgered old gentleman out of the idea of its being of any earthly consequence what hand penned the copy for the Western Union office. He took the general at his word and left the office in a pet. And next morning, as he was sitting at his desk, the adjutant-general came in and said, "For goodness' sake go in there and see if you can't help out. The general's all tangled up in a dispatch, and he has S—— in there as amanuensis." So X. went, and sure enough, there were pages of blots and interlineations and scratches that the general himself had made and then couldn't decipher. He was tramping up and down in mingled wrath and desperation. He turned on the A.D.C. as the latter entered and pointed reproachfully at the littered desk. "My God, X.! When I asked you to take this position on my staff, it was to do all this work for me. Yes, sir,—and—and you've *never been of the slightest use to me!*"

Well! That was a stinger. X. went out, and in the course of the morning piled up a stack of letter-books as high as the desk filled with the imprints of his handwriting, and was going to lay his resignation on top of the whole thing, when in came the general; and who that ever knew the warmth of the heart that beat under that sometimes rough exterior, or the winning, lovable smile that broke over his

face at such moments, like sunshine after storm, could ever long afford to harbor rancor at "the chief." We had shaken hands over the rupture and laughed at its absurdities—on both sides—before the clocks were chiming noon. But for the politicians there would have been few trials for staff-officers where he was in command; but there were times when they managed to make it more than lively for "X."

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING,
U.S.A.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of "The United Service" are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

Heart-Broken.

THE midshipmen of the French frigate "Calypso," commanded by Captain Lalande, and those of the English frigate "Blonde," commanded by Captain Dundas, had become, in 1831, inseparable companions. The Englishmen taught us fox-hunting; we taught them the rights of man, and got them to sing the "Marseillaise." They had, at first, some difficulty in understanding that the son of the Duke of Northumberland must be regarded as the equal, and no more, of the son of a shoemaker. At last, however, they gave in. It was just after the revolution of July, and we were carried away by our ardor for proselytizing. He who has not seen the French on the morrow of a revolution, does not know them. I have, at such a time, met grave men who were scarcely more serious than midshipmen.

Among our new comrades, it was impossible not to single out John Gore. It will be remembered that the statue raised to the conqueror of Waterloo has represented him as Achilles. The idea, however, is not a happy one. Nothing reminds one less of Achilles than the Duke of Wellington. The true English Achilles was my friend Gore,—active, fearless, skillful in all manly exercises, including boxing. When Gore plunged into the sea from the top of the forecastle of the "Blonde," he rose easily to the surface, cleaving the water with his shoulders, breast foremost, and body half-erect like a Triton.

The "Calypso" might justly have been called the paradise of midshipmen. I left it to join the "Actéon," a vessel where the discipline was stricter. It was a time of penance after a most gay and joyous life. We were lingering in front of Rhodes, in the vast bay of Marmorice, when a frigate belonging to his Britannic Majesty unexpectedly came to anchor close by. Scarcely had the anchor dropped, when a boat left the frigate. My friend Gore was again with me. To regale him I had only a case of Cypress wine with which I had promised myself I would do homage to my family. I sacrificed it without remorse. The evening passed like a dream; a single cloud only was likely to have spoiled its serenity. I maintained that the English language was uncouth and completely devoid of harmony. "It is uncouth for you who do not know how to pronounce it," replied the islander, with some warmth. "Have you ever heard anything more melodious than this strophe from *Lara*?

"'It was the night—and Lara's glassy stream
The stars are studding, each with imaged beam.'"

I did not argue further. The strophe, in fact, seemed to me agreeable, and it was being recited by a friend from whom I was to be separated in a few short minutes!

We parted, perhaps, forever. Such was the inward feeling which, in spite of ourselves, saddened our farewells, though neither of us had the courage to avow it. Gore started for the Indies; I remained in the Mediterranean. Three years later, he was returning to England with the rank of lieutenant. His father, Admiral Gore, was taking him home in his own vessel, happy and proud in having such a son. The vessel was proceeding round the Cape of Good Hope, when a squall came on, and a sailor fell from the main-topsail into the sea. John Gore, at one bound, was on the netting. For an instant he hesitated. The sailor

made a despairing gesture, as he rose above the water, which threatened to overwhelm him. Gore plunged into the sea, but, before he could grasp the poor fellow whose life he had undertaken to save, the wave burst into foam and engulfed the unhappy seaman.

The vessel was brought to, and Gore with a few strokes could have easily reached it, but unfortunately the current drifted the ship to leeward, and carried her on so rapidly that the distance increased instead of diminishing. They tried to lower a boat; but it was shattered against the hull of the vessel. From his gallery the helpless admiral witnessed the thrilling scene. Did he know who that gallant swimmer was, whose efforts he tried to encourage with voice and gesture? His heart had told him nothing of it.

The captain at that moment sent for orders. Should a second boat be lowered? Must the lives of sixteen men again be risked to save one? The admiral placed his hand to his brow and covered his eyes, so as to witness no longer the brave fellow's struggle. To abandon him was a cruel thing, but duty called too loud. The admiral gave the word to sail on. Half an hour later, the chaplain visited his room. The admiral did not question him. A single glance made him understand all: the abandoned swimmer was his son. He only survived him a few months, dying, a short time after his arrival in port, of that malady which is incurable,—the malady which the English have so well named "a broken heart."

It was written that I should not see John Gore again. I had a presentiment of it.

JURIEN DE LA GRAVIÈRE,
Of the Académie française.

AT the great naval battle of Camperdown, an old Scotch captain, named Inglis, commanded the "Belliqueux," 64. Having recently been appointed, after long absence from active service, the signal-book, which he ought to have thoroughly understood, was a new puzzle to him; and, on the day of battle, when it became necessary to act with promptitude in obedience to signals, he found himself unable to do so. Throwing the book upon the deck with contempt, he sang out, in broad Scotch, "D—n me, up wi' the hel-lum, and gang intil the middle o't!"

And so he did, and bore a gallant part in that great day without ever answering a signal.

THE celebrated English admiral, Lord Howe, was one of the coolest as well as bravest of men.

While captain of the flag-ship of the Duke of York, the lieutenant of the watch suddenly appeared at his bedside, one night, and called out, in great agitation, "My lord! the ship is on fire, close to the magazine; but don't be frightened, my lord, it will soon be got under."

"Frightened, sir; what do you mean by that? I never was frightened in my life." Then, looking the officer full in the face, he said, "Pray, sir, how does a man feel when he is frightened? I need not ask you how he looks."

On another occasion he was obliged to anchor in a gale of wind, on a lee shore. In the course of the night the wind increased almost to a hurricane, but Howe, having all his anchors down, went into his cabin and took up a book. Soon the lieutenant of the watch came down to him, with a woeful face, and said, "I am sorry to inform you, my lord, that the anchors are coming home (a nautical term for dragging). "They are much in the right," Howe coolly replied. "I don't know who would stay abroad on such a night as this."

AT least four four-masted ships will be launched from the Maine yards in 1889, and they will all be rousers. T. J. Southard will build a 2500-tonner at Richmond; Carleton, Norwood & Co., one of 2700 tons, at Rockport; while at Bath two will be constructed, one of them a 2500-tonner, by William Rogers. This would seem to indicate that the wooden ship is not quite a thing of the past, as some people suppose.

Huge schooners are becoming more and more the rage, and some great frames

will be put up in the next twelvemonth. At Bath, the New England Shipbuilding Company have a pair of 1400-ton four-masters on the stocks for Captain J. M. Phillips, of Taunton, Mass. At Camden, H. M. Bean, who built the famous "King Philip," the "Pocahontas," and the "Mount Hope," will build a three-master of 800 tons' carrying capacity, for home owners, and a four-masted centre-boarder of 3000 tons' capacity for Captain A. R. Nixon and others, of West Dennis, Mass. At Belfast, G. W. Cottrell will build a four-masted schooner of 1000 tons, and George Gilchrist a three-master of 400 tons. J. W. Sawyer & Sons, Milbridge, have a centre-board schooner now in frame, and next spring will put up a 450-ton three-master and a barkentine of 750 tons. At East Deering, George Russell will build two three-masted schooners of 650 tons each. Besides their other work, the New England Company at Bath are building two side-wheel steamers, one of 250 feet keel, for the Boston and Kennebec line, and one of 275 feet keel, for the Portland and Boston line, and a large propeller for the Portland and New York line.

Reports from all the ship-building districts are highly encouraging, and it is quite evident that for a long time to come there will be no occasion for an exodus of ship-carpenters from Maine.

Rats.

ALL old-fashioned sailors believe that Finns, and especially Russian Finns, are wizards, and can perform any kind of a miracle they like. It is no use to try to disabuse their minds of this belief. Johnny Marline said he was once shipmate with a Russian Finn who had all the horn buttons eaten off his oil-skin clothes by the rats. So, on the next dog-watch, after he found it out, the Finlander went to the fore-hatch, and, sticking his sheath-knife upright in the deck, called upon all the rats in the ship to appear before him. Up came the rats, one after the other, and crawled before him in solemn procession, rat after rat, every rat in the ship, until hundreds of rats had passed close by his feet. Then there was a delay, and the Russian Finn called in a louder tone the same words he had called at first. Instantly a poor, little, perspiring, bedraggled rat, with all its hairs turned the wrong way, limped out of the hatchway and went up to the upright sheath-knife, and sawed its own head off. This satisfied the Russian Finn, who declared he had seen every rat in the ship, and had punished the culprit.

A Poor Steersman.

I WAS at the wheel at the time, and the captain came on deck and said, looking at the ship's wake,—

"You can't do it," very positively.

"Sir?" said I, looking astern for a moment.

"You can't do it," more positively than before.

"Can't do what, sir?" said I.

"Can't make a Q. You've put her through about every letter in the alphabet but that, and you may give it up, and try to keep her after the martingale stays for a change."

Champagne.

ADDRESSED BY DR. M. TO HIS FRIEND MAJOR C.

LILIES on liquid roses floating,—
So floats yon foam on pink champagne.
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And prove that ruby main,—
Floating away on wine.

Those seas are dangerous, gray-beards swear,
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;
And true it is they drown Old Care,
But what *care* we for him,
So we but float on wine.

And true it is, they cross in pain
Who *sober* cross the Stygian ferry;
But only make our Styx champagne,
And we shall cross right merry,
Floating away on wine.

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow;
Then gayly row his boat from shore;
While we and every jovial fellow
Hear unconcerned the oar
That dips itself in wine.

MOBILE, January, 1889.

Doctors' Signs.

A CURIOUS custom prevails in Paris, which is adhered to by the greater number of its physicians,—no sign is seen on the front door, or even the door of the office; nothing to indicate who lives in the *appartement.*

A slight tendency towards the Parisian idea in signs would be an excellent thing to infuse into the profession in this country, or at least some portion of it.

The size and prominence, the gilded or polychromatic aggressiveness of doctors' signs depends measurably upon local custom. But, as a general rule, the bigger the sign, the poorer the doctor; the more conspicuous the sign, the more incompetent the owner. "Death loves a shining mark." MEDICO.

LOTUS CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.

EDITOR "UNITED SERVICE."

ON page 220 of the Magazine for February, 1889, is a verse in Irish dialect. I send herewith the original "poem," which was written by Sasimus, an eccentric character of Dublin, in the early half of the present century.

T. W. KNOX.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

On Ægypt's banks, contagious to the Noile,
King Pharaoh's darther wint to bathe in stoile,
And pailing off her duds she took a schwim,
Thin run along the banks, to dhry her skin;
And stooping in the bushes there she saw
A nate young baby in a wad of sthraw;
And to her maidens, thin, she croid, in accents
woild,
"Tare and ages, gals, which of yez owns the choild?
It's none o' yer own, yer quick to say,
And that's the thruth Oi've known this mony a day;
But since we've found him here among the roses,
By all means let us call him Howly Moses."

(*From Macmillan's Magazine.*)

How the German Soldier is Made.

THE COMPANY SYSTEM IS THE SECRET OF THE GERMAN ARMY ORGANIZATION — THE SOLDIER'S WORK — THE GERMAN OFFICERS.

THE German military year commences, as is well known, in November,—that is to say, the fresh batches of recruits then arrive to take the place of the men who, after serving two or three years with the colors, are passed to the reserve. In ten months from that time, or at the beginning of the following September, when the autumn manœuvres are about to commence, we will see what these recruits have become during that period. Pick out any one of them at random from the ranks and ask him questions on any possible duties which are likely to fall to his lot to perform in war, and for any one who has had to deal with persons of that class from which the majority of soldiers are usually drawn, it is almost impossible to understand by what means the country clown or mechanic of ten months ago has been converted into the intelligent soldier of to-day. If, for example, he is questioned with regard to his duties as a sentry in an outpost line, his answers, showing a thorough practical knowledge of what would be required of him, and what information he would expect to receive from his superior,—on the position of neighboring sentries, his picket, etc., where the principal roads lead to, what is known of the enemy, the names of neighboring villages, heights, or rivers, and many other points too numerous to mention here,—are all given with a readiness and intelligence which very few English officers would expect to find in the rank and file of their companies. Exactly the same intelligence is displayed in the important duty of patrolling. Whether in an open or much enclosed country, approaching a village or entering a wood; in fact, in any possible circumstances, each separate man knows exactly what it is his duty to do. The following translation of a report actually sent in by a private soldier, picked out casually by the writer from the ranks of a German company and placed in command of a small patrol at the time of the autumn manœuvres will perhaps show as well as anything else, to what a point of excellence military education can be brought:

"Estate of S——.

"From Fusilier H——'s patrol. 30th August, 7 P.M.

"To FIRST LIEUT. B——: I have been forward with my patrol in the direction of F ——, by the estate of S——, as far as K——, and have returned to the estate of S——. Here I can see an infantry detachment about one station strong on the march on the D—— high-

road, almost on a level with K——, while an infantry patrol of the enemy is marching two hundred yards to the east of K——, and is keeping on a level with the section which is marching on the high-road. I imagine the section marching on the high-road and the patrol to be for the protection of a march [*Marsch-Sicherung*]. My patrol remains here and continues to observe them.

[Signed] "H——."

Now, it must be obvious that soldiers so educated are in every way superior beings, from a military point of view, to those of a past era, when to be smart at drill was the beginning and end of existence. And it should be remembered that this intellectual training does not tend to produce only a few geniuses to be exhibited on special occasions. One of the *Times's* correspondents at the recent German manœuvres said very truly of that army that "it is characterized by a uniformity that is one of the main secrets of its success. After having seen one army corps a foreigner may simply multiply it by eighteen, and safely say that he has now got a perfect idea of the German army."

In Germany the greatest possible trouble is taken by the company officers to train their men on the range to a skillful use of their rifle, the instruction including not merely shooting, as with us, at both standing and disappearing targets, as well as most practical field firing, but, further, such useful practices as aiming and firing from behind trees, walls, breastworks, and, indeed, from any rest which men would be likely to find at hand in war.

Besides this practical musketry, every man has a further theoretical knowledge of the use and capabilities of the weapon in his possession, which is unknown to our army. For instance, a man called out from the ranks is shown an enemy kneeling down, we will say, at some distance off, and is then asked how he would proceed to act. We will suppose that he judges the distance to be two hundred and fifty yards. This being so, he will describe what he must do if acting entirely on his own judgment. Again, follow a company in the fighting line at manœuvres, and mark the way in which every sight is carefully adjusted to any named distance and changed at each rush forward, even when the men are excited by a rapid advance. The present writer was the witness of a scene at the manœuvres where a company officer, who had noticed a man fail to change the sight of his rifle at a fresh distance, at once told him off for extra guard duty, this indeed being no light punishment after the men have been marching and fighting pretty well all day.

Yet one more fact while on the subject of fire discipline, which shows the anxiety in Germany to turn even the slightest circumstance to useful account for instruction. At fights in the course of the manœuvres it is a most common sight to see, if an advancing line is checked, a single man sent out to pace the distance up to the enemy's firing-line, in order that the distance which has been estimated by the commanders may be thus practically tested.

For young soldiers it is often said that an iron discipline is a necessity, and it is common to hear German discipline so described. Such a description is so far true that crime, as in our military parlance offenses against discipline are termed, is visited with a sternness which in itself would be a strong deterrent to wrong-doing. But it may be doubted whether the mere dread of punishment would in any army cause such an absence of serious crime as is the case among the thousands who serve the German Emperor. One has only to peruse the works written for non-commissioned officers and soldiers by such men as the present head of the general staff, Graf von Waldersee, Field Marshal von Moltke's successor, and by others, thoroughly to understand that the discipline of the German army has its origin in far higher motives. The one sentiment which breathes throughout these works is that to be a soldier,—that is to say, to be called to wear the uniform of the Emperor and King,—and to protect with arms the Fatherland and the religion is an honor. "An honor," writes the Graf von Waldersee, "because the holiest law of the soldier's calling is honor." This sentiment is so deeply felt by the whole nation that the

individual soldier is everywhere respected on account of the uniform which he wears, and he himself soon comes to feel the responsibility of self-respect which his uniform carries with it. For this reason a drunken soldier is, even in large garrisons, very rarely seen, and drunkenness is far from being a common source of trouble in the German army. The manœuvres also, which from the last week in August till nearly the end of September take place throughout the length and breadth of the land, are alone sufficient proof of the state of discipline which is everywhere prevalent. During this period the troops, sent long distances by rail from their own garrisons to gain the advantage of manœuvring in an entirely new and unknown terrain, are everywhere billeted on the inhabitants. In spite of the burdens which such a system implies for householders of every degree, the advent of the soldiers for their own sake is hailed everywhere as a pleasurable excitement, and indeed is a real help. Even after the hardest day's work it is quite common to see during the evening hours the men in their cool white summer fatigue dress helping the peasants in the harvest field, or by an hour's work in their host's gardens, repaying, as best they can, the hospitality with which they have been received.

To demonstrate in what a state of physical fitness every man is, we will give a brief outline of the work performed in one day this autumn at the manœuvres by a certain German company, such a day's work, it must be noted, being nothing exceptional or at all out of the common. The company mentioned had spent the previous night in bivouac, a large portion having been on picket duty in the outpost line, with the want of sleep and great fatigue attendant on such a duty. At 8 A.M. it broke from its bivouac and moved off to the rendezvous specified in orders for the force to which it belonged, every man looking as clean and all his equipment and arms as bright as if he had just stepped out of barrack yard. From this time forward our company was constantly marching and fighting till 2.30 P.M., when it reached the village where the men had their quarters, and one would have supposed that they would now be left in peace to enjoy their well-earned rest. However, shortly after 6 P.M., the general directing the whole manœuvres arrived with his staff and ordered the alarm to be sounded. In two minutes half a company, or about sixty men, were on the ground, and in thirteen minutes two whole companies, the last arrivals having come from a large farm half a mile distant from the village. It is true that on the present occasion those companies, being in quarters near the new outpost line, were in what are termed "alarm quarters,"—that is to say, it was incumbent on them that they should be ready to turn out at a moment's notice; but it may be remarked here that the rule in time of war or at manœuvres is that all troops quartered in a village or a part of a town must, without any previous warning, and, indeed, without bugle sound, the order being carried from house to house according to a prearranged plan, be assembled at a given rendezvous in marching order, and ready to go anywhere within ten minutes of such an order being sent out. It may appear to many that, the men being scattered in various directions, or cleaning their effects, and certainly more or less *en déshabille*, such an ideal is an impossibility, but the present writer has seen it carried out at manœuvres as nearly as possible with success under the exact conditions given above. As soon as the two companies were assembled the general announced his intention of marching off to attack a post of the enemy distant about four and a half miles as the crow flies, for the defense of which he did not consider that proper precautions had been taken. The post was attacked just as darkness was falling, with some partial success, though it must be admitted that the defenders were hardly caught napping. The return march, by a mere track through the forest, had to be conducted in darkness that might be felt. In spite of everything which the men had gone through during the previous twenty-four hours, and of the fearfully fatiguing nature of such a march, when they were constantly stumbling over felled trees or floundering into deep ruts, with the

further disadvantage of missing the right track, so far were they from grumbling or complaining of fatigue that they rather seemed to enjoy the work, making the forest echo with their grand marching choruses as soon as the column was safely out of earshot of the hostile patrols.

Yet one more fact while on the subject of the physical endurance of the German soldier, and it is one which an English officer will perhaps find it very hard to credit. At the end of a fortnight of such work as has just been described, each man, too, having on his back the full weight which he would have to carry in war, as it is at all times and on all duties the case with the infantry soldier, out of a whole brigade on peace strength, with the addition of cavalry, artillery, pioneers, train, etc., or nearly four thousand men, there were in the hospital designated for this force only thirteen, these being for the most part only slight cases of footsoreness. One has only to be a witness in a garrison town of the constant severe bodily exercise to which the soldier must from the day of joining his company submit, to comprehend that every muscle is like iron, and that, so far as capability of undergoing fatigue or bearing the hardships of a campaign is concerned, a German army on first taking the field is as fit to march anywhere as the most war-tried force of veterans.

Now, it may well be asked, What is the secret through which in the course of a few months such marvelous results are achieved? Should a German officer be asked such a question, he would undoubtedly answer that the one thing which allows of such a high standard of discipline and instruction throughout the whole army is the "company system." Now, what is this company system? To put it briefly, it is the principle that the captain commanding a company is personally responsible for the men under his command attaining in a given time a certain standard which is laid down by regulation for the whole army, and is perfectly understood by every officer and non-commissioned officer. On joining the army the recruit is posted to a company, in which for the next two or three years he will remain, and which he must look on as his family, of which it is a common saying in Germany the captain is the father, and the *Feldwebel*, or color-sergeant, is the mother. The company again is subdivided into *Korporalshaften*, —that is to say, each non-commissioned officer has so many men under his own immediate supervision,—and, just as the captain is responsible to the officer commanding the battalion for the discipline and instruction of his men, so is the non-commissioned officer answerable to the captain for the training of the recruits intrusted to his care; such responsibility being indeed a very stern reality, as it is on the results of the work intrusted to him that the advancement and promotion of every individual directly depend. In the method of training his men the captain is practically unfettered by regulations, the only thing required of him being that his company shall be always in a state of the highest possible discipline, and that every man shall have reached that standard of proficiency in his military duties which is laid down by regulation at the time of the company inspection. A foreigner who is brought for the first time in contact with the German soldier will be told that he can never understand what he is really capable of, nor the system by which he is trained, till he has been present at one of the company inspections. These take place in the presence of the officer commanding the three battalions which form a German regiment, usually about Easter, —that is, as soon as the recruits of the previous November are considered fit to take their place in the battalion, and are of the most searching character.

Ignorance is not tolerated in any rank, no matter how exalted; indeed, it may truly be said that the higher the officer rises the greater must be his professional attainments. The Prince Frederick Charles, when commanding an army corps, felt obliged to criticise most severely certain movements for which a colonel commanding a German regiment—a man holding much the position of a general commanding a brigade in our army—was directly responsible. This censure was dealt out with so unsparing a hand that the officer concerned, feeling it to be in-

consistent with his military honor to serve longer as a soldier, or perhaps knowing that he was only voluntarily accepting the fate which would otherwise be compulsory, ordered his second in command to lead the regiment back to quarters, and never again drew his sword. Such an instance gives further a good idea of the spirit of criticism dominant in the German army,—namely, that where possible errors of judgment shall be leniently dealt with, direct censure, unsparing when merited, being reserved for repeated sins of omission or commission, which, whether arising from incapacity or ignorance, would be likely, if repeated in time of war, to endanger the safety of the army or of any part of it.

Chased by a Pony.

(*From Colburn's United Service Magazine.*)

"THE Sahib" was the best polo pony I ever had, and he was cursed with the most fiendish temper that it has ever been my fate to come across in four-footed beasts. His very appearance was satanic; I have his portrait before me now, drawn in water-colors by one "Mummo, painter," as he signs his productions,—a white-turbaned Hindoo, who made the round of the European stables of the station, taking the portraits of favorite steeds for a few rupees a picture. Mummo certainly had a clever knack in drawing horse-flesh, though hardly so successful with the human form divine, as was to be seen when he attempted to mount the noble owner on some pet quadruped. "The Sahib," however, stands alone in his glory, for, in good earnest, no one except his own particular groom cared to approach him in his stable. Mummo has drawn him standing on what is intended to be the yellow-brown grass of the country, with which we bed down horses in India. But vegetation was not Mummo's *forte*. A polo ball and stick lie on the bedding, and the background is the gray-washed wall of the stable, with a square-paned window in the centre. This Mummo probably copied from some picture in an English sporting paper, such as he was very fond of getting hold of, for no impecunious sub, such as I was when I owned "the Sahib," ever boasted a stable in India as good as that. A rude row of mud huts, thatched with grass, divided by low mud walls into stables, with a rough log as a barrier before each, and a grass screen to keep the sun out; such is an average Indian stable, thought quite good enough for even valuable race-horses. Pigs are better lodged in England; but in India the grooms fare worse than the horses.

Mummo could only draw horses in profile, and on the near side. But he had caught "'the Sahib's' characteristics to a T." His clean white legs with plenty of bone below the knee, his powerful neck and shoulders, piebald, white and red, his wicked white face and dilated nostrils, his knowing red ears, and his well ribbed-up red back and strong quarters.

In those days we subs of the "onety-oneth" bestowed more pains on the hogging of our ponies' manes than we did on the cultivation of our moustaches. In his idle hours any fellow who was known to be a good hogger was in request to come round and do so-and-so's new "tat," short for *tattoo*, *anglicé*, pony. We scorned even to leave a "mounting lock," or "after-dinner curl" at the saddle-bow (though I cannot say we did not sometimes need it), and bent lovingly over the little beasts' necks, finishing them off with the aid of a sharp, fine scissors, after the manner of the most experienced *coiffeurs*.

I bought "the Sahib" at Batasar fair. This is a spring gathering in the North-West Provinces, well known to all in search of ponies and horses. It takes the form of a vast camp on a plain outside the town, and in the motley throng which, all the three days of the fair, crowd up and down the ranks of tethered horses high civilian officials jostle wild unkempt Cabool dealers with treacherous Tartar eyes; remount officers in search of troop horses elbow subs after polo ponies; village *zemindars* or head-men are there with country-bred *tattoos* for sale. The quadrupeds are quite as diverse as the buyers and sellers. In the long ranks you find horses that have known better days, poor beasts, Arabs or

"Walers" cast from the troops side by side with wild-looking ponies from the frontier and country-breds from the plains. There are lines of camels, too, for sale, either as beasts of burden or for riding purposes, and some elephants; the trumpeting, neighing, squealing, kicking, and occasional stampeding, pass description.

Though I had marked "the Sahib" for mine own from the first moment my eyes fell on his legs and shoulders, it took me two days to bargain with the dealer for him. My groom, Mohun, led the pony towards my tent, and I ordered him to be saddled, and thought I would try my new purchase in the cool of the evening.

But I found I was altogether mistaken, for the pony was of quite a different opinion, and, at first, showed himself so much the better fellow that I christened him "the Sahib," or the Master, on the spot.

"Your Highness has got a *bobbery wallah*" (a naughty fellow), remarked Mohun, consolingly, as he hung on to the bridle like grim death, suffering himself to be dragged along in the sand by the pony, while I hopped cautiously alongside, watching for an auspicious moment to throw my leg over him. But that wicked eye, looking so satanically at us out of its corner, that ever-ready hoof, were too much for us; we were compelled to resort to stratagem. One native flung a cloth over "the Sahib's" face and blindfolded him, another seized and held up one of his fore-legs. In an instant I was up, and then, "Let go!" and we were off!

No, *I* wasn't though, hard as "the Sahib" tried to get me off. He had found his master, and from that moment, when once on his back, I never had any trouble with him.

What a pony he was on the polo-ground. I verily believe he loved the game as much as I did. No jibbing or skulking with him, as with some ponies. No having to blindfold him to induce him to cross the fateful line on to the ground. "The Sahib," stretched out to his top speed, with tail flying and nostrils dilated, would follow with his keen eye every turn and stroke of the ball, and twist and pull up like a pony of half his size and power.

"The Sahib" had great discrimination of character, too, and loved a joke, as you will hear. There was a certain major in the onety-oneth, whom we will call Blazeby, a conceited Jack-in-office, exceedingly full of his own dignity. One day, as we were returning to barracks from an adjutant's parade, we beheld Major Blazeby in full uniform, mounted grandly on his charger, going round the barracks on some duty. Close to the spot where the parade was dismissed, "the Sahib" was in waiting to carry me homeward, for in India no one ever thinks of walking a yard if he can help it, and my bungalow was at least a quarter of a mile off. At "the Sahib's" head patiently squatted the groom, holding the bridle. The major on his charger came round the corner in full view of us all. The sight raised "the Sahib's" ire. With a kick and a plunge he got loose from the sleepy groom and went for the major. He galloped up to him kicking and squealing and showing his teeth. He turned sharp round and kicked at the charger; he came on again and bit at the major's legs. The major tried to drive him off with his cane; he even beat at him with his scabbard, but "the Sahib" was undaunted. Natives ran up in all directions and tried to capture him, but the pony would waltz round unexpectedly and scatter them with a flinging up of his heels. The major turned and fled, and "the Sahib" followed. It was a ludicrous sight, the riderless pony so small, the major on his big Waler mare, so gorgeous. We subs enjoyed it immensely. The major dodged the pony round the barrack buildings, but size told. The lesser animal could turn quicker, and come on again with a vicious squeal. The major was utterly discomfited. After a narrow escape of his breeches from "the Sahib's" teeth, he dismounted hastily and sought shelter in the barrack-room, while the honors of war remained with the pony.

E. E. CUTHELL.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE following-named gentlemen have been elected Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion:

Commandery of the State of Massachusetts.

Stated meeting held January 2, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS. — **Augustus Peck Clarke**, Maj. and Surgeon U.S.V.; **Joseph Goldthwaite Dennett**, Acting 2d Asst. Eng'r U.S.N.; **Isaac Francis Galloupe**, Maj. and Surgeon U.S.V.; **Edward Langdon Noyes**, Maj. U.S.V.

California Commandery.

Stated meeting held December 22, 1888.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—**Nicoll Ludlow**, Commander U.S.N.; **Francis Augustus Cooke**, Commander U.S.N.; **Henry Ezra Nichols**, U.S.N.; **Edward Donnelly**, Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; **William Todd Seward**, Capt. U.S.V.; **George Henry Gamble**, Capt. late U.S.A.; **George Henry Armstrong Dimpfel**, Capt. late U.S.A.; **Curtis Emerson Munn**, Capt. and Asst. Surgeon U.S.A.; **Charles Seton Lindsay**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Daniel Webster Field**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Cassius Marcellus Bush**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **John Christopher Byram**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **Nigel D. Oyly**, Acting Master late U.S.N.; **William Holmes McKittrick** and **Charles Henry Miles** (by inheritance).

TO THE SECOND CLASS.—**Harry Clifford Stuart.**

Illinois Commandery.

CORRECTION.—At the stated meeting held December 13, 1888, Lt. **Frederick Lewis Fake** was not elected to the First Class, as reported in the last number of this magazine.

District of Columbia Commandery.

CORRECTION.—At the stated meeting held January 2, 1889, Acting Assistant Paymaster **Edward Kirk Winship**, late U.S.N., was elected to the First Class, and Bvt. Maj. **Adolph Earman**, U.S.V., was not elected to the First Class, as reported in the last number of this magazine, his name having been withdrawn before the election.

Oregon Commandery.

Stated meeting held January 9, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS. — **Llewellyn Dean Woodward**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

TRANSFERS.

Massachusetts Commandery.

1st Lt. **David S. Denison**, late U.S.A., to New York Commandery.

California Commandery.

George Sumner Nickerson and **Frank Adams Meacham**, from the Second Class to the First.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Commander **Thomas Nelson**, U.S.N., to California Commandery; Bvt. Maj. **John Tyler**, U.S.A., to Michigan Commandery.

New York Commandery.

Bvt. Lt.-Col. **Charles H. Alden**, Surgeon U.S.A., to Minnesota Commandery; Mr. **Augustus Gaylord**, to Wisconsin Commandery.

NECROLOGY.

Massachusetts Commandery.

Bvt. Lt.-Col. **Ira Russell**, U.S.V., December 19, 1888.

California Commandery.

Maj. **Edward James Spaulding**, 4th U. S. Cav., December 10, 1888.

Pennsylvania Commandery.

Mr. **Walter L. C. Biddle**, October 2, 1888, at Newport, R. I.; Bvt. Brig.-Gen. **Jacob B. Sweitzer**, U.S.V., November 9, 1888, at Pittsburgh, Pa.; Col. **Robert S. LaMotte**, U.S.A., December 16, 1888, at Fort Supply, Ind. Territory; Capt. **Wm. A. T. Maddox**, A.Q.M.U.S.M. Corps, January 1, 1889, at Georgetown, D. C.; Chief Engineer **Edwin Wells** (Commander), U.S.N., January 8, 1889, at Shanghai, China; Bvt. Brig.-Gen. **Charles P. Herring**, U.S.V., January 17, 1889, at Philadelphia, Pa.

LOYAL LEGION NOTES.

Charter of the War Library and Museum to be built at Philadelphia.

Be it known, That the subscribers, having associated themselves together for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, and being desirous of becoming incorporated agreeably to the provisions of the statutes of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved the twenty-ninth day of April, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, and its supplements, do hereby declare, set forth, and certify that the following are the purposes, objects and conditions of the said association for and upon which they desire to be incorporated.

ARTICLE I. The name of the corporation shall be THE WAR LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

ARTICLE II. The purpose and object for which the corporation is formed is the collection, preservation, and maintenance of a free library, more particularly upon military and naval subjects relating to the War of the Rebellion in the United States of America, the formation of a museum of implements, relics, and muniments of war, and the erection and maintenance of a building for lectures and meetings.

ARTICLE III. The business of the corporation is to be transacted in the city of Philadelphia in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

ARTICLE IV. The corporation is to have a perpetual existence.

ARTICLE V. The names and residences of the subscribers are as follows:

* * * * * *

ARTICLE VI. The corporation is to be managed by a board of governors consisting of twenty-one members. The names of those chosen for the first year are as follows:

General Philip H. Sheridan, Brevet Major-General Rutherford B. Hayes, Brevet Major-General John F. Hartranft, Brevet Lieut.-Colonel John P. Nicholson, Brevet Brig.-General Albert Ordway, Brevet Major-General D. McM. Gregg, Brevet Brig.-General Lewis Merrill, Brevet Colonel Samuel Goodman, Brevet Brig.-General Robert E. Patterson, Brevet Major E. W. Coffin, Captain H. C. Potter, Assistant Paymaster Samuel B. Huey, Brevet Major William H. Lambert, Colonel H. Earnest Goodman, Major R. Dale Benson, Lieut.-Colonel James C. Biddle, Assistant Paymaster Thomas S. Harrison, Assistant Engineer Fred. Schober, Assistant Paymaster Charles M. Burns, Jr., Mr. Edwin N. Benson, Mr. Henry M. Hoyt, Jr.

ARTICLE VII. This corporation has no capital stock.

Witness our hands and seals this twenty-first day of April, A.D. 1888.

H. EARNEST GOODMAN.	(Seal.)
EDWARD W. COFFIN.	(Seal.)
LEWIS MERRILL.	(Seal.)
JOHN P. NICHOLSON.	(Seal.)
HENRY C. POTTER.	(Seal.)
WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.	(Seal.)

War Library and Museum By-Laws.

ARTICLE 1. The Board of Governors of the War Library and Museum shall consist of twenty-one (21) members, all of whom shall be Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and of whom the Commander-in-Chief and the Recorder-in-Chief and the Commander of the Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania shall be *ex-officio* members; and of the remainder, two (2) shall be appointed

by the Commandery-in-Chief, and sixteen (16) by the Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania, in such manner as those bodies shall prescribe.

ARTICLE 2. The members of the Board of Governors shall hold office for three years, and until their successors are duly qualified, except that at the first meeting of the Board those who have been appointed by the Commanderies shall be by lot divided into three classes of six each, of which the first shall hold office for one year, the second shall hold office for two years, and the third shall hold office for three years.

ARTICLE 3. The officers of the War Library and Museum of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States shall be a President and First and Second Vice-Presidents, who shall be chosen from among the members of the Board of Governors; a Secretary and Treasurer, and a Librarian.

ARTICLE 4. All the officers shall be elected annually by the Board of Governors at its first stated meeting in each year, and shall hold office until their successors shall be duly elected and qualified.

ARTICLE 5. There shall be appointed by the Board of Governors, from its own members, standing committees, which shall be,—an Executive Committee of five members, a Building Committee of seven members, a Library and Museum Committee of seven members, and a Finance Committee of five members. The First Vice-President shall be *ex officio* a member of the Library and Museum Committee, the Second Vice-President shall be *ex officio* a member of the Building Committee. The committees shall hold office during one year, and until their successors are appointed; they shall be charged with such duties as are indicated by their titles, and such others as may from time to time be assigned them by the Board of Governors.

ARTICLE 6. The duty of the First Vice-President, who shall also be Curator, shall be to have the charge and management of the Library and Museum rooms and their contents, and the Librarian shall be under his instructions.

ARTICLE 7. The duty of the Second Vice-President shall be to take charge of the property other than that specified in Article 6, and the Secretary and Treasurer shall as regards such property be under his instructions.

ARTICLE 8. The duties of the Secretary and Treasurer shall be those usually appertaining to such offices, and as Treasurer he shall give such bonds as the Board of Governors may direct.

ARTICLE 9. The duty of the Librarian shall be to take immediate charge and care of the Library and Museum under the direction of the Curator; but, in the discretion of the Board of Governors, the offices of Curator and Librarian may be combined in one person.

ARTICLE 10. The Board of Governors may appoint such other subordinate officers and agents as it may deem necessary.

ARTICLE 11. The Board of Governors shall fix the amount of compensation for service of officers or agents.

ARTICLE 12. The Board of Governors shall hold stated meetings quarterly. Special meetings shall be held at the call of the President, or at the request of the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE 13. The several committees shall meet quarterly, and at such other times as they may find necessary.

ARTICLE 14. The fact that any person holds an office shall not disqualify him from holding another office, if it shall be convenient that he shall do so.

ARTICLE 15. A quorum of any committee shall be three members thereof.

ARTICLE 16. The By-Laws may be altered or amended at any stated meeting of the Board of Governors, *provided* the alteration or amendment shall have been proposed in writing at a previous stated meeting.

ARTICLE 17. The usual rule of parliamentary proceeding shall govern all meetings of the Board of Governors, and of committees thereof, and the order of business shall be such as may from time to time be prescribed.

The Committee having charge of this matter report that one hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be required to carry out their plan in a fitting manner, and state that they desire,—

First. That the locality for the building shall be a suitable place in the city of Philadelphia.

Second. That in the purchase or erection of a building provision be made for suitable rooms for the meetings and business of the Commandery of Pennsylvania and of the Commandery-in-Chief.

Third. That all plans for the purpose should keep in view the final purpose, which should be to create for all time a home for the Commandery-in-Chief and for the Pennsylvania Commandery; and, connected with and substantially a part of it, a Library and Museum which shall be a monument and a memorial worthy of the dignity of this Order and of the eminent public services of its members.

"We must all float on with the silent stream,
Float out to the silent sea,
When the soul wakes up from a restless dream,
In the hush of eternity."

When General Charles P. Herring died, the Pennsylvania Commandery lost one of its most distinguished and honored members. His funeral ceremonies were held at St. Mary's P. E. Church, West Philadelphia, and the Rev. Thomas C. Yarnall, D.D., paid the following eloquent and well-deserved tribute to the dead hero:

"The temptation which besets a clergyman on occasions like the present is to speak words of eulogy which may be extravagant. Yet I may venture to say now, briefly, what I trust will not be liable to this censure. The best eulogy of our departed brother and dear friend is, perhaps, the presence of this large company who have come together to testify their respect for his memory, their regard for his many virtues. You knew his worth. You knew the manliness of his character. You knew his high sense of honor. You knew his strict integrity, his entire and fearless truthfulness. You knew how brave a man he was, how his strong sense of duty led him forth to risk his life to help save the life of his country. And, even now, his death may be said to have been the slow result of his honorable wounds in her service. But sixty years, in one of his fine physique, may well be counted as a life cut short,—in a human point of view, prematurely ended.

"You know how kind he was, how generous, how affectionate, how thoughtful for the good of others, how self-forgetful if he might in any way serve them. His unselfishness was one of his marked traits. I never knew a more unselfish man. It was a great joy to him to make all around him happy. He was a most faithful friend, a most tender and gracious husband, a most careful and loving father.

"And I know, and some of you know, and those nearest to him well know, how truly devout a man he was. He sought to do his duty in the holy fear of Almighty God. It may be said of him, with singular appropriateness, as was said of old, concerning one who was a Roman soldier, that he was 'a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always.' No man was a more sincere worshiper of God than he. No man entered more heartily into the services held here. No man more reverently knelt here in Holy Communion with our blessed Lord. While memory serves me, I shall cherish his humble, touching bearing at these chancel rails, when, in obedience to the command of the Shepherd and Bishop of Souls, he received the emblems of the broken body and of the poured-out blood. His supreme trust was in his God and Saviour. He thankfully recognized God's great goodness towards him. His religion was a cheerful and manly one, free from all cant and pretense.

"His faithful body-servant in our late war said of him, but the other day, that 'he was as good a man when he went into battle as when he sat in his pew in the church.' And, with touching pathos, the old man added, 'I have lost my last friend.'"

General Herring was all that Dr. Yarnall described him,—a Christian gentleman, a devoted husband and father, a good citizen.

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THE UNITED SERVICE

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS.

NEW SERIES.
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"The UNHAPPY BOY" and "The HAPPY BOY."

He wont be happy till he gets it!

He's got it!

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UNITED SERVICE.

APRIL 1889.

THE INDIVIDUAL TRAINING OF THE SOLDIER.

THE commander of an army may possess all the genius of a Napoleon for great combinations and far-reaching plans; he may have the talent of a Gustavus for grand tactics, or of a Frederick or a Wellington for quick discernment in action; yet, if his troops be deficient in physical and moral qualities, all may fail. It is axiomatic that the quality of the ultimate unit—the man—must vitally affect the character of the work done by the mass.

There is a suspicion abroad that the individual may not have received that attention in recent systems of drill which the importance of his position in the chain of force that goes to make up an army's strength demands. The matter is the subject of the most active thought in military circles across the sea; it stands boldly out in the new German drill system, and it is likely that the next few years will see a complete shaking off of the intolerable *dressage mechanique* that has fettered and restrained the fighting powers of soldiers individually considered since Frederick's time.

While here and there an effort of a sporadic nature has been made in this country, by our National Guardsmen, and by rifle practice in the army, to fit soldiers for their battle duties, it is thought that the question has not received that general and persistent attention it deserves.

The present is, moreover, an opportune time to venture suggestions pertaining to our drill, since our entire system is just now in a state of suspension. The object here will be to argue only the general proposition that it is desirable to train the soldier, individually, to a higher standard,—to one that shall so develop the physique and soldierly moral qualities as to fit him better for all that comes crowding upon him in

the supreme moment of action. The details of method to be followed are suitable for separate and extended treatment by others.

A full discussion of this subject involves a detailed description of the modern attack and defense. This is so well understood, however, by professional soldiers that it may, with advantage, be omitted here. As a conclusion it may be stated that, as the firing-line, supports, and main body move forward to carry the point of the line of defense selected for attack, the highest possible development of courage, intelligence, and physical skill in the individual soldier is imperatively demanded. It is necessary that men should be able to move swiftly from cover to cover, that they should not be forced to deviate from the shortest line to avoid any ditch, fence, or other ordinary obstacle because of inability to take it directly, and that, at the last, they should be in good breath for the final assault and struggle, all this being accompanied by quick and accurately-formed judgment.

Heretofore intelligence and special physical skill have not been considered of sufficient importance to warrant an effort to develop them in recruits, or, again, it has been thought an impossible or useless task to attempt it. These sentiments prevail in some quarters at present, and before further progress can be made, it is necessary to reply to this objection; the *ipse dixit* of no person may be offered as an acceptable answer; it must needs be shown that men *have been* trained as individuals for military ends in such a way and to such an extent as to affect and give character to the fighting qualities of armies. It therefore becomes necessary to examine in at least a cursory way some characteristics of those soldiers that seem to mark epochs or periods of discipline and training.

The idea of giving special attention to the individual training of soldiers, along lines that tend to fit them for the duties of war, is not, by any means, a creation of the present; it is, in fact, as old as history itself. Going back to the remotest background of written record, we find that the Egyptians "carried, in their military training, the art of properly forming the body to high perfection,"[1] and that "their soldiers were inured to the fatigues of war in peace by severe and vigorous discipline."[2] Likewise, the Persian troops were trained by Cyrus "by frequent physical exercises to be inured to fatigue," and were "prepared for real battle by mock engagements."[3] The Greeks, in turn, paid the same attention to developing the physical and moral powers of their soldiers for the fatigue of campaign and for combat, only, with this people, the system was elaborated into laws that became the fundamental principle of their government,—the chief end of citizenship was to become a worthy soldier. Such were the laws of Lycurgus; their sole object was to develop the male child into a powerful and skillful soldier. "From their earliest infancy no other taste was instilled into

[1] Rollin. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

them but for arms. To go barefoot, to lie on the bare ground, to be satisfied with little meat and drink, to suffer heat and cold, to be exercised continually in hunting, wrestling, running on foot and horseback, to be inured to blows and wounds so as to vent neither complaint nor groan,—these were the rudiments of the Spartan training."[4]

The next type springing up from the West presents the same hardy, skillful warrior in ranks, and once more he is the result of a system that gives close attention to individual training. "So sensible were the Romans of the imperfection of valor without skill and practice, that, in their language, the name of an army was borrowed from the word *exercise*. Military exercises were the important and unremitted object of their discipline. The recruits and young soldiers were constantly trained both in the morning and evening, nor was age or knowledge allowed to excuse the veterans from the daily repetition of what they had carefully learnt. Large sheds were erected in the winter-quarters of the troops that their useful labors might not receive any interruption from tempestuous weather; and it was carefully observed that the arms destined to this imitation of war should be double the weight which was required in real action. These exercises comprehended whatever could add strength to the body, activity to the limbs, or grace to the motions. The soldiers were diligently instructed to leap, to swim, to carry heavy burdens, to handle every species of arms that was used either for offense or defense. In the midst of peace the Roman troops familiarized themselves with the practice of war."[5] Speaking of the troops that went with Cæsar into Gaul, Froude says, "The Roman legionaries were no longer yeomen taken from the plow or shopkeepers from the street, they were men more completely trained in every variety of accomplishment than have, perhaps, ever followed a general into the field."

The luxury and voluptuousness of the East filtered into Europe through the conquests of Alexander and of the Romans, sapping first the physical strength of the Greek phalanx, then that of the Roman legion, and leaving this last to be toppled over by the vigorous brute strength of the unorganized, undisciplined hordes of barbarians from the North. All that was noble and worthy of the military art in Europe vanished; progress, civil and military, disappears in the chaos of the Dark Ages.

The only trained soldiers of this period are to be found in the East. The Saracenic armies that followed the Great Prophet and the caliphs that came after him, forcing Islam on Christian people, were made up of valiant slaves who had been educated to guard the person and accompany the standard of their lord. The highest development of this class of troops is had in the Janizaries of the Ottoman Turks. Amaruth, the grandson of Othman, conquered the Christian

[4] Rollin. [5] Gibbon.

tribes living between the Danube and the Adriatic; he was so impressed with the splendid physique and intelligence of his captives that he conceived the idea of organizing them into a force of regular troops. This he did, calling them *Yengi Cheri* (new soldiers), from which Janizaries. Afterwards a human tax was laid on these tribes to maintain the organization. "At the age of twelve or fourteen years the most robust youths were taken from their parents, their names enrolled in a book, and from that moment they were clothed, taught, and maintained for the public service. Their bodies were exercised by every labor that could fortify their strength; they learned to wrestle, to leap, to run, to shoot with the bow and afterwards with the musket. A spirit of submission and temperance, silence, patience, and modesty pervaded both officers and men."[6]

For years these troops were the prop and mainstay of the Ottoman Sultans and the terror of their enemies. At Nicopolis they defeated the chivalry of Western Europe. In the light of the account given of their training we can better understand the high position they have ever held as soldiers. It may be said that they are the last soldiers that received any special individual training. When they disappear, Western Europe is far down the ladder of soldier training; only just now is the real value of such virtues as they possessed beginning to be appreciated again.

Going back to the military condition of Western Europe, the period between the battle of Tours and the battles of Grandson, Morat, and Nancy is given over to the *man on horseback*. The armored knight is the one figure of the battle-field; the man on foot is present only as a burden-bearer, in the capacity of a servant.

The emancipation of infantry dates from the success of the Swiss in the actions above named. The hardy mountaineers had no need of cavalry of any kind. A noble nature and a vigorous physique alone could have dethroned the splendid feudal horsemen from the position of superiority they confidently held. Nature had, however, done for the Swiss soldier in the matter of physical development what, in other less rugged countries, under different conditions of life, can only be attained artificially by long and careful training. The moral tone of the Swiss, too, was pitched high: as an illustration of the Spartan-like sentiment to be found in their ranks we have only to call to mind the famous Winkelried at Sempach.

The use of the Swiss soldiers subsequently as mercenaries over Europe spread rapidly the technique of their system, but what other soldiers and drill-masters failed to note was that they had only earned the right of the infantryman to a place on the war-stage again by reason of the *union* in them of technique with *grand physical and moral qualities*. From that time until the present we have wandered

[6] Gibbon.

deeper and deeper into the labyrinth of all that is mechanical in drill; and, generally, at the same rate, have we strayed farther and farther from the really essential part of the soldier's training,—the development of his endurance and fighting powers.

The mechanical part of the soldier's training was more firmly and definitely fixed later, in the camps of exercise, instituted first by Louis XI., and afterwards revived by Maurice of Nassau. The camps of the Dutch army established by the last-named prince came to be regular schools of instruction for the Protestant princes of Europe. Maurice gave the closest possible attention to details of the minutest description. Many of the meaningless "fine points" of the drill of our day may be traced back to their origin in these camps. It was the seed sown here that ripened in course of time into that quintessence of detail and polish evidenced in the troops of the eccentric Frederick William of Prussia.

Attention is next directed to the Swedish troops of Gustavus Adolphus. No one man did more to revive the military art, along the whole line, after its decline, than Gustavus Adolphus. A close student of the methods of the ancient Greeks and Romans, his effort was to re-establish in his army many of the ancient principles and features of organization and training that had been allowed to lapse. Disgusted with license of the unprincipled legions that had for years carried terror, devastation, and confusion over Germany, his first aim was to elevate the business of the soldier to the dignity of a *profession of arms.* He therefore organized a body of soldiers and maintained them as regular troops, apart from the main body of citizens, giving them liberal allowance of pay, food, and clothing, and officered the army by a class of men of high honor and intelligence.

He then inaugurated a system of training and drill, which, in the course of a short time, yielded an army that was far superior to anything that had preceded it in Western Europe, and which has not, it is believed, been equaled, in the character of the men it had in ranks, by any that has followed it. We may to some degree measure the type of soldier in this army and the spirit of the system that produced him by the reply Gustavus made to the imperial general Torquato Conti when approached by the latter to secure a cessation of hostilities on account of the severity of the season and the inclement weather: "The Austrians may do as they please," said he, "but the Swedes are soldiers for winter as well as for summer."

We now come to a type of soldier somewhat anomalous. We often find physical superiority and elaborate technical training bearing down moral qualities alone, but in the troops of Cromwell, and those of Joan of Arc, we discover examples of the opposite kind, in which moral qualities of an intense sort overcame successfully technical advantages opposed to them. The troops of Cromwell and Joan of Arc are an

illustration of what fanatic enthusiasm can do. The soldiers of the English before Orleans were, no doubt, superior to the French, just as the Royalist army was made up of men more skillful as soldiers—considering technique alone—than the assemblage of individuals that constituted the Parliamentary forces. Yet, in each case, enthusiasm for the cause, religious fervor, and a faith in a leader that was absolute made the ordinary skill of the soldier's training stand secondary to, and give way before, religious and moral qualities.

It is doubtful whether any process could, to-day, revive any moral energy comparable to that of these troops; it may still be possible, along religious lines, with Mohammedan people, and with the Russians, but hardly so with Western troops. It is a point, however, to be kept in mind, that there is that in man's moral nature which, if excited, enhances the value of the man as a soldier.

The chronological order being followed in a general way leads next to the consideration of the troops of Frederick the Great. Frederick inherited an army of seventy thousand men from his father; it was an army famed throughout Europe for its steadiness and fine appearance. It had such a high degree of discipline that Macaulay says, in comparison, "the household regiments of Versailles and St. James would have appeared as awkward squads." Yet this discipline ran rather in the direction of "pipe-clay" excellence, in respect to the individual soldier, than in the direction of true efficiency. The soldiers were of immense stature, their trappings were immaculate, their brasses polished, and the cavalry waxed their horses hoofs and plaited their manes. This excessive niceness, however, it is thought, served a good end; it is quite likely that matters of this sort were generally too much neglected; a little overtoning would in course of time be reduced to a more utilitarian pitch; Frederick would see to it, as he expressed it, that it should not "end in rouge and patches." It served, moreover, precisely his tactical theories. It was this closest adherence to the minutest detail, the persistent acting in all things on the principle that "it is the one button unbuttoned that loses empires," that gave to the guides of Frederick's subdivisions and the men in ranks such wonderful skill in maintaining wheeling distance while marching in column over all sorts of ground; and, in turn, it was the ability of Frederick's army to wheel into line from column, without confusion, that made his flank attacks possible. To accomplish this it was necessary that the *individuality* of the soldier should be completely merged in the needs of the mass; that all his powers should be held subservient to the integrity of the alignment and the compactness of the company, battalion, and army; that he should be, as it were, one of the sticks of a picket gate, to keep his place precisely, and not involve the guides in the slightest confusion by change of step or position: the whole tendency of Frederick's system works up to this point.

In all the mechanical parts of the soldier's training the Prussians at this period certainly led the world, but this was accomplished at the expense of everything noble in the man, everything that makes a man different from a machine. As one historian puts it, "The religious and political enthusiasm that inspired the pikemen of Cromwell, the patriotic ardor, the thirst for glory, the devotion to a great leader which influenced the Old Guard of Napoleon, the elevated feelings which are necessary to the best troops, were wanting in Frederick's army."

During the French Revolution we are treated to a burst of enthusiasm of a patriotic nature, yielding a degree of moral force in the soldiers of the time, which may be considered to have differentiated a distinct type of troops. The marching feats of the French troops, and the use of individual skirmish-fire, are new features to be traced to our own country. There can be little doubt that the success of the Revolutionary War was due, in large measure, to the marching powers of our soldiers, and to the unerring individual fire of men who by the conditions of their life in a new country had been led to use fire-arms from boyhood. The French officers who served in this country perceived the virtues of our practices, and soon had occasion to put them to use in the mass assembled to hurl back the armies of the allies from French territory. Hence it is, the campaigns and battles of 1792–93 bear a striking resemblance to those that occurred a dozen years before on a smaller scale in America. The influence of these new practices, together with the wonderful enthusiasm of the French for their cause, is sufficient to account for the success of raw levies over the most highly-trained troops of Europe.

After the French Revolution, the enthusiasm that gave victory to the armies of the Republic lived for a while in the perverted form of devotion to a great chief and love for the excitement of war, but this was an unhealthy growth and ephemeral, and it, even, disappeared with the Old Guard at Waterloo.

Individual training at once settled back within the fixed limits of the old Prussian school, and since then there has been no material change. The effort has continued down to the present to make the soldier only a part of the mass; to discredit his manhood in favor of producing an automaton; to enable him to march with precision, to keep accurate step, to preserve close touch of elbow and true alignment,—to direct all his powers to the one end of making the mass compact.

So late as 1873 we find our system of drill couched within the limits that were in vogue a hundred years ago, in so far as the essential parts of the soldier's training is concerned. And this was done in the full light of the lessons had in our own civil war and those given to us by the Franco-Prussian war of 1871. If there be one deduction

that stands out more boldly than any other in these lessons, it is that modern war calls for a far greater degree of individualism in battle than ever before thought necessary.

It would seem, therefore, that the matter of the training of the individual soldier has been too much neglected since the days of the ancients, or, at least, of the Janizaries. No proper effort has been made to train, educate, and develop the individual throughout his whole being; his physical possibilities have been slighted, and the non-physical part of his nature utterly neglected.

It would have been an excellent thing even in the now obsolete mass tactics if men had been *fully* developed. When men get close enough to each other to be within the range of cold steel, as they often did and will do, the strong and brave man is as necessary as in the days of the phalanx or legion. It was a false notion that led men to suppose that the use of gunpowder in battle eliminated physical strength, intelligence, and moral qualities in the ranks from the problem of war. The modern soldier, if he require less brute strength than the ancient Persian, Greek, or Roman, should be superior to these, if possible, in mental activity and physical agility, in quick perception and swift accomplishment of all battle duties.

In the use of his weapons he must be as expert as it is possible to make him. In reference to this we certainly have cause to be well satisfied with our army. All must heartily applaud the splendid work that has been done in the past ten years by those who have instituted and carried on our system of rifle-training. Admittedly we now have the best shooting army of the world. Judged by such a result, the system ought to be a model to be followed in other matters if it appear that it can be applied. And the question presents itself, Are there not other features of individual training than the use of the rifle to which some such system may be applied? Is there not danger that we have overlooked, and are overlooking, other parts of the soldier's training for war just as necessary as this one of making him a good shot? Does this embrace *all* that is needed in the *New School?*

It may be stated, as a matter of fact, that, excepting rifle-instruction, the soldiers of our army are not taught one thing in "The School of the Soldier," or elsewhere in our system of training, that has for its object the fitting of the man for his duties on the battle-field. Indeed, it may be said that no army of to-day has made any proper effort to develop the physique and manly attributes of men in any such way, or to any such extent, as the historical examples cited show to be possible. In this country we stop at rifle-training; in Europe they instruct less perfectly with the rifle, but include some gymnastic training; in neither are men fully trained *for the purposes of war.* If this be true, there can be no more important subject up for discussion and settlement; that it is true for our own army, will, it is believed, be

generally admitted by those officers who are familiar with the wearisome, unfruitful routine of drill that has characterized service in our army during recent years.

So little has the importance of this matter been appreciated, that what little there is in our "School of the Soldier" that serves to develop the soldier physically is rarely practiced by company commanders; the "settings up" are certainly effective in so far as they go, yet the recruit even is, as a rule, permitted to drop them after a week or two. It is not believed that the possibilities of the four exercises of "settings up" can be found exhibited to-day in any command of the army.

The most glaring defect, however, is that nowhere is any attempt made to work man's non-physical nature to fit his duties as a fighting agent; no effort to cultivate self-possession, quick judgment, and courage in the heat of great excitement; to instill fortitude that will meet danger without flinching, patience and nerve that will bear pain without whining, moral endurance that will bear toil and privation heroically. But can this be done? Must not a man be born courageous, cool-headed, and light-hearted in trial? In reply, it may be claimed that the average man is born with *the germ*, at least, of all such virtues, and that what is present as a germ—however small and sickly a plant it may be—is susceptible of cultivation and development. Every boy who reads "The Charge of the Light Brigade" with a thrill, or is crowded with emotion when told of

> "How well Horatius kept the bridge
> In the brave days of old,"

has all in him that is necessary as a basis to work upon. It is what Emerson means when he says, "All that Adam had, all that Cæsar could, you have, and can do." The differences of mankind in these respects is not due to the *absence* of the moral qualities, but, rather, to the fact that what is in their natures has not been excited into activity from its latent state and encouraged to grow by proper treatment. If it be true that it is beyond the bounds of possibility to devise a system of training that shall cultivate moral qualities, then it must be admitted that there is no connection between such a spirit as that of Leonidas and the system of Lycurgus. But history proves that *it is* possible to work, with bountiful results, in this field. And, more than this, in the meagre collection of examples of noble soldiers given above, it presents to us a rule of action that may guide us in entering upon the task.

It is safe to take the Greek as the purest type of the soldier-man the world has ever seen,—developed physically and spiritually to fit the tactical requirements of his time; whatever came after him was inferior, whatever preceded him was deficient in tactical system. Passing directly to this pure fountain-head, let us task ourselves to discover,

if possible, the secret of the system that produced so noble a race of warriors.

No one can examine history with this end in view without finding his thoughts gradually moulded into the opinion that the Greek soldier-virtues came in large measure from their national games and competitive contests. It is these that inject the infinite zeal and application into the entire male population in all that pertains to gymnastics and athletics; around these the greatest honors of life crystallize; in them bravery, skill, and endurance received the applause of a nation, and these soldierly, moral qualities were none the less effective, when used against a foe, because they were developed in sport. Rollin is, indeed, specific on this point: "The Greeks," says he, "by nature warlike, and equally intent upon forming the bodies and minds of their youth, introduced these exercises, and annexed honors thereto, in order to prepare the younger sort for the profession of arms, to confirm their health, to render them stronger and more robust, to inure them to fatigues, and to make them intrepid in the close fight."

The limited space of this article does not admit of further argument or illustration of a point that is amply supported in history, and one that will be so generally admitted.

The practical question comes up, Can any use be made of the principles here involved?

As a general reply, it may be said that, unless men be differently constituted now than then, the same means will excite the same moral forces, and these forces will act now as then to produce analogous results.

But, in this country especially, have we not a more definite answer to make? Have we not been practicing here for a dozen years in one branch of our instruction the essential principles of the Greek contests? Is not our rifle-training system carried on along the same lines of theory? Beginning with the primary subordinate contests of the many individual men, we work up to the final supreme contest of the few expert victors of the various lower competitions, the course throughout being well garnished with prizes and other honorable rewards. Its success, as applied to the rifle, is believed to be a fair measure of what might be expected if an extension should be made to include all species of contests that would have a bearing upon war duties.

It is worthy of note—and it is proper that the credit should be openly given—that the regular army was led to introduce the present system of rifle-training by the example of the National Guardsmen of the country, chiefly of New York. It is significant that these same gentlemen are the first, in this country, to put into practice the principles herein advocated. Just as a few years ago they were the first to appreciate the importance of a highly-developed system of rifle-train-

ing, so, now, they are the pioneers in this new field. They have been practicing gymnastics, athletics, and all manly contests of nerve and strength in their armories now several years. One cannot pick up a service paper without having presented to him a stirring account of one of their armory meetings. The picture to be drawn in mind of earnest competition in the presence of intensely interested spectators calls up naturally the Greek contests, and the tournaments of chivalry. The excitement that flows proves that human beings are, in the emotional part of their nature, the same now as ever.

There is infinitely more general interest in such contests as these than in the comparatively unexciting occupation of firing at a distant target; in the same ratio would they be apt to succeed if tried systematically in the army, both as a popular measure and as a beneficial education for the soldier.

All credit be to the gentlemen of the National Guard for perceiving these principles of the new school and initiating their practice. It is natural that innovations should come from a source unencumbered with the precedent worship, and conservatism, that is ever associated with a hierarchy so complicated and respectable as that of our army. But, while this is true, it is also true that if this shell of conservatism be once penetrated, and the new feature be accepted and put into practice by the army, the practice is more scientifically and systematically conducted, and higher standards attained, than is possible under the comparatively loose discipline and methods of our citizen soldiery; this has been the case with rifle-practice.

It is believed, however, that the National Guardsmen have not developed the idea herein advocated to the most useful point. Their efforts have been confined, as a rule, to purely gymnastic and athletic exercises. Without in any measure arguing against anything that they are doing, it is thought a step farther may be taken to gather the best results. Each gymnastic or athletic exercise is specific in the good it yields; no one exercise calls upon the *entire man* for action; only one set of muscles is usually involved in each exercise; it takes the entire set of exercises to bring into action all the muscles of the body. This special nature of these exercises serves admirably to develop muscles, that are small because of disuse, up to the normal standard, and to test the condition of any muscle or set of muscles from time to time; but, after all the muscles of the recruit have reached the highest attainable development corresponding to the physical type of man we shall select for the soldier-standard, it would defeat the purpose of soldier-training to pursue any special line farther. Our aim must be to produce a *high average man*, not a specialist.

Again, pure gymnastics and athletics, with rare exceptions, do not appeal in a generous way to that non-physical part of the man's nature to which reference has been made above. Some exercises do involve in

a special way, like the physical effect they produce, particular moral traits; one, for instance, may call for courage, another endurance, another quick perception, another accurate judgment, etc., but in no one do we find all these valuable soldier forces, or many of them, put into active operation at the same time.

It is suggested that the *manly sports* of our day come in, just at this point, to supply the deficiency and complete the system. In these sports the *average man* is the *best* man; they call upon the mind and body in a soldierly, manly way, for an intensity of effort that cannot be attained, it is believed, in any other form. It is agreed that nothing so serves to develop physical activity, endurance, coolness in excitement, quickness of thought, daring, and other moral traits that spring from the enthusiasm associated with contest of numbers seeking success through combined effort under leadership, with emergencies ever present and always changing. In no other way can battle conditions—physical and moral—be so perfectly simulated.

Not long ago an officer of our army—a man who has participated with honor in as many battles as any soldier of our time on either continent—was heard to say, "I went the other day to see the college foot-ball contest. I tell you it was a grand sight. It requires real courage to act in such a match. There is every element of a battle in such sport. It was magnificent!"

This ebullition of enthusiasm of a vigorous old soldier puts the idea precisely; from such a source it has a weight entirely unique.

There are many other out-door sports involving as much courage and other fine moral forces as foot-ball: such sports as lacrosse, polo, base-ball, and cricket are eminently suited to the end in view.

The English pay more attention to this particular feature, as a military measure, than others, but with them it is only a recreation voluntarily undertaken, which receives encouragement and support from the military authorities. It would be an excellent thing if we could devote as much time and interest to this as the English. It is believed, however, that as much interest, at least, would be given, and more good result, if the practice of, and competitions in, out-door sports were to become a part of the regular system of our training.

So strongly do the tastes of our soldiers incline to out-door sports, it is believed, that much good would be done in many ways if only the opportunity were offered to practice them at our posts. If, for instance, one day of each week could be set apart at each of our posts for the voluntary practice of these sports, a step would be taken in the right direction. An army rivalry would soon spring up, bringing with it not all, to be sure, but many of the virtues that would come if conducted systematically under official management; the general health of our troops, it is believed, would, also, be improved and a larger measure of contentment result from such an innovation.

If the complete system suggested were to be put into regular practice, it would be very apt to lead, in course of time, to a national competition at Creedmoor, or some other convenient point, as now obtains with the rifle. Besides a rifle-range, we should see at the place of meeting, cricket, polo, and ball-grounds, lacrosse and foot-ball lawns, courses for foot-races, and rings for boxing, fencing, and wrestling. Under these conditions the meetings, if not of such national interest as to determine the division of time in our land, would be certain to be vastly more interesting to the general public, and beneficial to all concerned, than they are under present methods. An American Olympic does not, indeed, seem to be altogether beyond the limits of what is possible.

Such an annual criterion to determine the qualifications of our most expert regular and citizen soldiery would be a fitting climax for a system of individual training, and it would be proper to so plan and practice a system as to lead up to such a national competitive gathering.

From this point a further treatment of the subject would lead into details. At the outset, however, the limits of the discussion were set to include only the general proposition.

Looking over the argument presented, it would seem to warrant the conclusions that the matter of the individual training of the soldier has been seriously neglected; that, under the demands of the present battle-duties of the soldier, it presents itself as entitled to a higher degree of consideration, perhaps, than ever before; that the examples of the best soldier-types of history go to show that it is feasible to develop the man to a higher standard than has been attained or attempted in modern times; that the fundamental principles followed in the training of the most perfect soldiers of the past are essentially the same as those pursued by us in our system of rifle instruction, involving careful and persistent preliminary practice, and terminating in competitive contests with individual honors and prizes; that our acknowledged success with rifle instruction ought to indicate in some measure the success that would attend similar efforts applied to bringing forth other individual virtues in the soldier; and, therefore, it would seem advisable to undertake to inaugurate and practice a system of individual training that, beginning with careful scientific development of the muscles of the recruit by calisthenic and other like exercises, would proceed on upward to gymnastic and athletic exercises, and include competitive contests of strength and nerve in gymnastic and athletic exercises and in the manly field-sports of the day,—the aim being, throughout, to develop the noble soldierly moral attributes of men along with the physical.

E. M. WEAVER,
First Lieutenant Second Artillery.

JEALOUSY.[1]

A COMMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A ZEALOT IN TULLE."

CHARACTERS.

PAUL GOLIGHTLEY, GERTRUDE GOLIGHTLEY, *Man and Wife.*
FRANK TRALEE, MADGE POMEROY, *Engaged to be married.*
MOSES PERIWINKLE, *Servant.*

SCENE.—A parlor. As the curtain rises a very corpulent, middle-aged man-servant is discovered posing in front of a mirror, with a duster trailing from his hand. His manner is one of perplexity as he stands on tiptoe, turning this way, now that, in his efforts to obtain an undivided view of his back. He advances towards the front of the stage.

Moses Periwinkle. I very much fear me there is something chalked onto the middle of my back. I wish I knowed. Just you listen, now, to those two young ladies a-carryin' on! I suspicion 'em—I—I—— Oh, deary! there they come again: *this* way, too! I'm afeard of 'em. I speak right out. I'm afeard of 'em. Oh, gimini! [*he backs to a position in front of the mirror, rising on tiptoe, and trying to look again over one shoulder, now the other, at himself reflected there*] if I could only get one good look at my back! I'd know the worstest, then. Is there any object chalked onto it? Is it a name or a face—or—or a kangaroo—is it? They're at the door! What now, Moses Periwinkle —be a man, sir! Fetch a cool face! Don't let 'em play any more games onto you!

[*As he hastens from the mirror, slapping the furniture energetically with his duster, a door opens and two young ladies enter, bearing in their arms masses of wearing apparel.* MOSES *backs towards an opposite door with a dancing, ceremonious step and disappears.*]

Madge Pomeroy. Yes, laugh—laugh, Gertrude. Never stop! It's the only hope you can have against such dismal, foolish thoughts as you persist in.

Mrs. Golightley. I try to laugh with you, Madge, but 'tis the hardest thing I ever had to do. I fear the future. Paul may not prove true. It may be for him too trying an ordeal. [*Throws down her armful of*

[1] All rights reserved.

clothes and clasps her hands together.] Then, then, Madge, what should I do? I must live with him all the days of my life! "For better, for worse." "For better, for worse." Don't you hear those words, Madge, tolling like a knell?

Madge. That refrain is dreadfuller than the old clock's on the stair. I declare it is! But away with such frightening fancies! Gertrude, let me ask you, what if Paul *should* prove true?

Mrs. Golightley. [*Pausing in her nervous walk to and fro, as if taken aback by the novelty of this idea.*] I never thought of such a possibility. *That* never occurred to me. Under those circumstances, I—I—might feel ashamed of myself.

Madge. Speed the happy hour! You need to be made to feel ashamed of yourself. [*She regards her friend's drooping air for a moment in compassionate silence, then begins energetically to shake out from the mass of wearing apparel dumped on a chair divers veils, ribbons, and wraps. These she places one by one upon a table.*] Now Gertrude, so far as I am concerned in this matter——

Mrs. Golightley. Well?

Madge. Here is my position in a few words: I haven't been married three weeks. I don't go worrying all the time as to whom Frank might have loved if he hadn't loved me; as to what he might do in the future, were he tried. I am simply myself,—Madge Pomeroy, at your service,—engaged to Frank and willing to believe that Frank's fidelity to me would stand any trial. So, having proclaimed the faith I have in the man I love, I think only of the sport we are to have,—and it will be sport, indeed!

Mrs. Golightley. Yes, sport for you, perhaps. Frank is different from Paul. Frank never trifles. Paul is a poet, a dreamer. He is easily led,—so easily——

Madge. By you! Don't lay *that* up against your husband, Gertrude.

Mrs. Golightley. No; but don't you see, Madge, Paul explains himself to me in that way? If *I* can lead him so easily, then why cannot somebody else? The thought makes me wretched. It will recur whatever I may do to banish it. *Had he not met me first, he would have met and loved somebody else!*

Madge. Oh, Gertrude! Now I *must* laugh one little trill at your expense.

Mrs. Golightley. [*Pacing to and fro.*] Failing all hope of ever discovering the identity of that other woman whom Paul might have loved had he met her first, it still remains to me to probe the present and the future; to learn the worst of his emotional capabilities where other women are concerned. I shall never rest until I have done this thing.

Madge. I believe you. You are become a monomaniac. I suppose

there are other women in this world like you who, with tenderly loved husbands to adore them, doubt that adoration because it comes so easy. Did the man stand off, you'd forget all your doubts in your eagerness to win him.

Mrs. Golightley. A sermon!

Madge. No, not yet. A sermon may come in aptly enough at the end of our frolic. For, remember, this escapade of ours is to be one of pure fun, and no tragedy. We are simply to play a woman's trick on the men we love. So, 'tis "hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny!"

Gertrude. Oh, to have your light heart!

Madge. It comes with the trying to have it. But come, dear, sit you here. [*Pressing* MRS. GOLIGHTLEY *into an easy-chair placed before the looking-glass.*] Time is passing. Time won't wait for moods or tenses or—*intenses.* There, that's poor, I know. I won't perpetrate another such, not even if you'll consent to laugh at it. Now here is our make-up. [*Fingers carefully the different toilet-articles scattered on a table.*] Yes, here you are,—wigs, blonde powder, rouge, and veloutine. Now, Gertrude, I'll bewig you and blacken your eyebrows and tint up your complexion; then veil you, until, disguised as you are in that strange dress and decked out in those other furbelows, why, you should deceive even *me,* your confederate!

Mrs. Golightley. But—but—[*her voice falling dismally*] what if Paul *should* fall in love with me?

Madge. [*Laughs as she applies the powder-puff to* GERTRUDE'S *upturned face.*] I think *that* state of affairs might be explained, might it not? as a sort of second nature. There, there,—you are so dreadfully in earnest, I didn't mean to jest.

Mrs. Golightley. Madge, dear.

Madge. Yes, Gertrude.

Mrs. Golightley. I have never thought to ask you before. I have been too self-absorbed. Have you any trouble?

Madge. Let me think. No—yes,—oh, yes, but I never thought of it before—as a trouble, I mean.

Mrs. Golightley. Tell me about it, do. Perhaps I can help you.

Madge. It's about Frank.

[MRS. GOLIGHTLEY *glances up into* MADGE'S *face with eyes of compassionate concern and takes one of the girl's hands in her own.*]

Mrs. Golightley. I thought so, dear. None of us are exempt, you see.

Madge. It isn't a great trial, not a great one like yours. It's only about Frank not wearing buttons and things.

Mrs. Golightley. Buttons! not wear buttons! Oh, Madge, that is impossible!

Madge. Well, of course it doesn't sound like much of a trial after *your* tribulations; but you don't know how much happier I'd be,

when I think of Frank, did he wear bright buttons and shoulder-straps, and did he walk in this way,—see, in this way,—shoulders back, eyes to the front, head up, chin in,—so. When I dream of Frank he is always in uniform, and I refuse to believe that dreams go by contraries.

Mrs. Golightley. That is no sorrow, child. May you never have a deeper one. Now, we must hurry in our preparations, or those gentlemen may return before we are ready. Moses! [*Calls again.*] Moses!

Enter MOSES.

Moses. Ma'am, your servant.

Mrs. Golightley. Are the gentlemen in sight?

Moses. I'm sure not, for I've been a-watchin' th' road, so as to serve supper when they come.

[MRS. GOLIGHTLEY *strikes an impressive attitude.*]

Mrs. Golightley. Listen to my instructions, Moses Periwinkle! When Mr. Golightley and Mr. Tralee left home this morning, they understood that Miss Pomeroy and I were to be found absent on their return. So, understand, Moses, when they do arrive you are to announce us as young ladies who, rowing on the lake, have taken shelter here from the storm.

Moses. As you direct me, ma'am.

[*In the mean time* MRS. GOLIGHTLEY *and* MADGE *have given a few last touches to their disguises. They turn now to confront* MOSES PERIWINKLE. *He retreats in confusion.*]

Moses. Yes, yes, Miss Gertrude—ma'am—if you're yourself—that is—Miss—Miss——

Madge. Our disguise is indeed a success if you are set agog by it, good Moses.

Mrs. Golightley. Now, sir, go and watch carefully; advise us in time of our lords' return; and, above all, do not dare betray our secret to any one. [*Exit* MOSES.

[MADGE *takes two or three airy steps before* MRS. GOLIGHTLEY.]

Madge. Now, I look lovely, I know I do, and I shall make such violent love to my dear Frank.

Mrs. Golightley. The die is cast. Look at me. Am I disguised?

Madge. Yes; you are very different, Gertrude. Before this evening is over, I am sure, you will be declaring on my shoulder, or on Paul's, that all men are true!

[MADGE *proceeds to clear the table of the tell-tale toilet-articles left scattered upon it.*]

Enter MOSES.

Moses. Ma'am, while I was here a moment ago, master and Mr. Tralee drove through the yard to the stable. Shall I serve supper?

Mrs. Golightley. Delay supper for a few moments,—that is, until

Mr. Golightley inquires why it is not served. [*Exit* MOSES.] I must have one little while longer in which to compose myself. Oh, Madge, I do tremble.

Madge. Don't tremble. Be brave. Remember this is to be a frolic only. Hark! they come! [*She begins an inquisitive excursion around the room. A door opens.*] What lovely pictures are to be found here. A—a—Bouguereau. Look at the light on that child's hands. How very like true sun-light——

Enter PAUL GOLIGHTLEY *and* FRANK TRALEE, *smoking.*

Mr. Golightley. Deserted, indeed, I feel, and how sad and lonely! [*Throwing his coat on a chair.*] It is the first time I have been separated from my wife since our marriage.

Frank. [*Removing his cigar from his mouth.*] Look about you, man. Not so very lonely after all.

Madge. [*Still rambling about the room with her back turned upon the gentlemen.*] I wonder how the people look who live in this charming house. Can they be as delightful?—Ah!

Mr. Golightley. [*Taking his cigar from his mouth and advancing.*] Your pardon, ladies.

Madge. Oh!

Mrs. Golightley. [*Rising from a seat beside the fire.*] Sir, we beg yours. We find ourselves your uninvited guests, having taken shelter here from the storm. We were rowing on the lake when the rain came on. [*Waving her hand in the direction of* MADGE.] My friend, Miss Dacre.

Madge. [*Waving hers.*] And my friend, Miss Madge Kirby.

Mr. Golightley. [*Indicating* FRANK.] Allow me to present to you my friend, Mr. Frank Tralee. My name is Golightley,—Paul Golightley. We are bachelors to-night, our family being absent from home; but we bid you young ladies welcome all the same.

Madge. [*In a disappointed voice.*] Are you not always bachelors?

Frank. I am, but my friend Golightley, there, is not so fortunate.

Madge. [*Aside.*] Oh! oh!

Mrs. Golightley. We shall not intrude longer than is absolutely necessary upon your kind, but enforced, hospitality. The rain may cease soon, and then——

Mr. Golightley. Don't think of such a cruel thing as departure, I pray of you. The storm will last all night, I am sure. Be seated, young ladies; or will you retire to my wife's boudoir.

Mrs. Golightley. I—I—would like a—a thread and needle or a—a hair-pin. [*Aside.*] Oh, to be alone for just one moment. I—I feel so frightened—so beside myself.

Mr. Golightley. [*Opening door.*] Enter, ladies, and make yourselves

entirely at home. I welcome your presence within even more warmly than my wife would, were she here. By the time you return to us supper shall be served. [*Exit ladies.*

Frank. I smell a rat. [*Seizes a poker from the fire-place.*]

Mr. Golightley. [*Throwing up his head and sniffing the air.*] It is a most penetrating bouquet,—*bouquet de rodent.* Anybody would recognize it.

Frank. [*Striking a tragic attitude.*] What now! a rat! [*Pretends to draw a sword from its scabbard à la Hamlet.*] Dead! for a ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass with the poker through an imaginary arras.*]

Enter MOSES.

Moses. Oh!—oh!—— It's only a frolic, master, only a frolic, and I've promised not to tell——

Mr. Golightley. Ghost of Polonius! Serve supper at once, sir. Begone! [*Exit* MOSES *in a hurry.*

Frank. Poor Eve's daughters!

Mr. Golightley. Yes; what children they are! But let us help them out with it.

Enter MRS. GOLIGHTLEY *and* MADGE, *the latter fastening a rose in the waist of her gown.*

Frank. [*Crossing to* MRS. GOLIGHTLEY.] *You* have no flower. Let me give you one. I have seen you many times rowing upon the lake, and I have longed to take lessons of you at the oar. Believe me, I am an apt pupil at any diversion.

Enter MOSES *with a tray of dishes. He lays the cloth and sets the table. Exit as soon as done.*

Mr. Golightley. [*Devoting himself to* MADGE.] Had you *schemed* to give us pleasure this evening, you could not have succeeded so well. I am not only a bachelor to-night, but under these most pleasant and unexpected circumstances I enjoy being a bachelor.

Frank. [*To* MRS. GOLIGHTLEY, *who watches her husband.*] Why do you turn away from me? [*plaintively*]. You will cause me to hate my best friend. It is useless for you to regard him longer. He is too far gone. Your friend attracts him, while I——

Mrs. Golightley. [*Interrupting him with scorn.*] *You!*

Mr. Golightley. [*Offering his arm to* MADGE.] Allow me. Supper is served, I believe. Tralee, fetch Miss Kirby. To-night we shall eat and be merry, for to-morrow—[*pauses with a gesture of despair*] to-morrow *I* shall be willing to die; won't you, hey, little Miss Dacre? [*Sings.*]

Oh, Moses, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over;
Oh, Moses——

[*Scans the supper-table with an air of surprise.*] If that fellow hasn't forgot the flowing bowl! Neither wine nor bowl can my longing eyes discover. We can't stand this. We need enlivening. The wine! the wine! Miss Dacre, you sha'n't go much longer without your little warming glass or two. I'll hie me to fetch the where-with to fill the intoxicating measure. [*Exit.*

Madge. [*Seated at table.*] Mr.—Mr. Tralee, this is a dish, I believe, of compôte de pigeon. Shall I help you to a little of it, Mr.—[*coaxingly*] Mr. Tralee?

Frank. [*With an air of severity.*] Ladies first, please. [*He turns tenderly to* MRS. GOLIGHTLEY.] Allow me, Miss Kirby, to pass your plate for a little of the compôte de pigeon.

Mrs. Golightley. It would choke me. I—I——

Enter MR. GOLIGHTLEY.

Mr. Golightley. Behold, ladies, the oldest inhabitant of my cellar. [*Shows bottle.*] When questioned as to its disappearance, I shall have to fib about it, for my wife likes port, and has had her particular eye upon this particular bottle a long while. [*To* MRS. GOLIGHTLEY.] Miss Kirby, allow me.

Mrs. Golightley. [*Waving her hand tragically over her glass.*] None for me.

Enter MOSES.

Moses. A telegram, sir.

Mr. Golightley. From Gertrude, perhaps. Heavens! what if she should appear at this moment! [*Opens message and glances over it.*]

Mrs. Golightley. [*Starting to her feet.*] Yes [*aside*], what if she should appear at this moment! [*Makes a movement as if to tear away her disguises, but is withheld by* MADGE, *who lays a hand upon her arm.*]

Frank. [*To* MADGE.] Is your friend Miss Kirby hysterical?

Madge. Sh—she doesn't like telegrams.

Frank. [*Approaching* MRS. GOLIGHTLEY.] For my sake, Miss Kirby, restrain yourself.

Mr. Golightley. [*Reading message aloud.*] "Shall arrive by eight-o'clock train." That's what it says, Frank. Now here *is* a go! [*Bows his head upon his hand.*]

Mrs. Golightley. [*Bitterly.*] Is it your wife returning?

Madge. [*Aside.*] Hush, Gertrude.

Mr. Golightley. Not so bad as that. Two of my oldest friends wire me that they are on the road to visit with me. Two of my oldest friends,—Captains Smith and Brand of the army.

Madge. [*Clasping her hands in ecstasy.*] *Real* captains?

Frank. [*With sudden anxiety.*] Pray, what is that to you?—at—at least—ah—ah, Miss Dacre, do you prefer army men?

Mrs. Golightley. [*Recovering an air of indifference.*] If you are to

meet your friends, sir (*addressing* MR. GOLIGHTLEY), pray do not let us detain you.

Madge. I *love* army officers.

Mr. Golightley. Then, if you permit us, ladies, Mr. Tralee and I will be off to meet our friends. We are an hour late, and there is danger of missing them on the road. Still we *must* go. [*Approaching* MADGE *and taking her hand.*] Believe me, Miss Dacre, the thought of leaving you so early in our acquaintance quite unnerves me. My only hope and consolation is the thought that you will consent to await here my most eager return to your society.

Madge. [*In a very faint voice.*] I—I don't know about it.

Frank. [*Follows* MRS. GOLIGHTLEY, *who walks nervously to and fro.*] Yes, Miss Kirby, await my return; and, as a token, give me that flower.

Mrs. Golightley. [*Throwing the flower on the ground.*] Stoop for it! As for your friend, Mr. Golightley [*turning severely towards that gentleman*], *he* would stoop much lower for a favor from *any* woman!

Frank. [*Aside.*] Had him there.

Mr. Golightley. Tear yourself away, Tralee, we must be off.

Frank. Most hateful duty! Miss Kirby, *au revoir.*

[*Exeunt both gentlemen.*

[*When they are gone, the ladies tear off their hats and veils.*

Mrs. Golightley. [*With her back turned on* MADGE.] Perfidious! And *you* were chosen to share the one secret of my soul. You—— Oh, heaven, spare my distracted reason!

Madge. [*In an astonished voice.*] Oh! ah! how—how is that? [*Turning her back also.*] Ah, I see. And so this is to be my return. *Your* anger; *his* disloyalty; nothing left me but to send Frank away to-morrow. I was so happy. I knew no fear. Oh, woman, why did I allow you to teach me to mistrust?

Mrs. Golightley. [*Turning swiftly.*] Yes. Innocence itself! Confiding nature! Clinging vine! Come, sweet one, repose upon the bosom you have lacerated. [*Extends her arms.*]

Madge. [*Facing her.*] And this to me? What have I done to deserve that look, that tone?

Mrs. Golightley. Done! Did I not see your glances, hear your asides? You encouraged Paul; you led him on.

Madge. [*Tossing her head.*] Indeed! So you accuse me! Well, then, he could not but be fascinated by me. He said so,—*Paul* said so. You may have heard him. And I—I listened *delighted,* for while he whispered, you—*you* were inviting Frank to throw himself at your feet.

Mrs. Golightley. [*Contemptuously.*] That boy! never! [*Sinks into a chair. Drops her head upon the table.*] I see it all. It's all clear now. Paul would have loved *you* had he met you first. I have always

felt he would have loved *somebody* had he met that somebody first. *You* would have been his wife, and I—I—*not* his wife. Oh, my brain, my heart on fire! [*Starts to her feet.*] But one joy remains to me,—let me not forget it,—one thing yet to live for,—revenge! *revenge!*

Madge. Yes; but oh, dear! why do you look at me in that way, Gertrude?

Mrs. Golightley. What, ho, without, there!

Madge. Crazy! she's crazy! What shall I do? Gertrude, listen to me, look me in the eye. [*Aside.*] I've heard that looking in the calm eye of a friend soothes the excited brain.

Mrs. Golightley. What, ho, without, there! *Slave!* minion!

Enter MOSES.

Moses. Oh, dear! oh, dreadful! I thought I must be a dreamin', but I ain't. They're both crazy! both gone crazy! [*Shivers and cowers by the door.*]

Mrs. Golightley. [*Extending her hand.*] Peace, caitiff.

Madge. [*Extending hers.*] Peace, poor idiot.

Moses. It's gone too far, the frolic has. I see it when's too late. Listen, Missus Gertrude [*approaches gingerly*], there's strangers at the door. Two officers into brass buttons, Missus Gertrude.

Mrs. Golightley. Gadzookers, sir! Two officers, say you?

Madge. With real swords on hip?

Moses. Yes, miss, are a-come to stay awhile, says they.

Mrs. Golightley. Bid them enter. No, stand you without one moment, good Moses. [*Exit* MOSES.

[MRS. GOLIGHTLEY *seizes* MADGE'S *hand.*]

Mrs. Golightley. Madge, revenge! revenge!

Madge. Yes, revenge! revenge! [*Then in a sinking voice.*] But how? how? I couldn't stab any one, I know I couldn't!

Mrs. Golightley. Let us repay our gay Lotharios in their own coin. We will receive these strange gentlemen; win by every art their admiration, and then—then those perfidious ones, returning, shall find us basking in the sunshine of their smiles.

Madge. Yes; but who are we?—to these officers, I mean.

Mrs. Golightley. Let us still play the part of ship-wrecked mariners, unveiled, for with these gentlemen, strangers to us, no disguise is necessary. I shall seat myself here to make a dressing for yon salad. We will invite them to the banquet, and our lords, returning, shall find these swordsmen sipping the contents of that bottle. Oh, Madge, that bottle was the pride of Paul's cellar; he swore by its cobwebs; yet he ran like a boy to fillip it forth for you!

Madge. There, there, Gertrude, this is not avenging ourselves,—this is wasting time. See, here I seat myself to crochet. Behold the needle and behold the wool! I forget Frank willingly. He becomes abstract

to my mind, a mere creature of mirage. Two officers—only think of it, Gertrude—in uniform and with real swords on hip!

Mrs. Golightley. [*Seats herself at table and begins mixing a mayonnaise dressing.*] Moses!—Oh, where is the man?—Moses!

Enter MOSES.

Moses. Ma'am, my duty.

Mrs. Golightley. Bid those strange gentlemen enter. [*Exit* MOSES.

Mrs. Golightley. [*Stirring vigorously.*] Sweet revenge, come hither.

Madge. In shoulder-straps.

[*Enter* CAPTAINS SMITH *and* BRAND *in uniform, wigs, false whiskers and moustaches. Their appearance is very hirsute. They pause near the door.*]

Madge. I must—I must fall in love with somebody! I feel that it is a necessity of my nature.

Mrs. Golightley. Oh, some one to sing to me, sigh for me, die for me!

Captain Smith.
Captain Brand. } Ahem!

Madge. [*Starting.*] Did I hear a reciprocal voice?

Mrs. Golightley. Did I?

Captain Smith.
Captain Brand. } Ahem!

[*Both ladies spring to their feet and retreat in astonishment, when they appear to discover, and for the first time, the presence of the two gentlemen.*]

Madge. [*Hanging her head demurely.*] And I have betrayed to strangers the one secret of my soul.

Mrs. Golightley. By what right, sirs, have you surprised us at our confidences? Dear friend [*addressing* MADGE], he has such an eye, that gentleman there, that I tremble.

Captain Brand. [*Advancing and lisping.*] Oddth life! We were jutht thaying th' thame thing 'bout your thweet eyeth, an' we don' mind echoth.

Captain Smith. [*Also advancing.*] That fweller withwout, there, twold us nobwody waw at whome; thwat Mwister Gwolightley waw gwone to mweet us.

Mrs. Golightley. It is true. We are strangers here, like yourselves, taking refuge from the storm [*waving her hand towards* MADGE],—my friend, Miss Dacre, and myself.

Madge. [*Sweeping her hand in turn.*] My friend, Miss Madge Kirby, and myself.

Captain Brand. [*Coming nearer.*] Thweet name, that. Thweet name, Madge ith. He'th Thmith. [*Indicating with his thumb* CAPTAIN SMITH, *who bows very low indeed.*]

Captain Smith. Wand he's Bwand. [*Indicating* CAPTAIN BRAND, *who proceeds to take his sword from between his legs. This accomplished, he in turn bows profoundly to the ladies, with his arms akimbo.*]

Madge. Oh, mwy, how pwitty!

Captain Smith. Pwitty? you ware th' pwitty wone. I love you alweady!

Mrs. Golightley. Allow me to play the part of hostess, and beg you gentlemen to seat yourselves. I was about mixing a dressing for the salad when you appeared. [*To* CAPTAIN BRAND.] Will you kindly assist me.

[*He bows ecstatically and seats himself beside her at table.*]

Captain Smith. An' you,—what were you dwooing, Mwiss Dacwaw?

Madge. Only trying to crochet. Would you like to try?

Captain Smith. Twy? I'd love to twy.

Madge. [*Handing him the needle and wool.*] Then you shall, sir.

Captain Smith. [*Bending tenderly nearer.*] No, I dwon't mwean twy *that.*

Mrs. Golightley. [*Showing her mayonnaise already made to* CAPTAIN BRAND.] Isn't it just a perfect symphony in oil? a dream of the palate in creamy yellow?

Captain Brand. Yes; I dream me of dils, dils, daffidowndillies, of all sweet spring things—— [*Then perceiving from the expression of surprise in her face that he has forgotten his lisp.*] Dilth, dilth, daffidowndillith; meadowy yellow cowthlip yellow. [*As she continued to regard him suspiciously he proceeds to change the current of her thoughts by frightening her.*] But while we dilly-dally thuth [thus], know ye, that a kith on the hand (if not on the lipth) maketh a drething, particularly thith kind of a thymphony in oil, all it thould be. Don't draw back, thweet one.

Mrs. Golightley. I must, sir generalissimo: you have known me only five minutes.

Captain Brand. An age, an age to my feelingth!

Captain Smith. [*Pricking up his ears.*] What aw you sayin' ower there? *I* haven't gwot half so fwar.

Madge. You are wise, oh, man of buttons!

Mrs. Golightley. [*Tasting the mayonnaise.*] Done, and without the kiss on the hand. [*Rises from table.*] So, Captain Brand, you will see the propriety of leaving that particular ingredient out of your next rule.

[MADGE *rises also hastily from her chair,* CAPTAN SMITH *is become so aggressive in his adoring attitude.*]

Captain Brand. Yeth, yeth, but I can't thtand being dithappointed. Pr'ythee! pr'ythee! [*Follows* MRS. GOLIGHTLEY *in her flight round the room.*]

Mrs. Golightley. Moses! Moses!

Madge. [*Fleeing from* CAPTAIN SMITH.] Mo—Mo—Moses!

Enter MOSES.

Moses. Your rooms are ready, gentlemen!

Captain Brand. [*Addressing him.*] Motheth [Moses], you are an interrupthion. You are worth [worse] than a pair of thitherth [scissors]. You cut uth thweethearth [sweethearts] in two—two!

Captain Smith. Aw wewaw [au revoir] we will weturn. [*Kissing his hand, he backs towards the door.*] Dwon't weep, we will weturn.

Captain Brand. By th' thick o' my thumb [*waves his sword vigorously in air*], tho' we go, we thpeed uth [speed us] back thoon again. [*Exeunt both.*

Mrs. Golightley. [*Dropping her face in her hands.*] I can never face Paul again,—never, never!

Re-enter CAPTAIN SMITH, *stumbling. He takes his sword from between his legs, being incommoded by it.*

Captain Smith. Dwon't weep. We will weturn. [*Exit.*

Re-enter CAPTAIN BRAND, *who remains near the door bowing and ecstatically kissing his hand.*

Captain Brand. Thweets to the thweet [sweets to the sweet]. Thus I thay, day-day! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Golightley. [*Watching the door apprehensively.*] Oh, dear! oh, dear! it's just like a nightmare.

Madge. [*Who has flung herself in a chair and proceeds to hide her head under the table-cloth.*] Yes; I wouldn't look again for anything. Oh, Frank, what would you say did you know all? That most horrid drum-major! I never want to see a sword or a shoulder-strap again. [*Taking her head from under the table-cloth.*] Weally, now, Gwertwoode *mimicking* CAPTAIN SMITH], what dwoo you thwink of it?

Mrs. Golightley. Think of it? Oh, Madge, don't laugh. It isn't a laughing matter. We have acted ridiculously.

Madge. You forget. What did *they* do under similar circumstances,—they, the men we love? [*Mimicking* CAPTAIN SMITH.] No, Fwank, Pwaul, we ware wewenged!

Mrs. Golightley. Yes, revenged; but *how?*

Enter MOSES.

Moses. Master is home again, and Mr. Frank, an' they're a-comin' up.

Mrs. Golightley. Detain them a moment. [*Exit* MOSES.

Madge. Here's your veil, Gertrude.

Mrs. Golightley. Yes, let us play this commedietta to the end, however woful that end may be. We shall give these men a last chance to prove themselves true. Should they continue false, then—then——

Madge. Let's pretend to be asleep.

Mrs. Golightley. An excellent idea. While awaiting our gallants' return we have fallen asleep. So be it. But first I cry out against the need. Aroynt thee, oh, ye spinning fates!

Madge. Don't forget, Gertrude, to strike a pretty attitude.

Mrs. Golightley. Soft, you, they come.

Enter two figures—PAUL *and* FRANK—*cloaked.*

Paul. Asleep.

Frank. Yea, asleep. [*Stepping on tiptoe.*] What grace! What indolence! How rewarded is our impatience to return!

Paul. A vision of loveliness indeed! *Vive la bagatelle! Après nous le déluge,* and all that sort of thing! The sight makes a poet of me. I ought to run away, but I can't. I feel chained to the spot. I can't help liking these beautiful creatures to some heavenly duplicate. Two cherries upon a single stem. Two stars with but one twinkle, or—or something of that sort. Frank! One should not marry in haste. The awakening is sure to come. Observe [*kneels beside* MADGE'S *chair*] how petite, child-like. Frank, I have made a life's mistake in adoring tall women!

Frank. [*Making as if to peep under* MRS. GOLIGHTLEY'S *veil.*] Not so. Give *me* the tall—divinely tall—representative of her sex. I kneel at her feet. I bow as before a shrine. I—I——

Mr. Golightley. Tralee, be a man. Remember Madge, your *fiancée,* and do not go too far.

Frank. [*Starting to his feet and pacing the room.*] Madge—Madge Pom—Pom—— No, I can't pronounce *that* name. I have forgotten how. Kir—Kir—Kirby. *That* comes easy, dulcetly easy. Madge Kirby! Singular fatality that there should be two Madges and both doting on me! Yet, Paul, I have an idea. It's well to have one where two might be dangerous just now. There remains to me one consolation. When *she* returns, that is, when Madge Pom—Pom——

Paul. Pomme de Terre.

Frank. Yes, that's the name,—Pomme de Terre,—Madge Pomme de Terre. I had forgotten it for the moment. When Madge Pomme de Terre returns, in calling her by name, I shall address mentally another Madge, and live an existence of secret devotion to this other's image.

Paul. Tralee, be a man. See how brave *I* am; how self-controlled; and yet—and yet I long to throw myself at the feet of this beauteous chee-ild. [*He bows himself over the back of* MADGE POMEROY'S *chair.*]

Frank. They stir.

Paul. So ends our dream. Yet, before 'tis too late, while yet they slumber, let us——

Frank. Yes, let us. [*Softly kneels beside* MRS. GOLIGHTLEY.] 'Tis meet——

Paul. [*Kneeling beside* MADGE.] For repentance. Never! Rather satiety than that. But there must be no satiety. I implore you, no satiety! Only one kiss! Frank, my boy, remember Madge Pomme de Terre, and limit yourself to one!

Frank. I would *die* for one!

Paul. [*Looking across at* FRANK.] I bethink me. Tralee, we have ever made personal sacrifices one for the other. From our boyhood this has been true of us. Let our spirit of self-abnegation not end here. Though it kill us, we will exchange girls. I'll take the Kirby, and give to you this child of light and love, this beauteous Miss Dacre.

Frank. All right, even should we both think we are getting the worst of it.

[*They rise and cross each other on tiptoe,* FRANK *taking* PAUL'S *place beside* MADGE POMEROY, *and* PAUL *kneeling beside his wife.*]

Paul. They stir again. Let us hasten. When I count three, forget yourself. One—two—three——

[*Just as they bend, the ladies start to their feet and stand waving the gentlemen tragically aside.*]

Madge. [*Addressing* FRANK.] Knave!

Mrs. Golightley. [*Confronting* PAUL.] Traitor!

Frank. That attitude!

Paul. That voice!

[*The ladies tear aside their veils.* PAUL *and* FRANK *half turn away.*]

Madge. Yes, hide your face, Frank Tralee [*throwing herself upon a chair with her head resting upon the table*], as I hide mine for shame of you. Intrigant! that I ever could have loved you!

Mrs. Golightley. My utmost suspicions as to your true nature verified. My last hope of continued faith in you destroyed. Yes, stand you there, Paul Golightley, abased, afraid to meet mine eyes!

Paul. A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse to fly this wrathful presence!

Mrs. Golightley. Go to; go to.

Frank. [*Sidling up to* MADGE.] This—er—er—event is so entirely unexpected. I—I cry *peccavi!* Give me to eat, sweet Nemesis, some humble pie. I eat—and eat—I swear——

Madge. Out of my sight!

Frank. I eat—and eat—I swear! I'm ancient Pistol downed to mother earth, or Nebuchadnezzar (an' it please you) a-foraging for grass. Grass or leek, all's the time to me. I'm downed. I'm humble.

Madge. [*Interrupting him.*] And I——

Frank. You? You are a lovely——

Madge. Pomme de terre! Vegetarian too, you see, sir. Common sympathy as to the vegetable kingdom, if nothing else, unites our souls,

sir. "Pom—Pom—Pomme de Terre! Yes, that's her name,—Madge Pomme de Terre. I'd forgotten it for the moment." Ha! ha! ha!

Frank. Margaret!

Madge. [*Striking a sardonic attitude.*] Sir, leek, grass, pomme de terre, all green and humble flora. As green as humble. We shall see. My name is *Pomeroy, not* Pomme de Terre, and my father did flirt his sword with the best of duellists.

Frank. Margaret, pause, reflect. Is it possible that you are giving me the sack?

Madge. The sack? The Bosphorus too! In with you from the harem window!

Frank. Enough. Rail at me, twist my head off, but don't you dare, in your revenge, take another sweetheart. S'death! don't you dare do it!

Madge. That's a comforting idea. I will—I will take one.

Paul. And *you*, unhappy Gertrude, would you gladly exchange me for another? Is that your meaning?

Mrs. Golightley. Exactly. Any one would do. Moses would do,—any one. I'm done forever with your emotional riff-raff. I'm off to some other shelter wheresoever I can find it.

[*At this moment* PAUL *and* FRANK *throw aside their cloaks, revealing the glittering uniforms of* CAPTAINS SMITH *and* BRAND. *Both chassée gallantly and bow, saying,*] At your service, ladies.

[*After a pause of astonishment, a silence of consternation, the ladies fly to each other's arms.*]

Paul. Spirit of Gentle Will! 'Tis all alarums here and excursions! The tucket sounds.

Frank. Yes, sound the trumpet. By Shakespeare, sound it! 'Tis time to point a moral or adorn a tale.

Mrs. Golightley.
Madge. } Betrayed!

Paul. As you please, fair girls we left behind us. Smith and I have our whiskers in our pockets, our wigs on a hook outside the door. We can readorn ourselves in a moment if "presto" be your cry, an' you will whisper to us again as you whispered so sweetly, so longingly, just a little while ago, "Some one to sing to me, sigh for me, die for me!"

Frank. "Did I hear a reciprocal voice? Did I?" Margaret, did I?

[GERTRUDE *and* MADGE turn away.]

Paul. Give me your hand, Gertrude. And Madge, give yours to Frank. Isn't it about time to cry quits? Haven't we had our fun out? This has been a screaming farce from beginning to end.

Frank. And, as usual, the biters are bitten. Instead of biting us, *they* are bitten. But a truce, cry I, to all distressful compliments of the season and reason.

Enter MOSES *with a loaded tray.*

Moses. Here's a nice, fresh, hot supper, ma'am, and it is served.

Mrs. Golightley. We told you not to tell, sirrah!

Moses. [*Cowering.*] Not I, ma'am, I—I——

Madge. Yes, *there* stands the culprit. We never should have been discovered had Moses not betrayed us. I still maintain that man, under any circumstances, will do *anything.*

Paul. [*Aside.*] A little mixed as to sense. [*Aloud.*] I'll wind it for her neatly on a spool. Yes, man will forgive the most unjust suspicions harbored against him by the woman he loves, even should her suspicions relate to his last fib. Come, Gertrude, remember Captain Brand and let us make up.

Frank. That's a fair and generous proposition. I'll make one like it to you, my girl. I'll forgive that little affair of yours with a certain gentleman of the army,—one of the numerous Smiths,—should you fall penitently right here [*smiting the region over his heart*], right here, Madge,—*Madge Pomme de Terre.*

Mrs. Golightley. On one condition will I forgive you, Paul, one condition only,—you must never, *never* speak to Madge again.

Madge. Frank, you hear that condition? With us it works the other way. Sir, you must never, never even *look* at Gertrude.

Moses. Supper is served, ma'am.

All cry. Supper!

Paul. Well, after our recent unpleasantness here is some one thing which we may all agree upon. Supper is a good thing. Jealousy a vile thing. All hail, then, to the smoking viands! and to the night outside with jealousy, that rotten shape with its bat-like wings!

Gertrude. Yes, to the winds with jealousy! Paul, dear Paul, here is my hand. Take it, hold it fast, never let it go again.

Frank. Oh, that's the talk, is it? Then let us get married at once, my dear. I had begun to tremble, Margaret, for our future happiness. But if you women repent so easily and so sweetly, why, I guess I can stand it. So, to supper, sweetheart, and should I ever dare offer you potato under its French name, don't get *mad,* but laugh with me over the follies of this night.

Moses. [*Watching the ladies and gentlemen seat themselves at table.*] I thought supper 'ud fetch 'em,—that is, a nice, fresh, hot one. I'm the good angel into this household! As soon as I come there they stopped their nonsense. Just think of it! I—Moses Periwinkle—have made peace! lo, peace! [*Wags his head sagaciously and crosses his hands upon his apron.*]

[*Curtain.*]

MRS. WILDRICK.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BRIG "DOLPHIN."

THERE is a "Dolphin" in the navy now,—a modern vessel, built of steel, with great steam power, ram-bow, 6-inch breech-loading rifle, and Hotchkiss and Gatling pieces,—and a more complete difference in type between her and her immediate predecessor it would be difficult to imagine. I say immediate predecessor, for the present one is "Dolphin" No. 4,—the name having been a favorite one in our navy.

The first "Dolphin" which bore the American flag was a small cutter-rigged vessel of ten guns,—calibre now unknown,—built and fitted in France. She cruised in company with the "Reprisal" and "Lexington," and had some success in English waters, after which she crossed the Atlantic to our own coast, and was destroyed in the Delaware during the operations of 1777. Not much more than this is known of her,—which is a pity,—for a history of her purchase, outfit, and cruising would be most interesting. The purchase of vessels and munitions of war which were made in France during the Revolution was always veiled in great mystery, and often, when the transactions were completed, the written evidences were destroyed.

The second "Dolphin" was a schooner of about two hundred tons, built in Philadelphia in 1821. She was pierced for twelve guns, and, as soon as fitted, sailed for the Pacific, where she remained in constant commission for fourteen years. There being no docks in that part of the world at that time, and the vessel having grown too tender to risk the passage round Cape Horn without extensive repairs, she was sold out of the service.

During the time that this second "Dolphin" bore the pennant she had as commanding officers several lieutenants who afterwards distinguished themselves. Among these was David Conner, who commanded the Gulf Squadron during a part of the Mexican War; "Mad Jack" Percival, an excellent officer, but the most eccentric of men, of whose doings and sayings scores of "yarns," true and untrue, have been told; Beverley Kennon, afterwards a commodore; Commodore John H. Aulick; Rear-Admiral Charles H. Bell; besides Zantzinger Caldwell, Fitzhugh, John C. Long, and Voorhees, all "household names" in the old navy.

The third "Dolphin" is the one of which we have personal knowledge. She was on the list of "brigs" in the official register, and was pierced for ten guns,—what would have been familiarly known in the British service as a "pelter" or "ten-gun coffin,"—but very different in model and seaworthiness from the latter. During her later cruises she carried six short 32's.

She was built in New York in 1836, and had a tonnage of two hundred and twenty-two; eighty-eight feet long, twenty-five feet beam, eleven feet hold. She carried eight tons of ballast, six thousand three hundred and eighty gallons of water, and four months provisions, with a maximum draft of thirteen feet. Her speed was about ten knots, going free, in smooth water, and her best sailing trim was about three feet by the stern. Her ship's company and officers numbered eighty souls, to which number were added fifteen Kroomen during her cruises on "the coast."

People may smile at the very idea of such a pygmy craft in these days of ten-thousand-ton ironclads, but we venture to assert that in proportion to size and expense of maintenance the little vessel did as good service in her day and generation as any that ever bore our flag. She had very high bulwarks and nettings, and was remarkably dry, stiff, and weatherly, although very taunt and square-rigged. Charles H. Bell, a most competent officer, who commanded her in 1839, praised her seaworthy qualities, and calls her, in his report, "the best and safest vessel he ever sailed in," and remarks that she outsailed the razee "Independence" and the sloop-of-war "Fairfield" on a wind. Commander Thomas J. Page in 1851 reports that "she scudded well in a terrible gale and heavy sea round Cape Horn," and recommended that she be "full-rigged," which she never was. Altogether, this little vessel made two cruises on the coast of Brazil, two in the Home Squadron, as it was then called, and three on the coast of Africa, besides going round the world and serving on the station in China. For a lengthened period she was employed under the Coast Survey in deep-sea soundings and observations on the Gulf Stream, a most trying service for both vessel and ship's company. Her work was of the best, and on record with that of more pretentious craft. She was able to keep the sea in all weathers, and had not to "run in" for coal; but to do this she had to have officers who knew how to handle her.

The third "Dolphin's" last cruise was on the coast of Brazil, under the command of the present Rear-Admiral Steedman, then a commander. He had as his lieutenants Leonard Paulding, an excellent officer, who distinguished himself in command of one of Foote's fleet on the western waters; Edward P. Williams, always called "Barney" by his friends, who was lost while in command of the "Oneida;" and Charles Flusser, the gallant soul who met his death by the rebound of his own shell

from the armor of the "Albemarle." Three braver men, or better seamen, have seldom been messmates.

When she returned from this cruise the vessel was laid up in Norfolk, and on that doleful 20th of April, 1861, she was scuttled and burned with the rest of the vessels at that navy-yard,—and a pitiful story it is!

In but one solitary point does the modern "Dolphin" resemble her immediate predecessor on the navy list, and that is that her complement of officers and men is the same,—about eighty. We always remembered the length of "Dolphin" No. 3 by "a foot a man." The "indicated horse-power" of the new vessel is given as 2300; while the "non-indicated man-power" of No. 3 was 36, for upon occasion she pulled six long sweeps, on each of which six men worked,—three pulling and three pushing,—and the "firing up" upon such emergencies was not done with coals, but from the "grog-tub," the prospect of an "extra tot" being a great inducement for the machinery to "give way strong."

The first time the writer ever saw "Dolphin" No. 3 was in Macao Roads, in 1850. Her rig was so peculiar as to attract attention wherever she went. Most people called her a "schooner-brig," for she had square yards on the foremast and a tremendously big fore-and-aft mainsail, with light top-gallant and royal yards above it. But, oddly enough, there was at the same time a "Dolphin" in the English service, rigged precisely in the same way. A few years afterwards they were both upon the coast of Africa at the same time, and, as they were not only rigged alike, but painted in the same piratical way,—all black, with red port-sills and cheeks,—mistakes were constantly made in regard to them. We were most anxious to meet, yet never did,—only heard of each other. When the "Dolphin" came home from China she was commanded by Thomas J. Page, the firing upon whom by Lopez's battery, when in the "Water-Witch," brought on the Paraguayan difficulty, and the dispatch to the river of Plate of one of the largest naval forces we ever had together previous to the Civil War. (This expedition has been described by the writer in the first series of THE UNITED SERVICE.) Page took the little vessel home by way of Cape Horn, and Gustavus Vasa Fox, afterwards Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the war, was her navigating officer. Page became a commander, resigned upon the breaking out of the war, and was stationed, in the Confederate service, at Drury's Bluff.

Lieutenant Commanding William S. Ogden had brought the brig out to the China station by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Off the cape he lost that important stick, the main boom, and put into Mauritius to have it replaced. Mauritius is a most attractive place on many accounts, and Ogden and his officers fell under the spell of the lovely scenery, the hospitable dinner-tables of the planters, and the bright

eyes of the Creole ladies, so that the boom was so long in being fitted that his gruff superior officer wrote to ask him whether he was waiting for it to grow. At least, that was the story on the station. That main boom was, indeed, a "caution." I venture to say that no spar ever had more "boom-tackles" and "gil-guys" in addition to the regular sheets; and it was generally eased over as tenderly as if it had been made of glass. Once, in the early part of the writer's cruise in her, and before her peculiarities were so well understood, the ponderous stick "took charge" in a gale of wind near Bermuda, to the destruction of the binnacle and the injury of the wheel, as well as of several "humans." A tiller, and a boat compass lashed upon the companion of the cabin, had to be used for a time. But the use of a tiller was not so unusual then. The English brig "Contest," one of the finest vessels of her class, and twice as big as the "Dolphin," beautifully fitted, and commanded by a future earl, was always steered by means of a long, polished stick, of some dark Eastern wood.

To return to the "Dolphin." She was as good and safe a vessel, when properly handled, as ever floated. In spite of the discomfort inseparable from service in so small a vessel, we all liked her, but every one, whether "idler" or not, knew her weak points. Nobody ever tried to "luff her through" one of the savage African squalls, and every soul knew where the peak- and throat-halliards were belayed and where to get hold of the down-hauls and spilling-lines on the darkest night. No matter how fierce the tornado which came shrieking off from Bissagos everybody felt comfortable and happy when once the big gaff had nestled down and the vessel's head was pointed away from the treacherous Bijougas shoals. Wind and weather we did not mind.

It may be imagined from the dimensions given and the number of souls on board that the quarters of the little brig were not spacious. There are none so contracted in these latter days. I suppose that the cabin was one of the tiniest in which a naval commander ever enjoyed his solitary dignity, for it was one berth long. In the starboard berth our commander took his rest, when he *did* sleep,—the watch-officers used to say that he *never* slept at sea,—and in the port one reposed, for the most part, his "wash clothes" and spare hats and caps, as well as his cutlass and belt for "quarters." Against the forward bulkhead, which divided the cabin from the ward-room, was secured a small table, and two chairs and a looking-glass completed the furniture. There was a camp-stool stowed away under the table in case of need, but interviews and banquets in this unpretentious apartment were usually *tête-à-tête*. Abaft the ladder which led from the companion, over the rising towards the stern-post, were some mysterious holes called the "pantry," above which was a hatch about two feet square in front of the binnacle. As the run of the vessel here rose rapidly, the captain's steward was in the habit of announcing dinner to

that officer (if he happened to be on deck) by standing half-way out of the small hatch for that purpose. He put strangers in mind of a "Jack-in-the-box" as he popped up.

The ward-room was much larger in proportion than the cabin. There were two bunks on each side, with bread-rooms in the triangular space between the skin and the back of the berth, which gave out, through latticed doors, a fine odor of bread-dust,—quite mouldy in damp weather. There was also a "thwart-ship bunk" on the side opposite the ladder, and the occupant of this had to "tack ship" when the brig went about or else sleep with heels in the air. There was also a cot, which was only slung at night.

In this apartment lived six officers, most of them above the average size; indeed, it was remarkable how many big men we had on board. If we had manned the rail, touching elbows, we should have just about gone round the little vessel. But to return to the ward-room. The magazine and spirit-room hatches occupied a considerable part of the deck, and for the magazine light there was an arrangement in the forward bulkhead which, by means of a sliding panel, threw the rays from the "standing light" upon the berth-deck into the ward-room through a "bull's-eye." The ward-room thus became the "light-room" when at quarters. This primitive arrangement was an enormous advantage to the occupant of the "thwart-ship bunk" (the writer, to wit), for he could, by sliding the panel a little bit, read for hours at night; and it quite made up for the necessity for tacking ship so often. In the day-time we lived on deck for the most part, nothing but meals or "the rains" driving us below.

A little door about four feet high opened from the ward-room to the berth-deck. The ward-room floor was sunk so as to give good space to stand in, but to traverse the berth-deck one had to bend almost double; yet there were all the arrangements of any man-of-war,—dispensary, store-rooms, fore-peak, and galley complete,—all in miniature, of course. The yeoman's store-room in the fore-peak was ornamented with the usual collection of tools, bayonets, and other arms, and here, in this close cell, the yeoman, an otherwise intelligent man, chose to sleep for months, having made himself an extra key to use after the other was turned in for the night. To prevent discovery he had to shut and lock the door, and this in the steamy climate of the coast! His freak was only discovered by his having a nearly fatal attack of lead colic and palsy from his berthing among the paints. The black hole of Calcutta could hardly have been worse than the atmosphere which this man voluntarily slept in.

Instead of the usual planking the berth-deck of the "Dolphin" was of gratings, about four feet square,—what was called a "flying berth-deck." As regularly as the spar-deck was holy-stoned the word was passed, "Up all berth-deck!" and the gratings, white as a hound's

tooth, were toggled up on edge along the gangway and then piped down when perfectly dry.

There was a top-gallant forecastle which answered the purpose of a sick-bay when one was required, which was not often, for, like most single-deck vessels, properly cared for, we were a healthy lot in spite of the climate. We had but one death during the cruise, and that would have occurred anywhere.

With thirteen Kroomen, making ninety-three souls on board, and considering the climate, this was remarkable, especially as the very summer before we sailed in her, the vessel had been used, at Norfolk, as a receiving-hulk for part of the crew of a French man-of-war which had come in with yellow fever on board; and we had fitted out close to the spot where the yellow fever of 1855 broke out. We sailed from Norfolk on the 8th of May, only the day before that exceptionally frightful epidemic made its appearance. Yet we never had a case; and all the fever we had originated on shore, or from enforced exposure in boats. In fact, and contrary to usual experience on the station, serious accidents were more frequent with us than cases of the much-dreaded "fever."

Although we had some foreigners among the ship's company, there were by no means so many in proportion as occurs in these later days, and those we had had been a long time in the service. Among those whose claims to being native Americans could not be disputed were a couple of Gay Head Indians, both prime seamen, and the elder confessedly the best helmsman in the ship. He was a perfect picture as he stood—over six feet high, and with gaunt, bony frame—at the little wheel, which hardly came up to his waist. His prominent nose, high cheek bones, and straight, coarse black hair were all typical of his purity of race. His face was seamed with scars received in brawls in the slums of many seaports, while across one cheek and the bridge of his nose ran a great white cicatrix, the work of a sperm whale and a splinter from a "stove boat." Ordinarily the quietest and most taciturn men in the ship, on liberty and full of "cachaca," they were perfect devils. The authorities at Grand Canary had no objection to our giving liberty to the crew there, but after the first time sent off to request that those two "Indios" might be afforded their relaxation somewhere else.

Another undoubted American, although a mulatto, from Norfolk, was the captain of the hold, an old man-of-war's man, and a giant, to whom barrels of beef, pork, and flour were as playthings. For months and months after we sailed from the United States this captain of the hold was always just comfortably tipsy; much more so than the extra "tot" which custom prescribed when he pumped up the grog would account for. In consideration of his work in the hold, amidst chines of casks, sticks of firewood, and other sharp and rough-edged things,

he was allowed the privilege of wearing great rough "stogy" boots during working hours. One day somebody happened to notice that, as he pumped the grog from the cask into the tub, he allowed the nozzle of the little copper pump to slip round, and a fair modicum of whisky went into one boot. Then, in a few moments, the same thing happened to the other boot. When the spirit-room was closed, and the grog served, the observer quietly followed the individual to the recesses of the hold, and saw him carefully remove first one boot and then the other, and pour the contents into a quart-pot, which was then carefully covered and stowed away for "Gahazel's own tooth" during the hours when grog was not served. Much to his disgust, he was made to pump grog in bare feet after this discovery, besides having to stand no end of chaff from the men, who had "twigged" the whole movement long before, but, with Jack's idea of honor, had never peached.

A typical old-time sailor-man was our chief quartermaster, a Russian Finn by birth, who bore the same Christian and surname as our commander, and for this reason: the father of the latter had been a large ship-owner, and the person in question had come from Riga or Kronstadt many years before, when quite a youth. He had then shipped in our navy, and had always cruised with his patron's son, whose name he had taken. T—— had tight little curls of black hair, grizzled somewhat by time, a face like mahogany, and a deep, raucous voice, which made the very timbers of the little brig tremble, even when he tried to modulate it. Faithful, if rough, he put one in mind of a great wolf-dog.

At night, during our frequent calms, one heard everything which went on, on deck, from either the cabin or the ward-room; and T——'s voice was especially distinct and noticeable. He was usually in the watch of Lieutenant V——, who was rather hard of hearing, and such passages as this would occur: a fine night, variable airs and calms; V—— on the big arm-chest, which served as a "horse-block," leaning over the netting, tapping his trumpet against the side, and thinking of things far away.

Presently we, sleepless below from the heat, would hear old T—— shuffle over to the binnacle, give a jerk to the "twiddling line," and then say, in what he thought was a low voice,—

"De vint is heading her, Mr. V——!"

No answer: the little tap of the trumpet still going on.

"De ship are flat a-back, sir!" (T—— always called her "de ship.")

Still no answer. It was only a breath, and V—— was tired of keeping the watch bracing the yards about.

Then would come the little slaps under the counter, and the peculiar *feel* of sternway, which only sailors in small vessels fully know; but still V—— would make no sign,—didn't hear. Then, in another

moment, we would hear T——, in what he thought was a whisper, say,—

"De capt'in are a-comin' up, Mr. V——!"

V—— would hear this in spite of his deafness, and begin to brace about very energetically; while a chuckle would pass from berth to berth, below. Such passages may seem trivial, but they represent, to the present navy, a phase of things which has passed away forever. There are no more such vessels, and there are no more such officers or men as sailed in the "Dolphin" then. They would probably not be at all capable persons in the modern ships, but they had an individuality which I fancy does not exist now in the service.

I have already alluded to the number of big men we had among the little ship's company. One of the lieutenants, then quite young, was really a huge man. When he died—a commander—he weighed much over three hundred, and was "a sight to behold." With P—— on the quarter-deck, a big trumpet in hand, and Isaiah Bliss, our chief boatswain's mate, in charge of the forecastle, the process of getting the little vessel under way was worth witnessing.

Bliss was a regular down-east sailor-man,—"every nail a fish-hook, and every hair a rope-yarn,"—six feet high, with a voice like a lion. The distance between the big quarter-deck arm-chest which served as a horse-block, and the break of the forecastle could not have exceeded eighteen or twenty yards, but Bliss would roar in stentorian tones, as if on the forecastle of a 74,—

"Anchor's up, sir!"

"Ay, ay! Hook the cat!" would come back the reply from P——'s trumpet like the rumbling of a tornado.

The "Dolphin," by the way, had no sign of capstan or windlass of any kind, and the anchor was got by means of a deck-tackle, which was led through two snatch-blocks, and round into the other gangway, so that, if there was no great scope of chain out, the operation was a very rapid and simple one, accomplished to the music of the pipe of our other boatswain's mate, a long, lank Jerseyman, who blew the most musical call ever heard in the navy, besides being a more than usually good fiddler.

"But, speaking of "calls" reminds us that it is time to "pipe belay." At some future time, with the approval of the editor, we may recall some episodes of an old-fashioned "cruise on the coast."

E. SHIPPEN.

A GARRISON BELLE.

(Continued from page 289.)

V.

THE following morning dawned bright and pleasant. The party had been a great success; this was the opinion of one and all.

So soon as Lawrence had finished his breakfast he interviews the colonel, and then goes straight to the office and telegraphs for leave. By noon his answer is received. The leave is granted. He goes to his quarters and writes the following:

"I leave the fort to-night, to be absent twelve days. Until seven o'clock this evening I am at your service.

"ROBERT LAWRENCE."

This he puts in an envelope and addresses it to Mr. Greene. He then hands it to Muldoon and tells him to deliver it immediately.

In view of existing "Articles," Mr. Lawrence, rather a dangerous paper to put in the hands of an unprincipled cad. But, fortunately for you, Mr. Greene is not aware that officers of the army are forbidden to send or to accept a challenge.

Bob's next act is to send a note to Miss Langlie, asking her to take a stroll.

This time the old cottonwood is forsaken. They cross the parade-ground, pass the magazine, and then strike diagonally across the plain in the direction of Coyote Creek. Here they sit down, and Lawrence begins the conversation.

"Lilian, I am going East to-night on business. Will you promise me not to marry Mr. Greene while I am away? Will you promise me to be alone with him as little as possible until my return?"

"Willingly, gladly!" was the answer.

"I was greatly surprised," Lawrence continued, "to find in the person of your *fiancé* the 'Opium' Greene of whom I had spoken. This discovery compels me to reiterate my assertion that you are not to marry Mr. Greene."

"God give you strength to prevent it!" almost sobbed Lilian.

"I can and shall prevent it!" said Lawrence. "Will you miss me?"

"So much that I hate to have you go. Do come back soon."

"Nothing but important business takes me at all. The instant it is attended to I shall return. Until then, Lilian, farewell."

"Good-by, Bob," she says, as she lays her hand in the brown palm held out to her. "I shall miss you dreadfully."

As they turn to go back to the fort, Lilian says,—

"Do you know I never knew until yesterday that I was not thrown that time my horse ran away with me?"

"How did you learn it yesterday?" asked Lawrence.

"Why, Major Robbins told me. He said he saw you lift me off."

"I always thought three majors were two too many for one regiment," answered Lawrence.

"But why did you tell me I was thrown when I was not?" persisted Lilian.

"For this reason, *Chérie:* because if I had told you you had fainted, which was really the case, you would have lain on the ground for an hour or more, insisting that you could not get up. I had my office-work to do, and Captain Crumbs was waiting for you to ride with him. I thought if I told you you had been badly tossed you would feel rejoiced to find you escaped uninjured, and be willing to get up at once. Now that Major Robbins's penetrating vision and nasty loquacity has wrung this confession from me, may I hope for pardon?"

"Certainly," replied Lilian. "But do all young women who faint lie on the ground for an hour or more?"

"Not necessarily on the ground," answered Bob; "but there is a feeling of lassitude attending the return to consciousness, which they invariably encourage, instead of combating. And wherever they may happen to be, there they will remain until this wears away. But I will give you an essay on fainting-fits some other time. Here we are now, and once more I must say, farewell."

That night Lawrence left on the buckboard for Piute City, *en route* to New York. Mr. Greene had not been seen nor heard from.

Captain Crumbs was almost compelled to ask Mr. Greene to be his guest. The latter gentleman had arrived at Furnish with about the same amount of knowledge respecting a frontier post that an Eastern editor possesses regarding an Indian campaign. If he thought about the matter at all, he had supposed, of course, that there must be some sort of a hotel near by. So he was installed in Crumbs's quarters, under the same roof with Lilian.

The morning following the departure of Lawrence dawned dark and drizzly. It was just such a morning as that one six years before in Nebraska, when Captain Ivy, of the cavalry, came out on his piazza, and saying, "Another nasty day!" entered his quarters and blew his brains out.

But no such tragic event is to happen at Furnish. Crumbs goes

over to his company barracks; Mrs. Crumbs is busy with household affairs; Lilian is in the parlor looking over her mail. Mr. Greene enters, and is rejoiced to find her alone.

"Lilian," he says, "I wish you would have nothing to do with this fellow Lawrence. He is not the sort of a man any young girl should be with, and——"

But Lilian does not allow him to proceed. "Mr. Greene," she says, "Mr. Lawrence is one of my nearest and dearest friends. I shall listen to nothing against him. I know he is a gentleman; but did I not, the fact of his being adjutant of the Fifty-fifth Cavalry is sufficient guarantee that he is eminently fitted to be the associate of any lady. If you find the society of Mr. Lawrence disagreeable, I regret it; but never attempt again to say anything to his discredit in my presence."

If Lilian was nothing else, she certainly was loyal to the absent one.

"I thought," said Mr. Greene, "situated as we are, that my request would be sufficient. I must now forbid you to hold any intercourse whatever with the adjutant."

"You know very well, Mr. Greene, that we are situated as we are through no wish of mine. I have no love, no liking for you, so pray be reasonable. I shall choose for my friends whomsoever I please, and, as I have before told you, Mr. Lawrence is the nearest and dearest."

Mr. Greene saw the futility of continuing the subject; but he was determined that Lawrence should not have an opportunity to narrate that horse episode, and how to prevent it was not quite apparent.

Lilian's engagement to Mr. Greene was now generally known. The triumvirate greatly rejoiced at his advent. They fancied that at an early day Lawrence, "Pinky," Digby, Trolls, and others who had, in a measure, deserted them, would be crawling back to their old haunts and dropping into their old habits. Then it would be their time to appear indifferent. Oh, yes! they would pay them back, never fear!

Mrs. Trumpets had not forgotten that bouquet, and she thought Mr. Greene or Mr. any one else far too nice a fellow to mar his life by linking it to such a heartless coquette. Still, it would be a relief to have her marry the man and go.

But Lilian's horoscope does not show any immediate marriage. On the contrary, as interpreted by Digby,—who prided himself on his knowledge of the science which claimed as its disciples Homer, Plato, Aristophanes, and others,—it reads:

"For marriage the conditions are unfortunate. The Moon being in the second ranch of Mars and afflicted by Saturn, and Venus by Uranus, she cannot be happy in those matters relating to the affections."

Though Digby so wrote, yet it is doubtful if his belief in astrology would have deterred him from endeavoring to make Lilian "happy in those matters relating to the affections," in the second, or even the first "ranch," had she given him the ghost of a chance so to do.

She liked Digby, so did nearly everybody; but he was too essentially a man's man to excite any very ardent feeling of affection in the breast of woman. He was extremely fond of Lilian; in fact, fonder than he had ever been of any young woman; but he was sufficiently wise to perceive that any feeling warmer than friendship would be distasteful to her, and a good enough optimist to accept contentedly the ruling of Fate.

Mrs. Sabres is now leaving Lilian. She had dropped in ostensibly to tell, in her own peculiar way, the truth of a terrible scandal which was causing such a commotion at Fort Kraft,—the nearest fort to Furnish. In reality, she had come to discover why Mr. Lawrence had left so suddenly for New York. Her visit had not been a happy one. She ascertained absolutely nothing; and her racy story fell on ears averse to such unpleasant, ungenerous details.

At the risk of being considered as great a gossip as Mrs. Sabres, I must unfold this scandal; for connected with it are circumstances of which Mrs. Sabres avails herself.

A story had been started at Fort Kraft by a colored servant to this effect: That while she was passing the quarters of Captain Choppin, she saw Mrs. Lieutenant Buffton seated in the captain's lap!

This was the original story. But it grew and grew as it was repeated and discussed, until the author herself would scarcely have recognized it.

Nearly all the women at Kraft cut Mrs. Buffton. The officers, to show their disbelief in the report, made Buffton's quarters a kind of a lounging-place for a week or more. Naturally, this only made matters worse. So Buffton decided to take his wife east, and let the thing blow over.

Colonel Sinclare heard of his resolve, and, knowing they would be obliged to stay at least one day at Furnish, he immediately wrote, asking Buffton and his wife to be his guests.

About one hour prior to the arrival of the Bufftons at Furnish the colonel expressed a desire that the officers of the garrison should assemble at the office. All being present, he spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, you all have heard the different versions of this Kraft embroilment. The Bufftons will be here to-day, and I have asked them to be my guests. Those of you who wish to call will be warmly received. But I wish it distinctly understood that no visits are to be made from respect for me. Be guided solely by your inclination and I shall be satisfied."

Ten minutes later "Colonel Sinclare's Address to his Officers"—as it had already been styled—was being discussed and criticised on the other side of the parade by the fair sex, particularly by the trio.

As usual, they are together, and Mrs. Sabres is speaking:

"I, for one, shall certainly *not* call. I think Colonel Sinclare shows

lamentable taste in such exhibitions of incredulity! Such displays of charitable emotions are rather putting a premium on outrageous conduct. I don't know *what* the service is coming to."

"I think Lydia is quite right," echoed Mrs. Shotgun. "Where there is so much smoke there must be *some* fire, you know. And what earthly object could the poor, stupid darky have in saying so had she not actually *seen* her."

(The stupidity of the darky, Mrs. Shotgun, is intellectual brilliancy compared with your ignorance, if you are not aware that one-half the scandals which cause disruption in the drawing-room originate, and not infrequently without foundation, in the kitchen.)

"For my part," said Mrs. Trumpets, "I think I shall call. I confess I am rather curious to see the creature. *My* respectability, I hope, is not so near the surface that it will be rubbed off by rubbing my feet on the same door-mat with her. I suppose Miss Langlie will be one of the first there."

"For the sake of the reputation of our garrison she should be prevented from going," said Mrs. Shotgun, emphatically.

"Look here, girls," said Mrs. Sabres, in a way indicating that a brilliant idea had occurred to her. "Let us all go down and see Lilian this instant. Leave the talking to me. I do not profess to be a Madame de Staël nor a female Talleyrand, but I have been known to do a rather neat stroke at repartee. I shall ask her, point-blank, if she means to call. If she says she does, as she probably will, I shall say something stinging, neat, and withering, such as 'birds of a feather,' or *chacun à son goût*. Something *à propos*, if not original. It will humiliate her anyway."

And so the trio call on Lilian. Different topics are lightly touched, and then Mrs. Sabres, true to her word, says,—

"I suppose you have heard of the colonel's address. Do you mean to call on Mrs. Buffton?"

"I have not thought anything about it. I shall do as my sister desires," was the reply.

"But surely you know what she is charged with? You know her —*disease?*" exclaims Mrs. Sabres.

"Oh, yes," says Lilian; "but that is not contagious."

"Even Mrs. Shotgun and Mrs. Trumpets, horrified as they were at Lilian's utter lack of circumspection, could not refrain from smiling at Mrs. Sabres's discomfiture. Neat and withering as her conceived repartee may have been, no opportunity occurred to give it birth. So the trio, somewhat crestfallen, made their adieus.

The Bufftons remained at Furnish several days. All the officers and all the ladies of the garrison called upon them. Yes, even Mrs. Shotgun and Mrs. Sabres. The Bufftons proved to be very agreeable persons; and it leaked out later that the colored servant had been

bribed to tell the story by a certain officer whom Mrs. Buffton, on a former occasion, had been compelled to snub severely.

VI.

ARRIVED in New York, Lawrence lost no time in sending a note to Mrs. Langlie, asking permission to call. One day later, Lilian's mother receives him in her palatial Fifth Avenue residence.

Mrs. Langlie was a descendant of one of the oldest and proudest families in the country. Like *Pooh-Bah*, she could trace her pedigree back to a "protoplasmal, primordial, atomic globule." Her ancestors had all been prominent professional men, and, for centuries back, fabulously rich. Since she was placed in the nurse's arms as a baby, until very recently, Mrs. Langlie had not known what it was to want for anything,—I mean anything that money could procure. But since the death of her husband, bad investments, dishonest trustees, failures, and one thing and another had greatly diminished her resources; and for the past year she had been in that more dismal than all other states, styled straitened circumstances.

She still had sufficient left to live very nicely and comfortably in idleness; but this was not satisfactory. She had indulged in regal extravagance all her life, and to be expected to change her mode of living at her time of life, to give up her receptions, her Worth dresses, her servants and horses, she said it would simply be moral and physical suicide.

Mrs. Langlie was but forty-two years of age. Many women as tenderly and luxuriously reared as she had been have been obliged to earn their living after passing their sixtieth birthday.

Though Mrs. Langlie inherited the wealth and social position of her ancestors, yet their proverbial pride was not part of her patrimony. She had not a particle! She was excessively vain, insufferably weak, and exasperatingly selfish! She was also extremely fretful and nervous.

It was at the climax of her dilemma, and she was badly involved in debt, that Mr. Greene with his yacht, his carts, his tandems, his opera-boxes, and the other necessary adjuncts of a gilded youth of the period, appeared upon the scene.

He admired Lilian at first sight, and asked for her hand. We know why she refused him, and why she accepted him later.

So soon as Mrs. Langlie observed Mr. Greene's passion for Lilian, she regarded him as her son-in-law; and she did not hesitate to accept little sums of money which were proffered, nor did she scruple to intimate from time to time that further remittances would be acceptable. At length these little donations aggregated ten thousand dollars.

To be sure, this sum was but a drop in the bucket to Mr. Greene; but Mrs. Langlie was not so wholly lost to all sense of propriety and

decency as not to regard herself deeply indebted to her young banker. Hence the reason for saying to Lilian that she was, in a measure, in Mr. Greene's power.

Lawrence extracted this, and more too, from Mrs. Langlie without saying one word to the discredit of Mr. Greene, other than that he did not consider him a proper person for Lilian to marry. He frankly confessed his own love for Lilian, but said he had not the least hope that she would ever care for him. That his object was solely to free her from an engagement that was obnoxious to her, and that he would consider it a personal and immeasurable favor if she would allow him, through her, to cancel her indebtedness to Mr. Greene.

After a woman, so well provided for as was Mrs. Langlie, has accepted money from one man, it comes quite easy to receive it from another. So, partly to gratify the handsome young horseman, and partly to prevent a *mésalliance*, should there be anything wrong with Mr. Greene, she told Lawrence she would do as he desired.

When Lawrence reached his majority, he came into possession of thirty thousand dollars. This sum was invested in dividend paying stocks, convertible into coin at sight, and the principal had never been touched. Bob would willingly have parted with his last cent to have released Lilian, and to find that he could do so and still have twenty thousand left, was to experience a sensation deliciously satisfying.

When handing Mrs. Langlie the money which was practically to annul her indebtedness to Mr. Greene, Lawrence made two requests. First, that she would not regard it as an obligation. Second, that Lilian should not be informed of the transaction.

He did not object to her being told that he was instrumental in procuring her freedom; but his natural sensitiveness and delicacy revolted against her mother's selfish action, and he wished she might never learn the details attending her liberty.

Though Mrs. Langlie did not in so many words promise to remain silent, yet she led Lawrence to suppose she would do so. But before he had left New York, a registered letter, containing a check for the whole amount of her indebtedness, was speeding across the country to Mr. Greene, together with one addressed to Lilian, telling her the entire proceeding, and urging her to throw her *fiancé* over.

Consequently when Lawrence reached Furnish, Mr. Greene, who had already received his *congé*, was not in the happiest frame of mind. He instinctively felt that Lawrence's trip east was, in some way, connected with his misfortune; and the dislike which he had formerly felt ripened into bitter hatred.

Lawrence was rapturously annoyed—if I may be permitted this apparently paradoxical expression—when Lilian greeted him with outstretched hands and these words:

"How can I ever thank you? I know all!"

He rejoiced in her happiness, but was provoked at her mother's deception. He felt that Lilian, who was proud, sensitive, and honorable, might view his action as a means to an end; or, rather, that she might consider her indebtedness so great that nothing save her love and her life could liquidate it. And this is what he had endeavored to prevent.

"You have nothing to thank me for, Lilian," he says: "I have gratified a heartfelt desire, and am amply recompensed. I regret that you have learned the particulars. If you really feel I have done you a kindness, you may do me one by forgetting the whole affair."

"If I can show my profound appreciation and gratitude by never alluding to the subject, very good. But to ever forget it would be an impossibility.

* * * * * * * *

Though Mr. Greene, under the circumstances, could not deem it becoming to remain the guest of Captain Crumbs longer, yet he did not feel inclined to make a hasty departure from the fort and the scenes which were to him extremely novel.

Again, though Mr. Greene was heartily disliked by Lilian and Lawrence, yet by the other members of the garrison, especially by the officers, he was regarded as a very good fellow. He had the faculty of making himself extremely agreeable whenever he so desired, and since his misfortune he had appeared in his best colors. Mrs. Shotgun, who had promised to be one of a party to go in his yacht in September to the Azores, declared that he was immensely fascinating; and several others, too conservative to display their admiration, shared her opinion.

So, when he was sauntering up from the store with Digby, and remarked, "I must be getting out of here; I cannot sponge on Captain Crumbs any longer. There ought to be a public ranch here," it was perfectly natural for large-hearted, convivially-inclined Digby to reply, "Have your traps sent to my quarters, and make me a visit. You know I live and mess alone, and I should really regard it as an act of charity."

Consequently Mr. Greene's light luggage is taken to Digby's, and as the latter's guest we now find him.

The rift within Mr. Greene's lute—Miss Langlie being the lute—was known to three persons only,—Lilian, Lawrence, and himself. Since his first appearance at Furnish, Lilian had been alone with him very little; so the widening of the gulf was scarcely perceptible. In fact, no one observed it. They spoke pleasantly whenever they met, and none of the garrison, outside of those directly concerned, dreamed of the true state of the situation, save Sabres. Yes, Captain Sabres had a faint suspicion that something had gone wrong, and he had his eagle eye on the gilded New Yorker whom he styled "a dilettante

emetic,"—a combination as peculiar and remarkable as the worthy captain himself.

This move on the part of Mr. Greene greatly perplexed Lawrence. He wondered why he should wish to remain at Furnish after what had occurred. He felt that he had an object in doing so; and confessed his inability to get at the root of the matter.

"It may be to get me in some kind of a scrape!" he says, mentally. "It means something, and I must look out for him. He seems in no hurry to see me, however."

With such reflections Lawrence paced his chamber, vainly courting Somnus, and resolving to ask Miss Langlie a question on the morrow.

As he leaves his office the following morning, he sees Lilian, with her sketching-book and pencil, seated on the end piazza of the hospital, conveying to her paper the bend of the river and the cavalry herd grazing near by.

He goes directly to her. After glancing at her work he sits down beside her and says,—

"I want to ask you something which may strike you as somewhat peculiar. I may be able later to explain my reason for so doing."

"Well?" replied Lilian, fearing from Bob's strange manner that something unpleasant had occurred.

"Suppose," began Lawrence, "suppose that you cared very much for—'Pinky,' for instance—I mean Mr. Scott; or, rather, suppose you might care for him, would the fact of his being out of the army,—his having been dismissed from the army, but for nothing dishonorable,—would it affect your feeling towards him?"

It took fully a minute for Lilian to grasp the meaning of this somewhat involved and intricate question. When she had done so she answered,—

"Not in the very least! If I care for a man, his profession, his position, and his pocket-book are not even of secondary consideration. Circumstances may arise making it impracticable for one to marry the object of one's choice. Still, if the feeling is sincere and 'heaven-sent,' one's affection for the object remains unchanged. But what a very funny question! What can you mean?"

"Do not ask me now," replies Lawrence. "I fancied you would answer as you have, and I am greatly relieved. Work those two rascally fellows of the herd-guard, under that tree playing cards, into your picture. It will be a capital point for an article on the 'morale of the army.'"

And on the piazza of the hospital their morning is spent, Lilian sketching and Lawrence—who knows absolutely nothing of drawing, save to pairs and flushes—making impractical suggestions and repeating from memory numberless songs and poems.

Though the preliminaries of love-making are said to be so delecta-

ble, so absorbing, and so intensely interesting to the parties engaged therein, yet to a third person, to an on-looker, the whole proceeding seems momentarily amusing, ridiculous, or noxious.

A thorough woman of the world, who, by the way, was married, once made the following remark in my presence: "The most delicious sensation in the world to me is the first kiss of a new spoon."

This may all be; I do not profess to know. To experience that delightful thrill awakened by the first tremble of the lips, by the first touch of the hand,—which, alas! are forever afterwards powerless to arouse a precisely similar sensation,—may be, and doubtless is, extremely and wholly satisfying. But to read of such little episodes—to see in cold-blooded print all the minute details, all the sighs and thrills and emotions—is not, to the large majority, exactly interesting reading. At least, to be so it must be executed by a very skillful pen, and in a way as subtle as the odor of the wood-violet.

Acknowledging my utter inability to introduce in an interesting way these matters, I must beg permission to pass over the preliminaries and present Lawrence and Lilian as affianced lovers.

Yes, they had promised to love one another, until death parted them, as faithfully, as sincerely, and as sacredly as if they had been standing in "St. Paul's sacred walls" instead of being seated under the old cottonwood.

Bob considered himself the most fortunate mortal in the world, and Lilian was correspondingly happy.

Lilian's confession that Bob was her first and only love was strictly true; and he looked back to his *affaires* of earlier days—which then he had in turn regarded as the true and genuine *grande passion*—as ghastly counterfeits of the divine passion which absorbed him now.

They are both supremely, sublimely happy! and so jealous are they of their delectable state that they agree to keep the inmates of the garrison, at least for the present, in blissful ignorance of the true situation.

That same evening Bob entered the officers' club-room. Seated at a small, round table were Sabres, "Pinky," Digby, Trolls, and Mr. Greene. Each one held cards in his hand, and the stack of ivory chips by the side of each player and the few scattering ones in the centre of the table showed to one so thoroughly initiated as Bob that the fluctuating and fascinating army game of draw-poker was being indulged in.

As Lawrence entered, "Pinky" exclaimed,—

"Come in, Bob, and change this beastly run of luck! I'm winning everything, and it seems like robbery."

As I have before stated, Lawrence was passionately fond of the game. But he did not want to sit at the same table with Mr. Greene, neither did he wish to publicly insult him, especially as he was Digby's guest.

While he was wondering what reply he would make, Mr. Greene arose from the table and said,—

"His coming in will not affect the luck any, as I am going out. I've had enough."

There being no obstacle in the way, Bob took the seat just vacated and the game proceeded.

Mr. Greene moved a chair close to a stand near by, on which were different liquors and cigars; and it was noticed that he helped himself to each, especially to the former, with alarming frequency. This was particularly observed by Sabres, who now regarded him as "bad medicine," as our red brothers say.

The game went steadily and enjoyably on. Mr. Greene watched it, and from time to time made some unimportant comment. It was now quite apparent that he was considerably affected by "Weeks' lightning" with which he had been so recklessly toying.

"Hang the whole female race!" he exclaimed, suddenly, bringing his hand down on the table and upsetting several glasses; "I don't believe there is one faithful or honorable woman in the world!"

This remarkable and untimely expression of opinion would, naturally, have provoked some of the hot-blooded, loyal subalterns to reply, had not cool, calculating Sabres, by a contraction of the eye and an expressive grimace, implied that taking exception to the remark was prevented by the man's condition, to which it was doubtless due. At the same time, Sabres felt there was a motive back of it all; and, as usual, Sabres was right.

Perceiving that his remark was unheeded, Mr. Greene tossed off another glass and said,—

"Yes, gentlemen, that is my firm, unbiased belief. And there is one woman in this garrison who is pre-eminently the most unprincipled, unscrupulous, false——"

"I trust you do not allude to Mrs. Sabres," interrupted the gallant captain, turning in his chair and facing the speaker.

"Certainly not, captain," continued Mr. Greene. "I mean the wife of no officer—as yet!"

"Do I understand you to mean Miss Langlie?" asked Lawrence, dropping his cards and springing to Mr. Greene's side.

"What if I do?" was the reply.

"I demand an answer!" said Lawrence, now thoroughly aroused.

"Well, have it then," said Mr. Greene. "I mean the creature I threw over, yes, Miss——"

But the sentence was not concluded. Bob's large, strong, open hand came with full force first on one cheek and then on the other, and Mr. Greene's body swayed to one side and then to the other of his chair.

Bob immediately turned to the players and said,—

"I'm a trifle winner. Make a jack-pot of my pile, and play for it; I have something to attend to." With this he left the room.

A few minutes later the game was over. Digby arose from the table and, approaching Mr. Greene, said,—

"I am extremely sorry for what has occurred. If you will publicly retract what you have said, or even admit that it was the liquor that was talking, I will gladly overlook it. Refuse, and I shall not hesitate to tell my man to pitch your traps out of my quarters to-night."

"Tell him," was the reply. "I shall leave the fort to-morrow."

He did leave it, but not in precisely the same manner he had intended.

As Lawrence closed the club-room door behind him, indignant, enraged as he was, it was an impossibility for him to be insensible to the magnificence of the night. The moon was full and in mid-heaven; millions of stars were trying to outvie each other in brilliancy; not a cloud was visible. Not a sound was heard save the cry of the sentry at the stables,—"Noomber thray; twilve o'clock, and al's well!"—which told him that night was murmuring to the morning those exquisite words of Swinburne,—

"Lie still, O love, lie still."

On he goes, straight for his quarters. At his gate he encounters Captain Crumbs, who was officer of the day, and Miss Langlie.

"Is it not a superb night," she says; "I am going to make 'grand rounds' with the captain. Will you not join us?"

Bob's naturally pink cheeks were now pallid from suppressed anger, and they appeared decidedly corpse-like 'neath the glare of the full-moon.

"What *has* happened?" asked Lilian, as she observes the unnatural pallor and unusual expression of Bob's countenance.

"I've been sitting for the past hour or so in that stifling club-room," was the equivocal answer, "and I fancy it made me feel a trifle faint. Yes, it is a divine night. But I am afraid if we should all approach that French gentleman from Limerick on 'Noomber thray,' that he might shoot before challenging. So I will say *buenas noche, à la* Tucson's festive maidens."

Lawrence's forced gayety did not in the least deceive Lilian, and her suspicions were confirmed twenty minutes later, when she saw Mr. Greene leaving Bob's quarters.

Yes, Mr. Greene had knocked on Lawrence's door, and, gaining admittance, he said,—

"Mr. Lawrence, I am aware that army officers are forbidden to send or accept a challenge. Consequently I am here in person, to prevent publicity. But I hope you are prepared to give me satisfaction."

"Fully!" was the answer. "I understand now why you remained

at Furnish. Yes, officers are forbidden to accept or send invitations to fight; you probably informed yourself of this fact prior to this evening. However, if my plan meets with your approval, existing 'Articles' shall not interfere.

"Listen," continued Lawrence. "At dawn two private soldiers will be by that large cottonwood on the river's bank, in a straight line in rear of the infantry barracks. I will be there also, with two Colt's revolvers, army size. Every chamber of each revolver will be loaded. If you come, you may examine the weapons and select one. We will then stand back to back, and each walk eight paces, then turn and fire. Should the first fire prove ineffectual, we will approach each other, firing as rapidly as possible. The soldiers are to say and do nothing. I shall have them there solely as witnesses in case of death. I shall not compromise an officer by asking one to be present. Is this satisfactory?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Greene, and then he withdrew.

Left alone, Lawrence viewed the situation. With his hands thrust deep into his trouser's pockets he paced his floor and muttered to himself, "Of course I must meet him. Of course it will be found out. Of course I will be court-martialed and found 'guilty,' and in all probability the sentence will be carried into effect. But why should I care? Has not Lilian said it would make no difference? I like the old Fifty-fifth. I like the life and profession of a soldier, but her love is worth far more to me. I can give up everything but that."

Just prior to dawn Bob might have been seen crossing the parade-ground and entering the barracks of "I" Company. He passed down between the two rows of iron bedsteads and quietly aroused two soldiers, telling them that he wished to see them outside. Under the cavalry cape which he wore he carried two loaded revolvers. As the men emerged from their quarters, Bob approached them and said,—

"I have selected you two men for special service; I feel I can trust you. Come with me. Do as I tell you. Keep your eyes open and your mouths closed. Do not speak of what you may witness, unless required to give evidence thereof in a court of justice."

They proceeded to the spot designated and found Mr. Greene awaiting them.

Lawrence and Mr. Greene said "Good-morning" at the same time. The former then threw off his cape, laid the pistols on the soft, damp buffalo-grass, and, drawing off his blouse, said to his adversary, "Examine and select one, please."

Mr. Greene, following the example of Bob, removed his coat and picked up one of the weapons. Bob took the other, and then pointed to a spot where he directed the men to stand.

Back to back the two principals stood, then briskly stepped off in opposite directions. As the eighth step was completed they turned

and fired simultaneously. Lawrence's ball carried away a piece of Mr. Greene's ear, and he in turn was shot in the left arm just below his old wound. As per agreement, they advanced and fired. Greene fell, shot through the heart. Bob stood for a moment and then fell heavily forward, his right leg being broken between the knee and ankle. There they lay: one still and white in death, the other pale and faint from the loss of blood.

The two old soldiers—they were serving their third enlistment—stood and gazed at each other. They were "Frinch gintlemen from Kounty Dunegal." At length one said to the other,—

"That gintleman," indicating Greene, "has resaved his discharge. What shall we do? We can't let the *loo*tunent blade to death here."

"Let us go to the hospital and tell the steward," said the other. And they went.

Lawrence was carried to the hospital on a stretcher, and the body of Mr. Greene was borne to the same place in a similar manner. One hour later every human being in the garrison knew that a duel had taken place, and that Mr. Greene had been killed by Lawrence.

The commanding officer in person broke the news to Miss Langlie, and questioned her respecting the parents and relatives of the dead man. She knew that his father and his mother were dead; nothing more, save that he had rooms somewhere in New York and lived at his club. Lilian's mother and the president of the club were wired, but no further information was elicited. No civilian authorities were in the section to take cognizance of the affair. The post-surgeon and several officers performed the duties of coroner and jury, and they reached the conclusion that death resulted from a pistol-shot received in a duel, and fired by Lieutenant Lawrence. Two days later the funeral took place, and the officers and ladies of the garrison followed the remains to their last resting-place.

Lawrence's arm was amputated and his leg set; and the surgeon daily reported that he was convalescing as rapidly as could be expected. Some of the officers called upon Bob, and expressed their sympathy for him and their regrets that the affair occurred. But not a word, not a line did he receive from Lilian or from any other lady of the garrison during his long confinement in the large white building. At length the surgeon pronounced him fit for duty, and Lawrence repaired to his quarters. One hour later he was placed in arrest and allowed certain limits.

His first act was to call upon Miss Langlie. But she pleaded a sick-headache. The following day a copy of the charges against him and a copy of the order convening his court was duly served upon him.

It is unnecessary to give here the details of the trial. Sufficient to say that Bob was found "guilty" of accepting a challenge to fight a

duel and "guilty" of killing Greene, and he was sentenced to be dismissed from the service. Sabres, Digby, "Pinky," and others, who knew of the club-room episode, left no stone unturned to have the sentence remitted, but their generous action was of no avail. A small sheet of paper, to which the signature of the War Secretary was appended, was duly received at the fort, and it brought to Lawrence the information that he ceased to be an officer.

During the interim between the sentence of the court and the receipt of the order carrying the sentence into effect, Bob made several unsuccessful attempts to see Lilian. He was always met with some excuse, such as "out," "sick headache," or, "beg to be excused." When he learned that he was no longer an officer, he wrote Lilian a short note, informing her of the fact and begging her to see him before he left the fort. To this message from the heart he received a cold, cruel epistle, stating that she was not anxious to continue an acquaintance with a murderer.

The world looks upon suicide as an act of cowardice. Such declarations as "coward," "he was afraid to live," and similar expressions are invariably spoken of the unfortunate victim of the terrible crime,—if you will. But those who knew Bob, and had seen him in action, knew that such appellations and such epithets were not in the least suited to him. And those who have attempted self-destruction and failed can bear witness that it does require some little pluck, after all. It may be that Lilian's hideous behavior did for a time rob Lawrence of his proper senses. However, the next morning one of the herd-guard found him lying under the old cottonwood, where he had passed so many happy hours with Lilian. There was a bullet-hole through the roof of his mouth and a revolver, with one empty chamber, by his side. Poor Bob!

Six months later the Paris correspondent of a New York newspaper cabled a detailed account of the marriage of Lilian Langlie and Count Ferranti, "an Italian nobleman possessing large estates."

"So runs the world away."

EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

THE MARINES:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF LIFE AT A MARINE POST.

So many articles descriptive of army posts and men-of-war have been written that the present writer feels that something ought to be said about the marines. Notwithstanding the fact that the marine corps is the oldest branch of the service, there is very little known about them, and a few words concerning them will not, he thinks, be out of place.

The marine corps came into existence November 10, 1775. Authority was given for two battalions of marines to be raised, to be styled the First and Second Battalions of the American Marines. This was the first step taken in the creation of the United States navy.

At this time the corps was a separate organization; but on April 30, 1798, it became attached to the Navy Department, since which time it has followed in the wake of its illustrious colleague, the navy, and has participated in all the battles in which the navy has taken part, with others in which it has been engaged with the army.

There are so many different opinions in existence with regard to the duties of the marines that I have often been asked the question,—"What are the marines?" In answer to this, I will say that the marines are soldiers, their duties being entirely military. On board ship they give the vessel a distinctive military caste as a man-of-war. There they are regarded as sentinels, and at times have charge of the broadside guns, and act as artillerymen; besides, in time of action, a number of them are detailed as sharp-shooters, when they are sent aloft to the tops. At New Orleans, in the campaign of the Mississippi River, and at Mobile, they rendered very effective service by firing on the enemy from that elevation. When a fort is to be taken on shore, they are landed, and form the nucleus of the battalion.

In all squadrons there are about five ships: the flag-ship will carry about forty-five or fifty marines, a captain, and a first lieutenant; the second vessel, about thirty and a first lieutenant; the third, about thirty and a first lieutenant; and the fourth and fifth, twenty-five each,

with a second lieutenant; making a small battalion of about one hundred and fifty in all of well-tried, disciplined soldiers.

A military man will see at a glance the great assistance this small battalion is to the admiral commanding the squadron, for to it he can add the sailors from the different ships, and in that way command a large military force at a very slight notice.

Although the marines do not go aloft, except as sharp-shooters, they are good sailors: they know every rope in the ship, and are regularly detailed to keep sea-watches, and are conversant with all the duties of a man-of-war.

In September, 1872, Secretary Robeson, owing to the royal marines of England and those of other nations being very much reduced, in consequence of the building of iron ships, sent me abroad to find out what they were doing with marines in other countries. I found that they were very highly efficient in all the countries which I visited. In France the sailors and marines are all French, which makes a great difference in the discipline. Marines there are not a distinct body, and do not wear the uniform of the soldier. A French admiral, whom I met in Paris, once said to me that they could get along very well without their marines, "but with you it is very different, because in the American navy you have so many different nationalities on board your ships; you have English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, Africans, and you must have some kind of military force." He was quite right. And I think, on this account, that the very best material ought to be selected for the marines, and not only for this reason, but for another important one, and that is, the marines are frequently called upon to suppress disturbances in our large cities, and violence and bloodshed have frequently been quelled by their timely presence, as in the early riots of the country, and in 1858, when James Buchanan called upon the marines to protect the city of Washington from the native Americans; and in the numerous whisky riots, in which the marines have taken part against the foreign element; in October, 1870, when the colored people first voted at the polls in Philadelphia, enforcing the Fifteenth Amendment; and in suppressing John Brown's riot in Virginia; and in the labor riot in 1877; and on no single occasion have they been found wanting, either in a foreign or in an American disturbance.

On shore, marines are guards to navy-yards, and the routine is conducted on the same principle as that of an army post. They guard and protect the magazines and valuable government property, and act as watchmen, patrols, and orderlies, and are useful in many ways.

I only wish our Congressmen would look up the marines, and see how much both officers and men are worked with the small force they have, and give them a lift.

Previous to 1862 officers were appointed to the marine corps irrespective of age, some entering the service as young as fifteen and seven-

teen. In 1862 Congress passed a law that officers must be between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, be recommended by a board of officers, and be sent to sea for a cruise with an older officer for instruction.

On June 30, 1876, Congress, again referring to this subject, passed a law that the whole number of officers, both line and staff, should be limited to seventy-five.

By a provision in the naval appropriation of January 30, 1885, the whole number of officers in the corps, both line and staff, is limited to seventy-five. In consequence of that act, and the corps numbering over eighty officers at that time, no officers have since been appointed, except by promotions, to fill vacancies, and the number at present is seventy-six, so that the corps has merely reached the limit authorized by this act.

The field-officers are exempt from sea-service, captains and lieutenants being ordered on this duty.

The senior marine officer in a squadron (generally a captain) is called the fleet marine officer. In addition to his regular duties as commanding officer of marines on the vessel to which he is attached, he also has charge of all the rest of the marines on the other ships in the squadron. His duties and responsibilities are equally as great as those of the other fleet officers,—that is, the fleet engineer, the fleet paymaster, and the fleet surgeon. These officers, while fleet officers, receive extra pay and privileges, while no additional honorarium has ever been bestowed upon the fleet marine officer. It is proposed now, however, to give him the rank and pay of the grade next above his lineal rank, such increase to cease when he is relieved from duty as fleet officer.

Within the last five years marine officers have been appointed from the Naval Academy, and take their chance, with the other boys from the Academy, of the line and engineers upon graduation. So that now, within half a century, the marine officers will all be tarred with the same brush.

The marines have never recovered their brigadier-general that they lost by act of Congress, June 6, 1874. Since that time they have been striving earnestly to regain that rank, but without success. Although the corps consists of two thousand men, which is, in these times of peace, considered a very good-sized brigade, and although all the bureau officers in the Navy Department and in the army have officers of the rank of brigadier at their head, the marines have not yet been able to convince Congress that they should revive the grade.

Prior to 1861 the highest rank in the navy was that of captain, but it has now admiral, rear-admiral, and commodore. And it is the same with regard to the army, while the marines only have a colonel at their head.

Promotion in the marine corps is very slow: some captains have been twenty-seven years in the service without promotion.

There are only seven field-officers besides the commandant, and these are required to command the different posts; but, as there are twelve posts, some of the senior captains have to be put in command of them.

Under the present organization of the infantry regiments of the army, fifty men are allowed to each company, or five hundred to a regiment; and a force of two thousand men, in four regiments, officered by one brigadier general, four colonels, four lieutenant-colonels, four majors, forty captains, and eighty-eight lieutenants, a total of one hundred and forty-one, being one officer to fourteen men. Now, in the corps, with a force of two thousand enlisted men, there are but seventy-two line-officers of all grades,—one officer to twenty-seven men,—commanded by a colonel, who has but the rank of colonel commandant. The same reduction runs through the entire strength in regard to field- and line-officers. Besides the line-officers, there are five staff-officers appointed from the line. The adjutant and inspector, quartermaster, and paymaster have the rank of major, and these three staff-officers are placed permanently in Washington City. Besides these, there are two assistant quartermasters, with the rank of captain, one located in Philadelphia and the other in San Francisco.

The present bill in Congress, to equalize the grades of the officers of the marine corps, would put them on a better footing, although it would then only make eighty-eight officers, being fifty-three less than the first number allowed for the same number of enlisted men in the army.

If this bill should pass, all the posts would then have field-officers to command them, with an additional one as superintendent of recruiting. Recruiting is carried on in the principal cities, but most of the rendezvous are without officers, having a medical officer and sergeant alone. It would be much better if officers could be detailed on this duty.

Great pains are taken with the enlistment of marines, and, as a rule, the men are of a superior class. There is a general impression that the marines are of an amphibious nature; that they are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl; that sometimes they are to be found marching with the sailors, and again shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers; and then again that they are a distinct military organization, independent of either the army or the navy.

Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, rendered a decision sometime since in Washington that the military duties of the corps would be employed by either the army or the navy; that they were a distinctive military branch, and that the Revised Statutes and the act of Congress show that the primary position of that body in the military service is as a part of the navy, and its chief control placed under the Secretary of the Navy, there being exceptional cases where it may, by order of the President, be sent for duty with the army.

There was a prejudice against the English marines (which by some accident drifted over to us) that will sometimes result in disparaging remarks, casting unjust reflections on the United States marines. But this is generally the result of people not having a clear understanding in regard to the history of the corps. If these people would give the matter serious attention, and look up the record of the marines from their origin, they would see at a glance that they are the equals of their brethren of the army and the navy in every respect.

Besides the national colors, the corps has a regular flag of its own. It is blue, with the device of the corps embroidered in silk and satin, surrounded by an olive-wreath; the name of the corp is inscribed over the eagle, and beneath is a small scroll with the words *Semper fidelis* in gold. *Mare et terram* ("by sea and by land") is the motto of the corps, and the device is a half-globe, mounted on a gold anchor, with a silver eagle with outstretched wings perched on top.

The Marine Band is stationed at the head-quarters of the corps, and has a national reputation. The leader, Mr. Soussa, is an accomplished musician, and has brought the band up to a high state of proficiency. The band numbers forty-five musicians, and the instruments are all silver. This band has been the source of numerous debates in Congress, but is now an established fixture in Washington. What stories some of these musicians could relate of the brilliant receptions and levees at the White House, and of entertainments given by the highest-cultured and wealthiest of the land! To different administrations they have played for the numerous multitudes that have thronged the capital. And in the dark days of the Rebellion they cheered the hearts of the weary and distressed. President Lincoln has often, while sitting on the porch of the White House, resting from the cares of office, been soothed by the melodious strains of this fine band when they played in front of him on the beautiful lawn of the President's garden.

Besides the Marine Band, there are a number of music boys that are educated in music at the head-quarters of the corps and sent out as "field-musics" to the different posts. They wear a red coat, which is a handsome contrast to the blue uniform of the rest of the troops.

The marines came out here in 1862 to form a permanent post. The Secretary of the Navy received information that the enemies of the government were organizing to seize the military stations, including the navy-yard, and, in consequence, he detailed a force of one hundred and fifty marines, with one major, one captain, and four lieutenants, to form a regular garrison for the protection of the navy-yard. They left New York on the 6th of October, 1862, on the steamer "Ariel," by way of Aspinwall and Panama. On the 10th of the month, while running under steam, close to land, near the island of St. Thomas, Captain Jones of the "Ariel" noticed a vessel of war close to land and

anchored, with steam up, flying the United States flag. He supposed her to be a United States vessel. When about one-eighth of a mile distant, she raised her anchor and crossed the bow of the "Ariel," lowered the American flag and hoisted the Confederate, and fired one shot over the bow of the "Ariel," ordering her to "lie to." It was then discovered that it was the "Alabama." Captain Jones tried to get away, when another shot was fired, going through the foremast near the wheel-house. Then Major Garland, in command of the marines, instructed the captain of the "Ariel" that it would be useless to make any further defense. Captain Semmes then sent one of his boats, in charge of a first lieutenant and two officers, on board the "Ariel," with orders to arrest Captain Jones and bring him on board the "Alabama," to remove the steam valves from the machinery, and arrest and make prisoners of war of all the officers and enlisted men of the battalion of marines, and seize and bring on board their arms and accoutrements.

The first lieutenant of the "Alabama" ordered the marine battalion to fall in on the quarter-deck, which was done very reluctantly by the officers and men. They were then deprived of their arms. The Confederate officer then asked for ten volunteers for the "Alabama," holding out the most seductive promises in the shape of big pay and prize-money, and it is to the credit of the marine corps that, although many of these men were recruits, they all treated such propositions with the utmost scorn, and had it not been for their officers would have broken from their ranks and flung the officers over the side.

After this the "Ariel" remained in a helpless condition, when Captain Semmes of the "Alabama" ordered an engineer and a lieutenant to go on board and take charge of her, to get under way and follow in the wake of the "Alabama" to St. Thomas, with the view of landing the marines and passengers (of whom there were seven hundred in number), and then convert the "Ariel" into a privateer.

Upon nearing the harbor of St. Thomas, Captain Semmes hailed a schooner which was leaving the harbor, and ascertaining from it that there was one of the United States vessels of war lying there at anchor, he apparently decided on changing his tactics, and then released the captain of the "Ariel" from arrest and ordered him to proceed to Aspinwall, and thence by the steamer "Constitution" to San Francisco, where he arrived on the 31st of December, 1862. The marines he put all under their parole of honor at that time, and upon reaching Mare Island they were first quartered on the United States receiving-ship "Independence" on the navy-yard as prisoners of war, and were not exchanged until the following July, 1863.

The present barracks was erected in 1864, and is a building eight hundred feet long, and is well adapted to its purpose, with a sally-port in the centre. On the right, near the main thoroughfare, stands

the commanding officer's house. It is well situated in a terraced garden, in which such favorite roses as the Maréchal Niel, Jacqueminot, and La France bloom the whole year round. Directly opposite, across the parade-ground, are being built three handsome frame houses in the Eastlake style, for the accommodation of the officers.

The parade-ground opposite the barracks is flanked by the commanding officer's house and the officers' quarters, and is a large stretch of ground. Here the daily parades and drills take place, and in the evening the men may be seen indulging in the favorite national game of base-ball. Everything possible is done to make the men contented and happy in the garrison. They have a post-trader's store in the grounds, where all kinds of knickknacks can be obtained, including a glass of beer. In former times these stores were called canteens, and were generally run by the first sergeant of the post in behalf of some widow of an officer who had been killed in battle. The one in Philadelphia was held for many years by Mrs. Twiggs, whose husband and son, both of the marines, fell while gallantly fighting for their country, during the Mexican War, at Chapultepec. These stores are now regulated the same way as in the army, and post-traders are appointed under the same rules and regulations as those governing the army.

Attached to the post, besides the regular garrison prison, there is a naval prison. It is a one-story stone building containing twelve cells. Here very often men are sentenced by general courts-martial for a term of years. In the rear of the barracks there is a good target-range of three hundred yards, where the men are every few weeks practiced carefully in the art of shooting.

Mare Island possesses great natural advantages for a naval station; its geographical position is such as favors the employment of men practically throughout the entire year. The atmosphere is clear and exhilarating, and you do not have the torrid heat of the East, nor the cold blizzards of the West. The "northers" which blow off the land are very unwelcome winds; the old Spaniards used to call them the "sick winds." Even if they blow but for a day they parch up everything around,—the rose withers and drops from its stalk. This is the time for invalids and women and children to remain indoors, for they are liable to be taken with throat complaint. During the summer months it rarely rains; the rainy days from May until November form but a low average, and it is generally a very accommodating rain, for it mostly rains at night.

In the main building of the barracks there are nine large rooms used as dormitories, two of them being nearly one hundred feet in length by twenty-four feet wide, and the remainder fifty feet long by twenty-four feet wide. Each room is under the charge of a non-commissioned officer, who sees that perfect order is kept. Then there is a large mess-hall, one hundred feet in length, with kitchen and provision-

rooms attached. Quite near there is an oven for baking bread, which is of excellent quality, and extensively used by the officers and their families.

In the left wing of the main building is the department of the medical officer. There is also a very good library attached to the post; and in the other wing of the main building are to be found the offices of the commanding officer, the officer of the day, and the first sergeant. In this wing some of the officers' families are temporarily located, until new houses can be built for their occupation.

In barracks are to be found men of all trades and occupations: in walking around the rear of the barracks you will come across, in one corner, a photographic establishment, and in another a tailor's and a shoemaker's shop, while as for barbers, they simply abound. The barber is quite an institution around the military posts or on board a man-of-war, and he generally manages to save up a considerable sum of money.

So, it will be seen that a military post is like a small village: in its varied life throbs the pulse of activity, from sunrise, when the men are called to their daily duties by the beat of the drum, until the final bugle-notes at "taps" announce that it is time to retire for the night.

There are a great many stories told about marines which really do not pertain to the American marines, but come down to them from the English. "Tell it to the marines," is a big chestnut, and as old as the hills.

An anecdote is told of an English general of marines who was dining on board ship with an admiral. At the latter part of the dinner, when they were all feeling very jolly, there were a lot of empty bottles standing round, and the admiral called his servant, and said, "Take away those dead marines." The marine officer took offense at the remark, and asked the admiral what he meant. As the navy officer did not care to insult his guest, he said that he meant no offense, that he compared the wine-bottles to soldiers who had performed their duty faithfully and could do so again, and forthwith he ordered the bottles to be filled up.

The present force of the post amounts to about one hundred and fifty men, one field-officer, one captain, and three lieutenants.

The uniform of the marines is dark blue; the undress consists of a single-breasted coat—in summer weather, a dark-blue flannel blouse—and light-blue or white trousers. In full-dress the men have epaulets of yellow worsted, that look like those of gold bullion worn by the officers.

It is related of the marine battalion that when it was going down Broadway a small boy on the curbstone remarked, "Halloo, boys, here goes a whole regiment of colonels!"

The officers' uniform is somewhat similar to that of the men; the full-dress is very elaborate, especially the sleeves, which are almost composed of gold lace. The uniform, as a whole, embraces six distinct kinds. Cadets from Annapolis, when they are appointed second lieutenants in the marine corps, are appalled at the sum which they have to pay their tailor for their outfit; and they generally have to work off a "dead horse" for some months ahead, the said "dead horse" consisting in being indebted to the government in advance.

JAMES FORNEY,
Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, U.S.M.C.

CHRONICLES OF CARTER BARRACKS.

On the side of the bay opposite Carter Barracks, but farther to the south and the sea, near the end of a long, narrow strip of coast, stood Fort Fairfax. Land and water had striven for the possession of the vicinity, but the land was getting the best of it, as testified to by the town of Blackwater Court-House, with a plaza in token of early Spanish occupation, and an Ocean House of very modern date for the benefit of financial monarchs and consumptive subjects. Everywhere else the pines came down to the coast, charitably helping to cover the nakedness of the soil and preserve the germs of the oak and the beech that were yet to be.

This fort had lately received a garrison commanded by Major Matherby. His original appointment to the army had been planned in a feminine *tête-à-tête* on a background of music and macaroons, and ratified subsequently by the gentlemen concerned over their walnuts and wine. It was a romance of the sofa rather than a reward of service, while a system of promotion, due to death at one end and the academy at the other, had slowly hoisted him into his present position of junior field-officer of the regiment.

There never had been much for him to do, and still less for him to say, which could not be helped and was not to be regretted. But early in life he had married, and Mrs. Matherby completely rounded out his deficiencies, and the two together made one of the busiest men in service.

To Matherby himself was left personal attendance at muster and inspection, as well as the signature of the stated reports and returns and one or two other minor items, all of which he attempted in an uncertain, hesitating sort of way; but the police, supply, and interior economy of the post were superintended by the vigorous and positive madam. Her hand was not always seen, but it was everywhere felt, like the ache of an ague. Control of all kinds came as natural to her as fish on Fridays; and where the aptitude is, there should be the tools also. Boadicea and Ann Lee lose nothing in comparison with Caligula and Joe Smith. *Crepida ad sutorem,* or the slipper to the suitor, which is Cinderella, of course.

But in the matter of the manual, physical difficulties arise, as the

Amazons found. The higher the rank, however, the further the drift from implement to symbol. Jenny may not be able to carry a musket, but she could certainly manage a marshal's staff, barring its use as a projectile, after the manner of Condé at Freiburg. Promotion, therefore, continued to enlarge the sphere of Mrs. Matherby's genius, as she successively encountered and disciplined her various commands, until orderlies and officers of the day alike recognized only the energy and ignored the sex.

It seems but normal that a soldier should be a man of giant frame, like Nicholas, whose appearance was enough to subdue a mutiny, and whose stature found no horse that could bear its weight for more than an hour. Yet "the little corporal" is the account tradition gives of Napoleon, and O'Connell styled Wellington the "stunted corporal." Prince Eugene began life as "the little abbé," and Father Fred himself is presented to us on the terraces of Sans Souci as a "little, lean old man."

Parallels could be found in America without traveling far down her list of heroes. Of all these Madam Matherby had the advantage. Irreverent subalterns called her the Sixty-ninth Article, which resembles the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm. Others of a historical turn of mind knew her as the Royal Pine, for in colonial days the tallest of these, the drum-majors of the forest, were marked with the broad arrow and set apart for the king's navy.

Some weeks previous to the date of this chronicle a subdued exclamation from Colonel Peppercorn, as he was opening the morning's mail, attracted the attention of the adjutant, but nothing further came of it that day. Mr. Penwiper merely noticed that the colonel appeared both gratified and dubious, like a man who sips his champagne and wonders if colchicum and flannel will surely follow. The colonel had been ordered to detach a company to Fort Fairfax, and the selection was left to himself, for in the forgotten times of which we speak a post-commander in the matter of latitude was not so exactly deposited upon the equator as the advance in physical science has now enabled him to be. (It cost us some trouble to frame that sentence so that the inference should be neither obnoxious nor obscure, but we flatter ourselves it is done.) This detail had been expected, and, as service under Mrs. Matherby had its peculiarities, there was some anxiety to know who was to be sacrificed.

In official matters Colonel Peppercorn prided himself upon his freedom from any partiality. Aversions and preferences he had, of course, but he held them, he fancied, in strict subordination to the good of all concerned. Without doubt in its totality, the cosmic scheme embraces the reward of well-doing and the punishment of evil as the natural and inevitable course of things. But the cycle is a large one, and the temptation to help Providence along is almost irresistible, particularly in the smart of personal collision with stupidity and malice.

In spite of repeated disappointments, we nourish a belief in retribution, —so far as our neighbors are involved,—and if we kindly refrain from taking it in our own hands it is probably because we console ourselves with the certainty that Omnipotence must strike a good deal harder than we can, and that time will only give more force to the blow.

Colonel Peppercorn kept no black-list. Those who were disagreeable could be avoided, and to those who pleased opportunities could be given; but with both his official requirements were the same, if not always accompanied with his benediction.

"Mr. Penwiper," said the colonel, "look over the records and ascertain what company has had the fewest transfers since our reorganization."

The adjutant knew, of course, that this implied a rational selection of facts. Life is too short for exhaustive treatment of the past. For example,—and nothing clears up a general principle like a particular instance,—it is enough to know that there were such people as the ptero-dactyls without troubling one's self about the exact number of fingers and toes. Mr. Penwiper appreciated the colonel's impartiality, and did not propose that he should suffer by it. Most seniors of over fifty winters the young fellows have to steer a little, and the art of growing old gracefully consists in waving the handle while the junior members of the firm jiggle the helm.

It is specially the business of the adjutant so to veil the nakedness of things in themselves that they shall not offend the most sensitive delicacy, and, after careful examination, Mr. Penwiper reported to the colonel that Company A had undergone less disturbance than any in the regiment.

"Why," said the colonel, "that is Plussmore."

"Yes," replied the adjutant, with just that tone of regret which was decorous.

"Well—well—how singular." But the colonel did not seem inconsolable.

If a man has the cholera, he may be patiently endured, for there is a prospect of speedy relief, either by convalescence or the doctor; but if psychical distemper makes him a permanent nuisance, he should be put into a hospital and kept there. In other words, Fort Yuma, the Tortugas, and Washington Barracks are special provisions of the celestial bounty of which it would be the basest ingratitude not to avail ourselves.

Thus it was that Captain Plussmore in due time found himself at Fort Fairfax, with Mrs. Matherby and the major, without a protest on the captain's part, for which he was too much of a soldier, besides not being even a distant connection of anybody related to the administration. But he was escorted to the limits of Carter Barracks by the band and followed much farther by the sympathies of the whole garrison,

since they were not going themselves. Plussmore knew what to expect. It gave him no uneasiness, for he was slow to take trouble about the future, waiting for and dealing with events as they came along with a deliberate composure, which, after all, accomplishes as much as an outlook that, in seeking to grasp every contingency, frequently gets one into the fix of the boy who will not give up his handful of plums, and cannot, therefore, pull any out of the jar.

The captain expected trouble, but preferred to attack it from the rear. The subject has its difficulties and continues to bother better generals than Plussmore. To anticipate the enemy and not find him is like going to the wrong house on an invitation to dinner. But it is just as unsatisfactory to reach the right one after dinner is over.

A week or so passed quietly enough, until, one morning, Major Matherby left the post on a court-martial detail, thus putting the captain in temporary command. The next day he established himself in the office for a comfortable review of his last year's file of orders, which he always committed to memory, not so much for his own guidance as to measure the deviations of his commanding officer. Orders, regulations, and tactics constituted all the literature in which he took any interest, and in them he was as thoroughly at home as Bismarck at Versailles or fleas in Florida.

Considerable time had passed in this useful process, when, looking up, the captain saw over on Major Matherby's porch something that gradually took the shape the inauguration of President Hayes takes in the eyes of a Jeffersonian Democrat. Precisely what animal that compound is thought to describe we do not know, merely stopping to remark that Jefferson himself must have been more of a Federalist than any aristocrat in the Hartford Convention. General Grant was not remarkably fond of advice, but in view thereof hesitated about the acquisition of a single West Indian harbor, while Jefferson bought part of a continent and annexed it to the American Union on his own responsibility. "The least said about any constitutional difficulty the better," quoth our first strict-construction president. Just as creeds are made for Sundays, so party platforms are made for election-day, and *strict* construction is always reserved for our neighbors, whether in church, State, or Canada.

Then there is that other political curiosity, known as the Jacksonian Democrat. Now, the old hero professedly took charge of "the morals of the people, the freedom of the press, and the purity of the elective franchise," and ran every department of the government accordingly, —treasury and all. It remains to be seen what more the most bigoted monarchist could do.

But the longer the captain looked, the less doubt there was about it. Yonder they could be plainly seen, a dozen or so of his own men, with old Sergeant Tidd in charge, fetching and carrying as busy as

cash-boys at Christmas. Carpets were borne out, and from the back-yard came muffled strokes that told of their castigation. Here was a man with a chair, another with a table, and a third with a picture, for evidently Mrs. Matherby, having recovered from the fatigue of her recent arrival, was availing herself of the absence of the major "to settle down."

It is a pity that Captain Plussmore's range of reading was so limited. How naturally the scene before him would have suggested that African landscape

> "Instant ardentes Tyrii, pars ducere muros
> Molirique arcem et manibus subvolvere saxa."

The captain, however, did find a word or so to say. It was not "England expects every man to do his duty," nor "Forty centuries look down upon you," nor was it quite so practical as the exclamation of General Cambronne at Waterloo. It was an aspiration for a future state not calculated to be comfortable, and yet, to do the captain justice, as he watched his veterans rapidly bringing order out of confusion on the premises of Mrs. Matherby, he was conscious of a slight thrill of admiration for the enterprise that lay behind this display, and controlled it to such purpose.

"That woman would make a fine provost sergeant," finally sighed the captain, and postponed any further consideration of the matter until *retreat*, always preferring to yield room for the assumption that whatever happened was by his consent, or at least with his knowledge, rather than seem to be at odds with events. This is a short cut to a reputation for executive ability that the captain followed, more by instinct than choice, yet wide is the gate and many there be that go in thereat.

"What men were absent from drill this afternoon?" inquired Plussmore of his sergeant, as that official reported for orders.

"Nobody, sir;" and then the sergeant, seeing that a reason must have prompted the question, reflected a moment and said, "at least nobody but the detail for the major."

"Ah! Hereafter, sergeant, no details will be excused from drill, and, by the way, no details will be made except by order of the post-commander."

"Very well, sir," and the sergeant withdrew, not particularly impressed with instructions that seemed but ordinary echoes of the daily routine.

Next morning came, and the captain again sought the office and took up the pursuit of the day before. How clean and neat the Matherby quarters looked through the open hall and parlor, with the brass fender and candlesticks opposite sparkling in the sunlight. There was a faint glow in the background as though of plush arm-

chairs and frames of solid mahogany. The house-cleaning was over, except, perhaps, along the upper porch, where were still some traces of unfinished business, and the captain, like his predecessor, who

> "Sat on the stile
> And continued to smile,"

enjoyed the thought that the kitchen staff of Mrs. Matherby would have it all to do. After a while he became very much interested in G. O. No. 116, c. s., etc., which abolished sundry paragraphs of the regulations and substituted other paragraphs, demanding the very closest attention for the discovery of differences. It is always pleasant to add to our stock of knowledge, but to tear any of it away and replace by new material is seldom a satisfactory job. The foreign matter never fits nor feels comfortable. The scar is always there unsightly and obtrusive. After not a little pondering the captain's eye wandered to the window. May we be deaf and dumb if they were not all back again, Sergeant Tidd and the rest, working harder than ever, out and in through the upper story, under the eye of the madam herself. G. O. 116 dropped from the captain's nerveless hand and he started for the door.

Once upon a time Plussmore had felt no little pride in his successful management of the ladies. There were the company laundresses. These he had ruled after the manner of Rehoboam, enforcing cleanliness and good order and Spartan paucity of speech. But when you have control of the supplies there is but little trouble with the multitude, whether of amazon or anarchic proclivities. Through the rations and the quarters which the captain could withhold or assign he was supreme and could afford to be arbitrary.

It is annoying ever to be contradicted, but it is positively dangerous never to be. The result is an exaggerated estimation of self that gives you away on unexpected occasions. So the captain found.

Complaint had been made to him of the wife of a soldier recently discharged from his company but still living in the vicinity of the barracks. She was young and pretty and rather noticeable for a dove-like meekness that seemed to savor of the kingdom of heaven. But it was more than intimated that within all this sweetness there was mischief concealed like a steel spring that rounds out into a bewitching bosom only the lace and lawn of the milliner. The captain hesitated a long while, but ultimately, on a positive report of the sergeant, Plussmore sent for Duffy and told him he heard his wife was scolding and quarreling with the men, and that it must be stopped. Duffy did not resent the charge, but looked unutterable things, which the captain failed to properly construe. The complaints continuing, the captain grew tired, and resolved on sterner measures. Forgetting that the conditions were changed, he felt himself entitled to all the awe he had

previously inspired. But this was based upon the much meaner considerations of a ration and room, which had ceased to apply. Duffy's connection with the company now was merely commercial, that of a small dealer in vegetables and stores for the mess.

The captain sent him word to order his wife to report at the company office, and that lady put in an appearance. Thrusting her face through the half-opened door, she saw Plussmore at his desk and saluted him with, "Do you want me, sir?"

There was a snap about the inquiry and a flush on the features that would have warned a much duller man than the captain of stormy weather.

"Come back here in half an hour," was the reply, and he continued his work like a man that consults nobody's convenience but his own.

The ways of women and weather may be chronicled, not controlled. It began to occur to the captain that possibly an event was on the point of declaring itself. Resolving to meet it half way he called his orderly and sent him in search of Mrs. Duffy. Nor did he fail to note in the orderly's countenance certain gleams of expectation, as when a rustic gazes down the road after the chariots and horses of the approaching circus.

Mrs. Duffy bounced into the office without the formality of knocking. The captain picked up the morning paper and remarked, in his most casual manner, "Ah—yes—I wish to say that I am told you are in the habit of scolding and quarreling with my men. Now——"

That was the last word allowed the captain in this interview. After a prefatory yell, Mrs. Duffy commenced to dance round the captain's chair, leaping higher and coming down harder every moment. The floor shook and the rafters rang with imprecation in unknown tongues. The dove-like damsel was transformed into a harpy, and far over the parade resounded the screams of her wrath.

Nothing of this sort was down in the programme, and it perplexed the captain exceedingly. Thinking was difficult in such a tremendous din. He felt that he ought to manœuvre for position, like Braddock on the Monongahela, but the enemy was all about him, and he gave it up. Happily, he had kept his hold on the morning paper. "Right of Petition," in glaring capitals at the top of the page, kindly caught his eye, and he mechanically began to read while Mrs. Duffy jumped and shouted with fervent vigor, lost to all fear of fracture in limb or voice.

This was the very best thing the captain could have done had he tried. Nobody cares to caper for their own amusement solely, and very soon Mrs. Duffy, with a parting kick and bellow, flung herself down stairs, leaving Captain Plussmore the sudden owner of a wealth of information upon the tempers and *tibia* of the gentle sex.

Next morning Duffy himself came round, ostensibly to express his mortification, and, seeing that the captain was by no means angry, became sympathetic, winding up with, "I tell you, captain, she's a stunner."

Plussmore did not dispute it. He was gradually adjusting himself to the discovery of depths and variations in the female character that he had little suspected, which it behooved even a company commander to explore with abundant caution.

This antedated his contact with Mrs. Matherby by some months, and is introduced as explaining why, when the captain started for the door, in spite of G. O. 116, the memory of Mrs. Duffy's resources came floating down the stream of time, and he resumed his seat; not that there was any danger of a repetition of her performance, but that it might be sublimated into something far more delicate and none the less disagreeable. So Sergeant Tidd and the rest of the men over the way were kept at their task until the captain turned his back upon the unsoldierly exhibition and lit his pipe.

At retreat that evening he took up the subject of details afresh, and, after some circumlocution, elicited from the sergeant the rather unnecessary statement that a number of men were placed at the disposal of Mrs. Matherby, who, it appeared, had sent for the sergeant, and, being told that his instructions were to make no details except by order of the post-commander, Mrs. Matherby replied, in a way that forbid further inquiry, "You will furnish the men by the post-commander's order. Send them at once."

It was reasonably open to the sergeant to infer a previous arrangement between the lady and the captain, of which he had not been notified, and, on sound military principles, a man objects to be under fire when cover is handy. This was one of the misunderstandings that grow out of the inability of words to express intentions. The utterance covers the thought like the quilt of a German bed, leaving the larger part of the person liable to sudden changes of weather. Everywhere spirit overflows matter and finds in it very inadequate shelter. Words are but the drift stranded on the bank where the currents of thought have passed and found rest only in the ocean beyond.

So the captain drew his verbal conditions a good deal closer, "For the future, sergeant, you will take the instruction of the company commander before you furnish any men to anybody for any purpose whatever."

Now, discretion is a sort of moral india-rubber that is very necessary in taking up the sudden displacements and jars of life. It is better to scud before the wind a bit than to buffet obstinately through the storm at the risk of shipwreck. Orders can be made positive and precise only by those whose mental azimuth is of the widest

sweep. Trouble grew out of the limitations imposed upon the sergeant, as we shall see.

The captain was pretty confident that he had fixed things at last. But, after all, was not something due the sex? Had he not all the advantages of force on his side, and was it not ungenerous to use them arbitrarily? So the captain, in the kindness of his heart, resolved to call on the madam and make her a little speech upon the methods and channels necessary to the safe and orderly transaction of business in military communities, where time is of small importance and manner of the greatest. How poorly qualified he was to deal with anything outside of muster-rolls and morning reports is evident enough, and we follow him into Mrs. Matherby's presence with undisguised delight.

As she came into the parlor he rose and had to remain standing, as did the madam. She was too much of a tactician to extend hospitalities until the visit had defined itself as one of peace. There she waited, silent, with folded hands, and the captain, who was prepared to deliver his remarks under the protection and support of an armchair, felt the difference, forgot his preface, and plunged in,—

"Ah! Mrs. Matherby, I called to say that if you will let me know when you wish any of my men——"

"When I wish them I will send for them."

"But other things have to be attended to; there's drill, and——"

"You had better postpone explanations until the major's return."

"I don't think that would make much difference?"

Now, this was not one of the captain's select observations, but an involuntary tribute to the facts in the case, under cover of which he should have bowed himself out, as coming off a good deal better than he had any reason to expect. But he had not started in to explain things. It was his purpose to lay down the law and leave Mrs. Matherby no alternative but submission. Somehow the respective parts had become mixed. The captain stood his ground and resumed,—

"Mrs. Matherby, my sergeant has orders——"

"Never mind, captain, when necessary I will see the sergeant myself."

Clearly she was in possession of the field, and there was nothing for Plussmore to do but get back over the Rappahannock and call for reinforcements. When he undertook to resume the conversation the madam stepped aside and left him a clear view of the open door and hall-way, of which he reluctantly availed himself, and Mrs. Matherby bid him a cheerful "good morning," with the gratified air of one who has relieved a neighbor of great anxiety.

These things seldom turn out as previously arranged. All of us have at times sallied forth on benevolent missions of information and

reform only to find it a very perverse world, loving its own deficiencies much more than any of our superabundance. Even if we draw on our friends for sympathy we get it at a heavy discount, and as for any confession of wrong or mistake, the genuine protestant prefers to make it only to spiritual ears, not without the notion, perhaps, that they may be a little hard of hearing.

The next morning the madam graciously sent word to the captain that she should not require any more men for the present, to which message, duly delivered by the orderly, the captain listened in grim silence, and went out for a walk, partly for change of scene, but really because of that delusion of all sedentary men, that they must have exercise, by which they mean a compulsory turn or two round the square to satisfy conscience and stimulate digestion. Then they go back and feel entitled to smoke furiously for the rest of the day.

Rattling down the road behind the captain soon came a wagon, to avoid the dust of which he turned off into the pines and wondered at the flowers that found encouragement in that sandy waste, just as a woman will live on a smile or two from her lord,—if she can get them. The wagon passed and the captain began to realize that Mrs. Matherby was out for a drive in the post ambulance. Now this was something he took great credit to himself for being unwilling to do, except on authorized duty. Here, then, was more material for cogitation. "Public property is a public trust and in no case to be appropriated to private purposes," quoth captain Plussmore, and with this praiseworthy declaration he went home to dinner, sat down in an office-chair, and proceeded to eat his soup from a quartermaster's table in a highly virtuous frame of mind, so prompt are we to detect abuses in others that we fail to see in ourselves. Then the captain made a circuit of the post, including the stables, and discovered, to his great surprise, apparently, that the ambulance was gone. This compelled inquiry, of course, and resulted in an order to the stableman to allow no use of government transportation by any one without permission of the commanding officer.

When Mrs. Matherby returned the captain watched her descend from the wagon, feeling quite like Admiral Cockburn, for instance, when he saw Napoleon go over the side of the "Northumberland" on his way to St. Helena.

But the government of this world is a constitutional one, consisting largely of checks and balances. Chiselhurst was a partial atonement for Longwood, and when Queen Victoria bound the garter round the knee of Napoleon III. it probably alleviated for a moment or two the purgatorial pains of that particular George who delivered "General Bonaparte" over to the clutches of Sir Hudson Lowe. Could we look into the future with powers of vision as defined by the late Sam Weller we might see a German emperor suing for shelter some President of

France, or a ghost of the Hanoverian line materialize into the actual long enough to drop a dornick on Bismarck's skull.

It would be difficult to outline Captain Plussmore's astonishment on the very next morning when he beheld the post ambulance again drawn up in front of Mrs. Matherby's quarters, while that lady and the orderly disposed themselves therein for the usual ride to town. He even fancied that with his own two eyes he detected a smile of triumph playing about Mrs. Matherby's mouth as she drove past. That was, doubtless, a mistake. It was not the madam's way to waste smiles or words upon anybody. Years of authority had destroyed any desire to please and developed the royal port and calm severity of Buddha himself.

It is easy for a man to put his rank aside and so drink a mug of beer as not to be known from an ex-president, but Mrs. Siddons, in calling for a glass of water, was Mrs. Siddons still, and a major's wife, constantly assuming official right and privilege, pervades the command like the smoke of a camp-fire, and, whether she doffs her bonnet or dons her night-cap, the dignity—if nothing else—is there.

But how did she get the ambulance? Captain Plussmore proceeded to find out, sending at once for stableman McSaddles, who, called to account, simply said that the major's wife ordered the ambulance and he sent it over. Evidently he had never dreamed it possible to do otherwise, or that so potent a person as Mrs. Matherby could be subjected to rules and regulations. Such is the ascendency established over the male mind by the Queens Elizabeth that adorn this world, we can hardly wonder that McSaddles stumbled when Essex fell, and sent a carriage when Shakespeare sent a compliment. In fact, when reminded by Captain Plussmore of his recent instructions in the matter of government transportation, the honest stableman scratched his head and replied, "Well, she's been a-doing of it all along." Orders were orders, of course, but what had orders to do with Mrs. Matherby?

Captain Plussmore sent the unfortunate McSaddles back to the company and detailed Private Tugg in his place. This was a selection with malice prepense and aforethought. Tugg was known throughout the regiment as a "blamed fool,"—in other words, a man who did precisely what he was told to do, neither more nor less, so little respect has the popular judgment in democratic communities for exact obedience. Sent to town on one occasion to buy a bake-pan, and charged by anxious Mrs. Featherfoot to be sure it was no larger than the oven, Tugg came back triumphantly with a dish that just fitted that receptacle could it only have been gotten through the door. His instructions said nothing about a door, and he resented bitterly the scolding that was the sole reward of his long search and faithful measurement. Some small articles having been missed from coops and clothes-lines, the patrol was directed to arrest all persons not members of the garri-

son found on the reservation after taps. Tugg, shortly afterwards coming on post, promptly seized upon Judge Cokestone and carried him off at the point of the bayonet to the guard-house. The judge had spent what ought to have been a very pleasant evening with Colonel Peppercorn, and, mellowed by the '32 Madeira, was making the best of his way home when the vigilant Tugg bore down upon him out of the darkness, silenced all remonstrance, and drove him back up the hill to the fort, where the sergeant of the guard came to the rescue. But it was too late. The iron had entered the judge's soul. He forgot the Madeira, or perhaps recollected it with envious appreciation, and failed not to remember the lost rubber. Elected next year to Congress, and made member of the military committee, he straightway introduced a bill to abolish the army, and did succeed in cutting down the West Point appropriation five thousand dollars, and so kept a roof off the cadet hospital for two years. Clearly, with Tugg on duty at the stables, the situation cleared up, and Captain Plussmore was excusable for oversleeping himself the next day.

But Mrs. Matherby was promptly on hand. By her direction the orderly went over for the ambulance and encountered Tugg himself, to whom he delivered his message. The reply was, briefly, that nothing on legs or wheels could go out of the yard without the permission of the commanding officer. The orderly took back these winged words to his mistress. Without a moment's hesitation, or even a preparatory hitch to her bustle, Mrs. Matherby made straight for the stable. As her shadow darkened the door-way Private Tugg looked up, stood attention, and saluted.

"Here, you, send the ambulance to my quarters immediately."

Somewhat thus before the suitors in the hall of Ulysses did Pallas hold on high her fatal ægis,—

> "From the roof she showed it,
> And their hearts grew wild with fear."

There was nothing of the Bob Acres about Tugg, but he was mortal and he was unmarried. He had nothing in the way of tradition or experience to support him in this conjuncture. He was not exactly scared, but he fell to thinking, which may always be profitable enough for a Newton, but is of doubtful value for a soldier in his third enlistment. Had he been a brigadier he would probably have requested the order in writing, as a good thing to keep in case of accidents; but it is only an academic education that confers this degree of prudence. "Obey the last order" was all that Private Tugg knew of law, whether constitutional, common, or martial. The question of the right to give it, like the question of how many angels can stand on the point of a pin, did not lie in the line of his studies. Should he not report the matter to Captain Plussmore? But it is only the raw recruit who

intrudes upon his officers before guard-mounting. Perhaps Major Matherby had returned to the post the previous night. Doubtless this was the reason why, as Tugg could see, the captain was not yet over at the office.

Meanwhile, the ambulance was hitched up, and in a moment more Mrs. Matherby drove out of the post just as Captain Plussmore was getting up from his breakfast.

In every dilemma one thing is certain, whatever we do seems, when done, exactly what we ought not to have done. The ambulance had no sooner disappeared than it became evident to Tugg that he was wrong and in a scrape. In the quiet of the stable he turned the matter and the straw over together, until at last he permitted himself a remark which sometimes appears in sacred literature. Then he threw down the fork, walked slowly over to Captain Plussmore's office, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said that officer in the cheery way which is the natural result of a good cup of coffee and a sense of serious difficulty overcome by the combined effort of our own enterprise and sagacity.

Very soberly Tugg saluted his superior and said, "I wish the captain would order me to report at the guard-house."

"What do you mean, sir?"

Tugg repeated his request.

"Guard-house,—what for?" asked Plussmore.

"Disobedience of orders," and the veteran reluctantly presented his case. The method secured a patient hearing, and the captain was forced to admit that his flank was turned, his communications seized, and another campaign inevitable.

"Never mind, Tugg," said Plussmore, finally, "I will settle this matter myself."

"Can't I go to the guard-house, sir?"

"No. Go back to the stables."

Late that afternoon the captain also walked over there, took the linch-pins out of the ambulance, piled them on a brace in the storeroom, had the harness hung up in the same locality, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and went home to supper, with the expression on his face of one who had spelled down the whole school.

Private Tugg, however, had too deep a sense of unworthiness for any further endurance, and proceeded to rehabilitate himself in his own estimation by getting as drunk as pine-top whisky could make him, a thing he did not often do, but which he now effected with a thoroughness that was highly creditable. Consequently the stable sergeant found it necessary the following day to report the facts, and ask for a man in Tugg's place.

Lieutenant Rosebank was the quartermaster. His length of service was not such as to have particularly starched a character limp at the

best, and it must be admitted his official tether was very short,—so short that he could do little but pull at the rope, and that soon establishes a raw suggestive rather of rest and rumination only. If you want a man to lift his load easily you must allow him beverage, and Lieutenant Rosebank had none. Overshadowed by two such assimilative natures as Mrs. Matherby and Captain Plussmore, he felt that simple existence on his part was a satisfactory achievement, and at present attempted nothing else. In view of the need at the stables, however, he ventured to suggest to the first sergeant the propriety of another detail, notwithstanding his knowledge that this official was looked upon as the private property of the captain,—no more to be tampered with than his toothbrush. But the first sergeant fell back upon his instructions, which, as the reader ought to recollect, were as dogmatic as the Athanasian creed, and implied all its anathemas. No men to be furnished anybody, for any purpose, at any time—so the captain said—without his express sanction. And at this particular juncture Plussmore was not to be found.

Having the key of the harness-room in his pocket, and, as he supposed, Tugg being still on duty over the government transportation, quickened to the most vigilant discharge of his trust by condonation of the previous lapse, the captain, with a light heart, had gone outside to look up additional exercise-ground for his company. With a similar levity did the French start after the Hohenzollerns. For when the orderly, as usual, was sent to the stables to get the ambulance, nobody was there, and Mrs. Matherby's man was thrown upon his own resources, which were ample, else had private Snell never been orderly.

This individual was one of those general utility men sent into existence as proof of intended and necessary rifts in society. Wholly unable to do anything for himself, there was nothing he could not do for somebody else. The heart to conceive, the head to plan, and the hand to execute were all there in proper physical co-ordination, but the system was without living force or initial velocity. The impulse had to come from the outside in successive impacts, like the multicharge gun. By imported energy Snell could be wound up periodically, and then run as true as a Waltham watch; but, left entirely to himself, he soon slowed up and stopped,—stationary as a mile-post. He came into the world as a good many men go out of it,—without a will. Tugg was like a sledge-hammer, good for hard pounding; but the orderly was like a storage battery, capable of very diversified application. He already knew of Tugg's disaster, if he had not helped it along, and, finding the harness-room locked, was not at all surprised.

But he remembered, what had not seemed to occur to Captain Plussmore, that duplicates of most of the public keys hung upon the office board over the desk of the quartermaster. He also saw the linch-pins where the captain had left them, and attributed that rather novel dis-

position to some bewilderment of Tugg, laboring, perhaps, with the purpose of oiling wheels and forgetting it again, after the manner of bourbonized brains generally.

No one interfered with Orderly Snell. Things were put speedily to rights, and madam and the ambulance complete rolled out of the fort on one side just as Captain Plussmore returned by the other.

H. W. C.

(To be continued.)

DRILL AND CUSTOMS IN THE BRITISH ARMY UNDER GEORGE THE FIRST.[1]

AMONG my old military books is one which is little known to the present generation of soldiers, though its contents are familiar to military archæologists. The book in question is "Bland's Military Discipline," published only a few weeks before the death of George I. The author is described in the title-page as "Humphrey Bland, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel of His Majesty's Own Regiment of Horse," now the King's Dragoon Guards; it contains so much that is interesting concerning the art of war and the routine of the army during the early part of the eighteenth century that I have thought that an article on this work might prove acceptable. As up to the date of the Crimean War the standard and authority of the British army were respectively the Peninsular War and Wellington, so till the advent of Frederick the Great they were respectively the campaigns in Flanders and Marlborough.

When this book was written, the parade formation of a battalion of infantry was in six ranks. When the battalion was very weak, the number of ranks was reduced to four. The fourth, fifth, and sixth ranks were called the "rear half-files." Each man was allowed a front of three feet, and the distance between the ranks was four feet. Between the companies there was an interval of three feet, except as regards the "grenadiers," who were separated from the battalion companies by an interval equal to their own front. The odd men are directed to fall to the rear, "where the adjutant or the sergeant-major should immediately join them together, form them into files, and draw them up in the intervals between the companies." The companies, according to a plate in the book, seem to have been ordinarily composed of twelve battalion companies and one company of grenadiers. The latter took the right of the line, the other companies being placed according to the seniority of their captains. Thus the colonel's company, commanded on parade by the captain-lieutenant, was on the right, the lieutenant-colonel's company on the left of the line, the major's company on the left of the colonel's company, the senior captain's company on the right of the major's company, and so on, the companies of the two junior captains being in the centre. It would appear that after the

[1] From the London Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine.

odd men had been formed into files and placed in the intervals between the companies, the latter were closed on to each other. The ordinary formation of the battalion was, as I have said, six deep, but Colonel Bland says, "When the battalion is drawn up four deep for the punishing of the soldiers by making them run the gauntlet, the grenadiers are to do so too." The music was supplied by drums and "hautboys." The latter were probably the instruments which are now known as flageolets. The pioneers were styled "hatchet-men."

The battalion being drawn up as above described, the major ordered the officers to take post in a line two paces in front of the front rank, the senior captain on the right of the battalion, the second senior captain on the left, the third senior captain on the left of the senior captain, the fourth senior captain on the right of the second senior captain, and so on, the officers of the grenadiers remaining in front of the grenadier company. The colors were then sent for with all honor, and received with "rested arms," the term then used for "presented arms." Colonel Bland speaks of the colonel's colors, the lieutenant-colonel's colors, and the major's, "if there are three colors." The three colors were probably, in some regiments, survivals of the one color to each of the divisions of pikemen, and one to the division of musketeers. The next proceeding was to tell off the battalions into divisions, and to assign the officers to them. The number of divisions is not mentioned, but I find that when a regiment was to be reviewed it was divided into three equal parts, each of which was called "a grand division." Then each grand division was divided into three, four, or five subdivisions, according to the number of files on parade. It would appear that when the companies were first drawn up on parade, the files were at half a pace distant from each other, for we are told that after the assigning of officers to divisions, and the telling off of the latter, "the major is to proceed to the opening of files," and the author then proceeds to give the intervals and distances of ranks and files under different circumstances. Distances of ranks, for exercise or reviews, four paces; for firing, two paces; for wheelings, one pace. Intervals of files, for exercise or review, one pace; for firing, half a pace. For marching or wheeling the files are "almost to touch each other with their shoulders."

In opening files the men stepped off with the foot next the front. The files being opened, the officers took post in rear of the battalion. Then followed the "manual exercise," the major giving the word of command. The directions for "the position of a soldier under arms" imply that the firelock was carried at the slope, the lock being turned a little outward, and the toe of the butt being opposite to the middle of the body. The feet were to be at one pace distance, the heels on a line, and the toes slightly turned out. The manual exercise opens with the caution, "Take care." I shall not give details, but only mention that the words "tricker" and "rammer" are used for the modern

triggers and ramrods respectively, and that the words of command and the performance of a command are often very long. As an example of long words of command I give "Join your right hands to your firelocks;" as an instance of lengthy performance may be cited the acts of drawing, using, and returning ramrods. These operations required seven words of command and twenty-seven motions.

"The evolutions of the foot" comprise sixty-eight movements, concerning which I need only remark that there are no column formations, save such as are formed by wheeling divisions to the right or left.

A chapter is devoted to "Passing in Review." When the general reaches the flank of the battalion, the major is to "order the soldiers to rest their arms by the following words of command: To the front —present your arms." As the general passes along the front, the "officers are, as he passes, each to salute with his half-pike, and to take off his hat; the major and adjutant, being the only officers on horseback, were to salute with their swords." The following performances then took place: The manual exercises and evolutions, the firings and the marching past in grand divisions, subdivisions, or companies. All the words of command seem to have been given by the major. In maching past by grand divisions, the following was the order: 1. The grenadiers, with their officers in front, the major in front of all. 2. The hatchet-men in several ranks. 3. The staff-officers of the battalion. 4. The hautboys in single rank. 5. The colonel, on foot, and carrying a half-pike. 6. All the captains of the right wing. 7. The first grand division. 8. All the lieutenants of the right wing in rear of the first grand division. 9. The ensigns of the battalion. 10. The second grand division. 11. The lieutenants of the left wing. 12. The third grand division. 13. The captains of the left wing in rear of the third grand division. 14. The lieutenant-colonel. No place is assigned to the adjutant. The sergeants are to be divided between the different grand divisions, and are to march on the flanks of these. The drummers are to march between the third and fourth ranks of each grand division. The officers are to pass the general with their half-pikes lowered, and are to pull off their hats, but "they are not to bow their heads." The sergeants are only to salute by taking off their hats. When the battalion marched past in column of companies, the field-officers were to go by at the head of their respective companies. When the firing exercise was performed, the men of the fourth, fifth, and sixth ranks were to double their files to the left,—*i.e.*, come up on the right of the right half-ranks, the battalion thus standing three deep. The left platoon, or half-company, of grenadiers was then to place itself on the left of the battalion at one pace interval, the right half-company at the same time closing in to one pace interval from the right of the battalion. The battalion was then told off into platoons, seldom consisting of less than thirty or more than forty-eight men

each, the officers being divided among them. The platoons having been formed, "the firings" of four or five platoons each are told off, the platoons of each firing being dispersed throughout the battalion. The object of "firings" and of dispersing the platoons throughout the battalion was, for the first, to prevent the whole of the battalion being unloaded at once, and, for the second, to prevent any large part of the battalion from being defenseless at one time. In firing, at the word "make ready," the men are to cock their pieces, and the men of the front rank to kneel on the right knee, the second and third ranks to recover their arms, and the men of the centre rank to place their left feet on the inside of the right feet of their file leaders, their right feet at a little distance from the left feet, and pointing to the right, and the rear rank doing the same with respect to the second rank. "The placing of the feet in this manner is called, in military terms, *locking*." This sentence gives an explanation of the present term "locking up," in which, however, the extending of the feet is now omitted.

A strange evolution, called "firing advancing," is described by Colonel Bland, and seems to have been commonly practiced in his time. "Upon the major's ordering the drummer to beat a march, the whole battalion is to march straight forward, beginning with their left feet, and to move as slow as foot can fall." The battalion being halted, the first firing delivered a volley, after which the battalion made another advance, again halting to fire, the men loading on the march, this process being continued as long as it was thought proper.

Colonel Bland does not confine himself to mere drill, but also deals in an elementary way with tactics. In a chapter devoted to the conduct of a battalion when attacked by cavalry, we find that, notwithstanding the traditions of the power of charging horsemen, the comparative inefficiency and the short range of muskets, there were, nevertheless, some officers who were in this respect in advance of their age. That Colonel Bland should have been of this number, though he was a cavalry officer, speaks much for his breadth of view.

He implies in one paragraph that when only attacked in front they should receive cavalry in line, and in another expresses himself still more precisely, saying, "If foot could be brought to know their own strength, the danger which they apprehend from horse would soon vanish, since the fire of one platoon given in due time is sufficient to break any squadron; therefore, if a battalion of foot would manage their fire to the best advantage, and not throw it away at too great a distance, which they are apt to do, from their appearing nearer than they really are, by their being so much above the foot, they might baffle a considerable body of horse and make them desist in a very short time from any further attempts upon them."

When a square was considered necessary it was formed in rear of the line, a platoon of grenadiers being placed obliquely at each angle,

so as to prevent there being any dead angles. Colonel Bland claims that it could be formed in less than a minute in this manner. There seems to have been no idea of forming square from column.

In chapter viii., which deals with the marching of a detachment or battalion when there is a possibility of being attacked, occur not only many judicious suggestions, but also some excellent remarks as to the necessity of studying the details of the profession.

After impressing upon his readers that, provided an officer has done his duty, his honor is not stained by being defeated, but that, if surprised by neglect, "his character is hardly retrievable," he extols the dignity of the profession of arms and the motives which induce a man to become a soldier.

"The same spirit that brings us into the army should make us apply ourselves to the study of the military art, the common forms of which may be easily attained by a moderate application as well as capacity. Neither is it below any military man, let his birth be ever so noble, to be knowing in the minute parts of the service. It will not cramp his genius (as some have been pleased to say, in order, as I suppose, to excuse their own ignorance), but rather aid and assist it in great and daring enterprises."

It is interesting to learn that even in those days the Germans attached the highest importance to the training of their officers.

"Our great and warlike neighbors, the Germans, are so entirely prepossessed in favor of this opinion that they oblige even their youth of quality to perform the function of a private soldier, corporal, and sergeant, that they may learn the duty of each before they have a commission, and surely no nation has produced greater generals."

The following testimony in honor of William III.'s military qualifications will be read with interest, coming as it does from one who, from the conversation of old officers, must have been well acquainted with them.

"Our late monarch, the glorious King William, whose military capacity was second to none, was perfectly knowing in the small, as well as the grand detail of an army. In visiting the outposts, he would frequently condescend to place the sentinels himself, and instruct the officers how to do it. He was a strict observer of all the parts of discipline, and knew the duty of every one in the army, from the highest to the lowest; and if so great a prince thought it a necessary qualification, I believe there will be hardly any one found of another opinion.

"I do not pretend to infer from the above observations that it is absolutely necessary for our young nobility and gentry to pass through those little and servile offices before they arrive at a commission; but I think it absolutely necessary that they should apply themselves to the service as soon as they have one; for without they know the duty of those under their command, how can they pretend to direct?"

After some very sound instructions regarding van-guards, advance guards, and rear guards, the author gives his views regarding the main body of the regiment when on the march. I may here note that it appears to have been the practice to march by subdivisions with the captains divided between the front and rear of the regiment. Colonel Bland objects to this practice, and recommends that the marching should be by platoons and that officers should march at the head of each. It is urged that the men should not, when on the march, carry their tent-poles fastened to their fire-locks. The necessity of having flankers out when passing through an inclosed or wooded country is impressed upon the reader.

In "the general rules for battalions of foot when they are to engage in the line" we find a passage which gives the key to the infantry tactics of the day.

"In marching up to attack the enemy, the line should move very slow, that the battalions may be in order, and the men not out of range when they come to engage.

"The commanding officer of every battalion should march up close to the enemy before he suffers his men to give their fire; and if the enemy have not given theirs he should prevent their doing it by falling upon them, with the bayonets on the muzzles, the instant he has fired, which may be done under the cover of the smoke, before they can perceive it; so that by the shock they will receive from your fire, by being close, and attacking them immediately with your bayonets, they may, in all probability, be met with a very inconsiderable loss; but give them time to recover from the disorder yours may have put them into, the scene may change to your disadvantage."

As to the importance of a cheerful bearing by the officers, Colonel Bland anticipated Lord Wolseley's well-known remarks in the "Soldier's Pocket-Book."

"It being a general remark that the private soldiers, when they are to go upon action, form their notions of the danger from the outward appearance of their officers, and according to their looks apprehend the undertaking to be more or less difficult (for when they perceive their officers dejected or thoughtful they are apt to conclude the affair desperate); in order, therefore, to dissipate their fears and fortify their courage, the officers should assume a serene and cheerful air; and in delivering their orders to, and their common discourse with the men, they should address themselves to them in an affable and affectionate manner."

In the part relating to duties in garrison are several interesting passages. Barracks are spoken of as "caserns," showing how largely our military nomenclature is derived from the French. It is stated that at the general guard-mounting the foot guards are marched off before the horse guards. This practice had its origin in the custom—abolished when the author wrote—that in garrison the foot had the precedence,

and the horse in the field, which custom was carried so far that the youngest captain of foot commanded in garrison the oldest captain of horse, and in the field the youngest captain of horse commanded the oldest captain of foot.

Another most extraordinary custom of war existed at the beginning of the eighteenth century, which was, that if a detachment of less than nineteen men, sent out from garrison unprovided with a passport or order, were captured, "they will be condemned by a court-martial either to the galleys for life or a punishment equally as bad."

The following is the explanation of the custom given by Colonel Bland:

"This custom, I presume, is only to prevent a smaller number from being detached, who can only be sent to pilfer and steal, which is looked upon by all sides as an ungenerous way of making war, since it can only make a few people unhappy without contributing anything to the service or the bringing the war to a conclusion. It is likewise to prevent Party-Blevs, which are parties of robbers, who sometimes dress themselves like soldiers and plunder every one they meet without distinction; for which reason, they are always hanged by both sides when taken; therefore, to distinguish real parties from those, it is absolutely necessary that they should have passports signed and sealed by the governor or commandant of the garrison."

More attention was paid to the sick in those days than is generally believed. In each regiment in garrison there was an officer told off to visit the sick daily. Their duties were of a more inquisitorial nature than would suit the doctors of the present day. The visiting officer is directed not only to inquire generally how the men were treated, but to ascertain whether they were "kept clean," what medicines and diet they received, and to taste their bread and broth. In addition to this regimental inspector, the governor deputed one or more officers to visit the hospitals. Colonel Bland, however, not content with these official visits, urges the propriety of captains from time to time visiting their own men and sending his subalterns and sergeants to do the same, adding, "There are a great many little things which may save the life of a poor sick soldier, and which they cannot have but from their own officers; so that, unless they go to see them, they may perish for the want of them."

The part of the book which deals with duties in camp does not call for much remark. In the English army, when our author wrote, each regiment of infantry and cavalry furnished a quarter-guard for the former and a standard-guard for the latter, besides a picket-guard for each infantry regiment, a grand-guard for each wing of horse and infantry outposts. The picket-guards corresponded with the inlying pickets of our own day. The grand-guards of the cavalry consisted of from fifty to one hundred men, taking post by day about a mile,

and by night about half a mile, in advance of the camp, to give notice of the approach of an enemy. When that precaution was deemed insufficient, infantry outposts were thrown out.

The organization of the army in those days did not go higher than the brigade, which generally consisted in the infantry of four battalions of five hundred rank and file each, and in the cavalry of six squadrons of one hundred and fifty men each. Each squadron consisted of sometimes two, sometimes three troops. An army was generally drawn up in two lines, the cavalry being on the wings of each line. There was a commander-in-chief, a general of the foot, a general of the horse, and a certain number of lieutenant-generals and major-generals of horse and foot. A lieutenant-general generally commanded each line of the foot, while to each wing of horse one or two lieutenant-generals were assigned. The brigades were commanded by brigadier-generals. If the army was large, a lieutenant-general commanded a wing of each line either of horse or foot. For battle purposes, however, special arrangements were often made on the spot. In short, all the generals above the rank of brigadier-general were practically general officers at the disposal of the commander-in-chief, without any regularly fixed duty, except that of taking by turn the duty of lieutenant-general and major-general of the day.

Sieges were much more frequent in the eighteenth century than they have been in the nineteenth, and a chapter is devoted by Colonel Bland to the "Duty of the Troops at a Siege." In this chapter several curious facts are to be found. I find that fascines were six feet long, and that a saucisson—instead of being, as at present, a powder-hose—was a fascine sixteen feet long. The gabions, we are told, were of various sizes, but those ordinarily used were of a height of five or six feet and a diameter of four feet. A table of the special siege pay gives the following details: For making a fascine and probet, threepence; for a gabion, one shilling and fourpence; for a saucisson, six and a half pence; for a hurdle, eight pence. Each workman in the trenches had, per night, eight pence. Each workman employed on the batteries had each, in the twenty-four hours, one shilling and fourpence. The volunteers who were retained during the siege, for such dangerous work as filling in a ditch, or laying a bridge over it, two shillings and sixpence a day, whether employed or not. Wool-pack volunteers,—men to carry wool-packs, gabions, or fascines for making a lodgment,—when employed, received five shillings each. For placing and filling a gabion in "the demi-sapp," threepence. The working parties, though dangerous, were only reckoned duties of fatigue, not of honor. The youngest officer, therefore, was first on the roster for this duty, whereas in a duty of honor the case was reversed. For an assault, Colonel Bland lays down the following rule: 1. Forlorn hope of a sergeant and twelve or sixteen grenadiers. 2. Storming party of a

lieutenant and thirty or forty grenadiers. 3. A captain with two or three lieutenants and eighty to one hundred grenadiers. The above to be taken proportionately from different regiments, and the forlorn hope at least, if not all, being what was then called "half-crown men." 4. A detachment of two hundred grenadiers, under a major. 5. All the grenadiers of the army by companies. 6. The hatchet-men, or pioneers. 7. The guard of the trenches, followed by—8. Some additional battalions as a reserve. It will be noted that the grenadiers were, as a matter of course, given the post of honor and danger.

Possibly out of politeness, Colonel Bland being a cavalry officer himself, leaves to the last "The Manual Exercise and Evolution of the Cavalry." As I have mentioned above, a squadron was composed of sometimes two, sometimes three troops. Each squadron was formed up with an interval from the next squadron equal to its front, and in three ranks at "open order," which is equal to half the front of the squadron. "At order" means a distance equal to a third of the front; "close order,"—used when moving up to an enemy,—a distance such "that four men may just wheel round." "Close to the croup"—for charging—is as close as possible. The squadrons were told off by right and left files, by fours, by quarters, thirds, and halves of squadrons. The manual exercise on horseback consisted of forty movements; the evolutions mounted one hundred and twenty-five, and dismounted drill one hundred and seventeen, so that it is evident that a cavalry man of the reign of George I. had enough to learn.

I will conclude with a few words about the author. Humphrey Bland entered the army as an ensign of foot in 1704, but appears to have soon been transferred to the cavalry, for we learn that he served under the Duke of Marlborough as lieutenant and captain of horse. As a lieutenant-colonel he served in the War of Succession in Spain, and was wounded at Almenara. In 1715 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Eleventh Dragoons, and in the same year served with that regiment,—the Jacobites. Transferred from the Eleventh Dragoons, in the rank of lieutenant-colonel to the King's Regiment of Horse,—now the King's Dragoon Guards,—he was subsequently promoted to the colonelcy of the Thirty-sixth Regiment of Foot. From this, transferred to the Thirteenth Dragoons, he was, in 1743, appointed brigadier, and made colonel of the Third Dragoons. With this regiment he served with distinction at Dettingen, where a horse was shot under him, and at Fontenoy. At Culloden he commanded a brigade of cavalry as major-general, which rank he had attained the previous year. In 1747 he became lieutenant-general, and in 1752 he was given the colonelcy of the King's Regiment of Horse, of which he had been some years previously lieutenant-colonel. He died in 1763.

COLONEL W. W. KNOLLYS.

CALIFORNIA BEFORE THE ADVENT OF THE FORTY-NINERS.

MOST of the facts connected with the capture and the taking possession of California, in the year 1846–47, seem almost to be forgotten in these days, and the services of the master-spirit in the conquest of California—Commodore Robert F. Stockton, of the navy—scarcely remembered.

The public documents of that period inform us that in January 1846, Colonel John C. Fremont, of the United States Topographical Engineers, arrived at Monterey, California, on an exploring expedition, and he might well be called the first and foremost of the California pioneers. At this time General Castro was the military commandant of Monterey.

On the 23d of July, 1846, at Monterey, Commodore Sloat, after hoisting the American flag, relinquished, and Commodore Stockton assumed, command of the Pacific squadron, issued his proclamation assuming the command-in-chief, civil and military, and placing the country under martial law.

On the 1st of August, Commodore Stockton sailed for Santa Barbara. After leaving a garrison at this place he proceeded to San Pedro, which is about thirty miles distant from Los Angeles, then commanded and occupied by General Castro, with a force treble that of the invaders.

On the 13th of August Los Angeles capitulated, and Commodore Stockton took possession of the capital of California. In September he formed a civil government, and appointed Colonel Fremont governor. General Castro sent a message to Commodore Stockton, "that if he marched upon the town he would find it the grave of his men."

"Then," said the commodore, "tell your general to have the bells ready to toll in the morning at eight o'clock, as I shall be there at that time."

Commodore Stockton, with his usual punctuality,—especially when fighting was on hand,—was there at the time appointed, but General Castro and his forces were not to be seen: they had fled.

General Kearney, of the United States army, was attacked December 6, 1846, near Pasqual, and worsted, having eighteen killed and

fourteen wounded. A detachment of sailors, under Lieutenant A. F. V. Gray, of the navy, from the United States frigate "Congress," of two hundred and fifteen men, was then immediately sent by Commodore Stockton to the relief of General Kearney. They found him besieged on the hill of San Bernado, without water, provisions, or horses, and his men worn out with fatigue. Upon the approach of Lieutenant Gray the enemy withdrew, and the general and his dragoons were escorted to San Diego. A few months after, the Mexicans, with a vastly superior force, attacked Los Angeles and recaptured it. Commodore Stockton was at San Francisco at this time, and immediately set sail for San Diego, a distance of six hundred and fifty miles. An expedition was immediately planned, consisting of five hundred and fifty sailors and marines and General Kearney's sixty dismounted dragoons, to recapture Los Angeles. They started about the 1st of January, 1847. The battles of San Gabriel and the Mesa were fought on the 8th and 9th of January, 1847. On the 10th, Commodore Stockton entered Los Angeles at the head of his forces and again took possession of it. The same American flag which Major Gillespie had been compelled to strike the commodore ordered to be again raised. This decided the fate of California. It broke effectually the spirit of resistance to American authority.

It has always been considered that Commodore Stockton was the conqueror of California, and he was spoken of as such in the official documents of the day. The Secretary of War, in his annual report of that period, thus speaks of the events in California: "Commodore Stockton took possession of the whole country as a conquest of the United States, and appointed Colonel Fremont governor, under the law of nations, to assume the functions of that office when the commodore had returned to his squadron."

The Secretary of the Navy, in his annual report, says, "At the commencement of the war with Mexico the United States had no military force in California, and the conquest of that country was, from necessity, therefore, devolved exclusively upon the navy."

In another official communication he says, "In the Pacific, our squadron, with means not fitted for inland operations, acting independently and in co-operation with a small portion of our gallant army, effected the conquest of California. In supplying the deficiency of his means, and in preparing for and executing an inland campaign with the crews of his ships, Commodore Stockton displayed the highest military resources and the greatest energy. Since his memorable march from San Diego to Los Angeles, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and the battles of the 8th and 9th of January, 1847, that country has been tranquil, our possession undisputed, and its inhabitants have hailed the cession of California to the United States with grateful satisfaction."

A printing-press was procured, and Commodore Stockton, from his own purse, provided the means for establishing a newspaper, which he gave in charge of the Rev. Walter Cotton, chaplain of the United States frigate "Congress." Some little time after, Mr. Cotton wrote to the commodore, saying, "To you, sir, California is indebted for her first printing-press and for her first school-house."

Thus we have a brilliant record of the highly important services and successes performed by an energetic, patriotic naval hero, who contributed so much to give us California.

After these achievements, Commodore Stockton, at his own request, was relieved by Commodore William B. Shubrick, who assumed command of the United States naval forces on the Pacific coast, and who continued to prosecute successfully important, unfinished work left by his predecessor. He cruised down the Mexican coast, captured and took possession of Guaymas, Mazatlan, La Paz, San Blas, and San José, making a glorious finish to the services performed by the navy on the Pacific coast in the Mexican War.

JOHN J. ALMY,
Rear-Admiral U. S. Navy (Retired).

THE TRIALS OF STAFF-OFFICERS.

TWO YEARS OF COLLEGE DUTY.

It so happened that during the summer of 1880, while Mr. X. was attending a big reunion of war veterans in his old State, he was approached by an officer prominent on the staff of the governor and asked how he would like to be "Military Professor" at the State University, "beautifully located in the heart of the picturesque lake region in the centre of the commonwealth." Mr. X. had nothing in the world to do; he had attained the rank of captain of cavalry during the previous year, and been subsequently placed on the retired list. He had by this time a sizable and growing family to support, and was profoundly conscious of the fact that there was no trade or profession outside of soldiering for which he had the faintest qualification. He had naturally drifted back to the city that had been his home before the war days; but everything was changed. The university battalion came in to take part in the parade, and a very lively set of young fellows they seemed to be. There would be employment at least and a warm welcome from a large body of cultured and scientific men,—the Faculty,—said Mr. X.'s staff acquaintance. "Your father was prominent as a regent of the university from its earliest days until the war broke out," further said the gentleman. "He was warmly interested in it, and you are just the man they want. They are looking for an officer now."

It so happened that Mr. X. was much interested in the National Guard movement just starting in the West, as an improvement on the old militia business, and he had a chat with the adjutant-general of the State on the subject, and that officer urged him to come out to the capital and look over the ground. X. frankly explained that he could not think of it except as a possibly paying employment, and as Congress had before it a bill providing that retired officers might be, on their own application, assigned to such duties at certain colleges or universities, "provided that said college should pay to such officers the difference between their full and retired pay," Mr. X. proposed that if the regents of the university of his own State would agree to give him that stipend, he would move his family thither and be ready for work when the 'Varsity opened in September. The reply was that the re-

gents would not meet again until January, and nobody had power to promise any salaries for them, but that the executive committee was at the capital. Couldn't Mr. X. come and see them?

It was a blazing July day when, responding to this invitation, Mr. X. appeared upon the scene, was met by the adjutant-general, and escorted by him to the residence of the president. "You will find him a singularly dry, undemonstrative sort of person," said Mentor, "but under the surface there is a good deal that the students are much attracted by. I confess *I* don't know him at all." The president proved as dry as he was described.

"I presume you've come to see about the drills," was his salutation after the ceremony of introduction. "The regents have not said anything to me of late upon the subject, but I understand they are looking for somebody. What I consider especially desirable is that we should have some one who will get along without any friction between himself and the students, and one who can effect their being enrolled among the militia of the State." Here was unlooked-for spirit. Mr. X. had been given to understand that the president was a man who believed only in the *suaviter in modo* in dealing with mankind, who held decidedly Quakerish views as to arms and armies, and who had hitherto looked upon the military department of the university only as a necessary evil; and yet here he was, advocating the enrollment of the students in the organized militia. Mr. X. brightened up at once, and said he was pleased to hear it from the president.

"Yes," remarked that gentleman, "the militia get five dollars apiece to help buy their uniforms and three hundred dollars if they have an armory. Now our students have been required to buy a flannel blouse and cap, and many of them object. They wouldn't mind it so much if the State paid."

Mr. X. saw a grim smile about the bearded lips of the adjutant-general,—a war-time soldier of tried mettle,—and ventured to suggest to the president that he had read the laws of the State and knew that there were important duties and obligations required of the militia of which he was possibly unaware; but the president held up a thin white hand and gazed stonily in front of him as though he had no time for more than one side of the case.

"I do not know anything about *that*," said he. "What I want is that the students should get this money, and that the drills should be conducted without friction." And here the reverend gentlemen picked up a pen and looked distressingly anxious to resume his work at some manuscript. The adjutant-general and Mr. X. thereupon took the hint and their leave, the president vouchsafing an abstracted "good-afternoon," and unbending no more than a graven image from one end to the other of the brief interview.

"Don't mind his peculiarities," said Mentor. "He is deep in some

work on psychology just now, and hates to be disturbed. You'll find the regent more cheery."

We did. The next visit was to the chairman of the executive committee, and if "Prex" had appeared the quintessence of austerity and coldness, the regent fairly glowed with greeting and cordiality. He was delighted to see Mr. X.; rejoiced to know the university had the opportunity of extending a welcome to him; congratulated the institution on such an acquisition to its fine Faculty, and the "acquisition" on such accomplished friends and associates as he would find among them. "And then our city, sir, our lovely home, and our people,—cultured, intelligent, highly educated, and refined. You can find nothing better in the whole country, sir. It's a capital move you're making, capital!"

But Mr. X. explained that he hadn't quite made that move. There were pecuniary considerations. He had a family, no means, and small pay. He would have to move them hither and board, as he could not furnish a home yet. And what had the chairman to say about the six hundred dollars a year, the difference between the full and retired pay of a captain of cavalry? The chairman was large-hearted, beaming, most encouraging. It was something, of course, he could not offer or pay himself, but the board met in January, said he, and then it could all be readily settled. "There would be no trouble about it whatever," were the words Mr. X. understood him to say; and the moment "Mentor" and he had quitted the building the former turned to him and said, "Well, that matter looks most favorable."

Then we consulted the books. The university had eagerly, it seems, availed itself of the privilege accorded it by the Agricultural College Act, passed by Congress during the war, making large grants of public lands to such colleges as should offer an agricultural course to its students, *provided the college would also prescribe for its students "instruction in military tactics and discipline."* By reference to the treasurer's report it was found that one-fifth the total income of the university was derived from this agricultural-college grant; that the total number of pupils taking the agricultural course was *two;* and, as the rules of the 'Varsity provided that all able-bodied male students of the freshman and sophomore classes must "attend drill," the number in the "military department" was presumably over one hundred and fifty. A young gentleman just out of Cornell had been made Professor of Agriculture, and was about to conduct his two pupils through the mazes of bucolical lore to a knowledge of scientific farming. He was to have *his* salary from the fund. Surely, argued X.'s advisers, the regents will be glad to pay so small a sum to a professor with so big a department. Two more regents did Mr. X. call upon and approach upon the subject. They were profoundly civil, but noncommittal. All agreed that at the June meeting the executive com-

mittee had been instructed by the board to endeavor to secure the services of a retired officer of the army as "Professor of Military Science and Tactics," but no one of them saw fit to mention to the party most interested, even when the subject of terms was being discussed, that a very important proviso was attached,—to wit, that such officer was to be entitled to no compensation whatever from the university. Probably the committee was ashamed of its colleagues. Certainly Mr. X. would never have accepted the position on any such terms had he known of their existence; but never until nearly a year afterwards did he discover the truth; and in the mean time, in September, 1880, he moved his household to the capital city, within easy range of the 'Varsity, and began his duties. Meantime, two Western colleges had offered him a similar position with a definite salary; but he had seen fit to trust his fortunes to his own State.

It would seem, on looking over the archives, that when first starting its military department the regents had in good faith accepted the conditions of Congress; absorbed the two hundred and forty thousand odd acres of lands, and, out of the proceeds of certain sales, fitted up a combined gymnasium and drill-hall of inexpensive pattern; employed an officer of the regular service; required all students to attend drills, parades, etc., and provide themselves with a handsome uniform. The State, to help out, generously donated such arms and equipments "of obsolete pattern" or other qualification that rendered them worthless, and things began with a good deal of style. It was a new toy, and "the boys" took to it. By and by the drills waxed monotonous and "the boys" tired; then "the professor" grew aweary, and it would appear that after a while the military enthusiasm began to languish. But that fifteen thousand dollars a year of income from the agricultural fund was useful in paying salaries and maintaining other departments better patronized by students and less favored of Congress. To earn it, the 'Varsity stood pledged to keep up instruction in tactics etc., and now needed a professor. The army was being reduced and reorganized, and the vexed problem was solved. A West-Pointer who had served through the war in the regular infantry and had a bent for engineering and mathematics was induced to quit the service and come to this Western Athens as "Professor of Engineering and Military Science and Tactics." Little by little as he grew older he devoted more time to engineering and less to tactics, but they were rubbing along to suit the regents and the Faculty, and there were no "meddling old clams" of United States inspectors going the rounds in those days to see if the government was getting the worth of its money out of these institutions. Then, when Congress authorized the details of active and efficient officers and fire-arms and equipments to just such institutions, what did the regents magnanimously do but waive the claims of this, the leading university of the State, and turn over these perquisites—not

without some political or other consideration one may be well assured—to a struggling institution up among the hills of our western border. Military drills, duties, and discipline gradually fell into that "innocuous desuetude" of which so much has been heard. Little by little the consciences of the regents and Faculty had been lulled to sleep. They pocketed the fifteen thousand dollars a year without ado and disbursed it for the benefit of any other department; but the purpose for which it was bestowed by the general government was gradually forgotten. The Professor went the way of all flesh, and a successor was found on whom was conferred the honor of stepping into the chair which bore the most portentous title in all the university,—"Professor of Civil and Mechanical Engineering and of Military Science and Tactics."

That the new incumbent was profoundly versed in all that the name of engineering implied was evident from the start, and in more than a decade of valuable service has never been questioned. That he was entirely innocent of martial experiences and ignorant of military science he promptly protested, but was as promptly told it made no particular difference so long as the name of the thing was kept up. Seeing the utter unpopularity of "the drills" both with the Faculty and the students, his predecessor had gradually let the matter drift into a perfunctory performance of company or skirmish evolutions for the "sophs" and squad drills for the freshmen during the spring term. The uniforms were old blouses handed down like the sins of our fathers from generation to generation, and they, with the concomitant forage-caps, slid down a descending scale of prices and shabbiness until half a dollar would buy, but a dollar could not repair, the best of them. The new professor had a conscience, unluckily for him, and so felt bound to burden himself with the study of tactics and the instruction of the raw material that fell into his hands. He had a friend and adviser in the captain of an admirable company of militiamen in town, and between them they worked up a revival and actually had a few battalion drills. In his one year of duty the new professor had picked the department out of a slough of despond, but plainly saw that he could not keep it out and attend to other duties. And so it was that he went to the regents and asked for prompt relief, and so it happened that those amiable financiers authorized their executive committee to secure the services of a retired officer of the army, provided it cost them nothing. That the retired officer might have to support a family and himself while thus devoting his time and brains to their service was a matter which in the plenitude of their wisdom the regents considered unworthy their consideration: that was *his* lookout, not theirs. That in bestowing upon them so munificent a gift for the maintenance of an agricultural department and instruction in military science and tactics the government of the United States expected a portion, at least, of the sum to be

devoted to those purposes was another matter, which, while it might have appealed to them individually, did not occur to the regents as a body. What they wanted was somebody who would come there and do the work or keep up an appearance thereof, and make them a present of it. But, as said before, this was something Mr. X. never found out until long after. He went there, however, "to do the work," and he meant business from the start.

On arriving a day or so before the university term began, Mr. X. met the president, and after introducing himself, for he found that the absorbed old gentleman could not "place him" at all, he asked if he could see the arms, armories, etc., and was told he could, if Patrick was anywhere about. Mindful of his own college days and the importance of the deputy janitor, Mr. X. wandered around through the beautiful grounds and gazed out over the lovely view of dancing waters and wooded points; admired the location of the observatory, and marveled at the ugliness of the north and south "dormitories," but found no Patrick. There was the old wooden gymnasium, however, and a couple of Hibernians were patching up the roadway and smoking dhudeens in placid converse the while. Seeing the irresolution in the stranger's appearance as he looked around him, one of them hailed with a friendly,—

"Are ye wan of the new byes?" And Mr. X. was thereby made aware of the fact that all who enter here were not necessarily in their teens.

"I'm a new one," answered X., "and looking for Patrick, the janitor. Do you know him?"

"What d'ye want of him?" was the indirect response.

"To look at the gymnasium."

"Can't ye look at it with yer own eyes? Shure, there it is in front of ye. Ye won't want to see it so much a month from now, young feller. Shure, they've got a new prof. He b'longs to the regulars, bedad, and he'll dhrill the skins off your backs."

This was a fine reputation to start with, thought Mr. X. Then a tall, heavily-built young man, with an adolescent beard and ponderous gravity of mien, arose from under the trees and, putting down the book he was reading, looked curiously at the stranger. Presently he came forward.

"Did you say you were a new-comer? What course are you going to take?" he asked, and looked down at Mr. X.'s eye-glasses and thin face with benevolent interest.

Mr. X. explained that he believed he would take the military department, and asked the young man if he knew how to get into the gymnasium, at the same time giving his name.

"Oh! You're the new prof.?" said that young gentleman, ingenuously, and with a pleasant smile. "Somebody told me you were a

captain in the regular army, but"—and he looked doubtingly down at the "five foot six" of stature and smooth-shaven chin of the newcomer—"I s'pose he didn't know. I'm Mr. ——; I was one of the officers last year; but I s'pose you'll make new ones."

Mr. X. "fell in" with the situation and smilingly replied that he had given that matter no thought as yet. He would have to see and know more about the students.

"Well, I'll tell you, Cap.,—or Professor,—which is it? (Mr. X. endeavored to signify it was of no consequence; perhaps "Cap." would do best—for the present)—"you'll find our boys a first-rate set, and they'll treat you mighty well if you get started right. Only you mustn't be severe with them. Go easy, you know," and, to show the kindly and cordial spirit of Mr. X.'s future pupils, the young man begged him to sit down in the shade a few moments, and he would go and find Patrick. In ten minutes he returned, panting, having been away over to some distant fields, but he returned triumphant, bearer of the keys.

The gymnasium proved to be a dusty old barn in which some ropes, rings, dumb-bells, clubs, etc., were kicking about, and in a room that opened from it were over a hundred old calibre 50 breech-loaders, the heaviest known American make, being altered from the muzzle-loading Springfield of war days, calibre 58. There was an equal number of the old war-time cartridge-boxes, with brass "U. S." plate, and leather, brass-tipped bayonet-scabbards and waist-belts, all shabby and dirty. So were the forage-caps and blouses that were strewn about the room; and this was the equipment of the University Battalion.

Ten minutes after, still accompanied by his student guide, Mr. X. appeared in front of the main building, where some two or three young men were gathered about a gentleman who was adjusting a theodolite.

"That's Professor C——," said the student. "He had us last year. Come up and I'll introduce you." And, thanking him, Mr. X. was presented to the young professor, who greeted him with great courtesy; told him how glad he was to turn over a troublesome department to his hands; diffidently begged Mr. X. not to be "severe" with the boys, as they hadn't been accustomed to it, and cordially asked him to come around that evening and play whist. A friendship began right there that Mr. X. has valued ever since; he found in Professor C—— a young man of tireless energy and a loyal supporter in the troublous times that came. First impressions were strong, and Mr. X. was congratulating himself on the general run of the Faculty if they were at all like Professor C——.

Oddly enough, however, week after week, month after month, went by, and, though he passed them daily on the "campus" and met them constantly in the streets and about the buildings, "Prex" and Professor C—— continued to be the only ones of that accomplished and highly-

cultured Faculty who "would be so delighted to welcome him" with whom Mr. X. had so much as a bowing acquaintance. The new agricultural professor and Mr. X. had secured quarters under the same roof. The former was a bachelor, the latter a benedict. Some of the ladies of the city speedily called on Mrs. X., and some old friends of his father did the kind and civil to the son; but calling on a new addition to the Faculty was apparently not one of the tenets of the 'Varsity. Mr. X. incidentally met some few civilians who were interested in the institution, but they contented themselves with admonitions to him not to be "severe" with the boys, and presently it began to dawn upon him that the community was inspired with the idea that a young regular was a near kin to one of grim old Fritz's cane-brandishing drill-sergeants,—a something to be dreaded in a peace-loving community,—and this was before he had conducted a single drill.

It was an eventful morning, that of the assembly of the battalion. "Prex" had demurred somewhat at the idea of beginning drills that fall. He thought one drill a day in the spring term ought to be enough, but had no great objections to Mr. X.'s beginning now, provided it didn't interfere with other work. Recitations began at nine, and at the first general gathering of the students in the great hall the president warned the sophomores and freshmen to present themselves at the gymnasium every morning, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, at eight o'clock. It was about two weeks after his arrival that Mr. X. and his pupils came together in full force. Some thirty sophomores in their flannel blouses fell in under the direction of their officers of the previous year, and there were left about two hundred young fellows,—some swinging on the trapeze bars, some perched up in the windows, others lolling about the four sides of the old barn, and about a score of them squatted on a long horizontal ladder that ran the length of the building at such a height that the pendent feet of these "roosters" would easily brush off the caps of tall men passing underneath. Then the freshmen class was ordered to form line, and, having provided himself with a list of their names so far as the president could effect it, Mr. X. began to look them over. There were perhaps fifty-five who obeyed the order, and a bright, keen, intelligent set of young Westerners they were. Mr. X. had seen no less than nine "plebe" classes report at West Point, and their general average was, so far as appearance was concerned, considerably below what he now saw in the valley of the Mississippi. Setting two sophomore officers at work taking down the names, Mr. X. turned around to see who these other visitors might be. There were still over a hundred interested lookers on who didn't appear to belong to either class and who were taking in the situation with an alert and good-natured criticism, which speedily verged on the humorous, and became more and more audible. Mr. X. in no wise interfered. He wanted to study the students a while, and so, leaving the

freshmen to their orderly officers, he drew his sword and, calling "Company A" to attention, proceeded to see what they knew about the manual of arms. It wasn't half bad; but the slouchy carriage, the unkempt and shabby appearance of many of the young men in those venerable and baggy blouses; the way in which heads and eyes went turning about; the grins and salutations exchanged with spectators along the wall, were all matters that he knew would have to be tackled at the start. There was no room for marching, and after brief exercise in the manual and the discovery that they had never had the firings, Mr. X. bade them put away their muskets and come out and teach these freshmen their facings. Then the fun began and the lookers on took a hand. "Chaff," counsel, and criticism were showered in equal proportion. No instruction worth speaking of was imparted. No one of the "sophs" had more than the vaguest idea how to drill a squad, and it was all Babel and confusion when Mr. X. at 8.40 shouted an order to cease drills and reform their lines as before. There was speedily order among the military students and silence among the others, and then Mr. X. made the first speech of his life. What he first said to his pupils need not be recorded. What he then said to the equal number of spectators was to thank them courteously for their presence; to assure them that the lively interest they had taken in the initial drill could not but be gratifying to him and to the members of the battalion; that he was heartily glad they had taken this opportunity to visit the armory and see the command before it got settled down to business, and that he looked forward with pleasure to the next occasion on which they could have an opportunity of criticising the drill of their fellow-students, which would be some date in the year following, when an invitation would be sent to them, and until which date they would kindly understand that during drill hours no one would be allowed in the building but *bonâ fide* members of the battalion. "And we will begin now," concluded Mr. X., as smilingly and pleasantly as he knew how, whereat the spectators, in evident surprise and with some reluctance, but finally without a word, slowly took themselves out of the open door-way, and the gentlemen on the long ladders came sliding down from their perches, and, amid the laughter and jeers of the men in ranks, the "gym" was cleared and closed, and Mr. X. was alone with his charges. It was easy to see that he had scored one point in their good graces. Then he had a square talk with them, and the next day work began in earnest: Regular drill, 8 to 9 A.M., compulsory to all; special drill, 4 to 5 P.M., for those who chose to take it, open alike to "sophs" and "fresh" and to be rudimentary in the last degree. That special squad never fell below thirty-eight all winter long until its discontinuance, and started with nearly sixty.

The first thing Mr. X. noted was the large number of lates and absentees in the morning. Men who appeared at the first two or three

drills disappeared entirely from his sight, yet were attending recitations. X. went to the president to inquire if he had excused them. It was part of his programme to appear always in strict uniform when on duty, and to "stand attention" to the president precisely as he would to the superintendent at West Point. X. wanted to teach his pupils a respectful and soldierly bearing, always exacted of them that they should so comport themselves towards him, and thoroughly believed in the force of example. But it seemed to puzzle the president. He plainly didn't know what to make of it. He was always writing at his desk when X. tapped at the door, and, obeying his summons to "Come," entered, and, after the salutation "Good-morning, Mr. President," proceeded to his business. "Prex" would listen in an abstracted way. He couldn't account for it that these young men should absent themselves; he had excused nobody. If a student got ten unexcused absences in so many months it severed his connection with the university. He "would inquire into it and send them to Mr. X. to account for themselves." Two or three days elapsed and they failed to come. X. again called upon the president to make inquiries. More students were slipping away, and he could see dozens of young fellows loafing about the grounds while drills were in progress, sometimes the very ones whom he had missed. It always took the president a moment or two to get back to earth and think of Mr. X.'s name, and then his usual question was,—

"Well, what did I say I'd do about it?"

"You said, sir, that you would inquire into it and have them sent to me to account for the matter."

"And they haven't come?"

"No, sir; and I have reason to believe some of them are deliberate in their absence. It is demoralizing to the rest of my pupils to find that several of their number can stay away day after day unpunished."

"Well, possibly I forgot to speak of it. Who did you say they were?"

And X. would patiently produce his list, and the president jot them down. Then,—

"What you ought to do—a—Mr.—Mr.—X., is to talk to these young men beforehand; make them understand the justice of the regulation that they should all attend this drill, and the propriety of their being punctual and regular in their attendance. If a young man has clearly pointed out to him the rights of the case, why, then, it's his fault if he go wrong. If he doesn't understand the merits of the case, then it's our fault."

"I see," says Mr. X. "Now, may I be permitted a question, Mr. President?"

The president gravely bows.

"These young fellows are receiving here, free of all expense, an excellent education, which anywhere else would cost them several hundred dollars a year. The general government has largely contributed to these facilities, and as a return asks only one thing,—that the students should be taught military drill and discipline, so that in case of future war we may not be as destitute of drilled soldiers as we were in '61. Is this not the case?"

"I—a—possibly it is. I had not considered it in that light."

"I have so represented it to the students, sir, and early in the term. What would you have me add to that by way of pointing out the justice and propriety of their attendance on this duty?"

"Well, I presume that covers the ground. I will send these young men to you; and if they are absent again, just report them to the class officers."

Reporting to class officers, however summary and direful a penalty that appeared to be in scholastic eyes, only partially "filled the bill" as a measure of discipline. The Christmas holiday came and went. January and the meeting of the regents had arrived, and X. was determined on decisive measures. Up to this time all had gone swimmingly in the battalion. "The boys" had done capital work and were making fine progress. But with the Faculty Mr. X. was apparently as much "a cat in a strange garret" as he was at the start. One more acquaintance had he made, and that was all. The professor of the French language and his charming wife had called on Mrs. X., and the ladies were presently on terms of pleasant intimacy; but X. was morally certain that his efforts to establish and maintain discipline in his own department had few supporters in the Faculty at large, where for years "the drill" had been regarded solely as a necessary evil. It was evident, too, that the president looked upon the head of the department as some sort of a drill-sergeant, and not at all as a member of the Faculty. This august body met every Monday afternoon, and all professors and assistants there assembled and meted out punishments to delinquents and discussed the rights and wrongs of each of the twenty-odd departments of instruction; but, though his was the biggest in point of members attending at any one hour, Mr. X. was not bidden to the council, and there was no one to represent his views. On one or two occasions of social importance, too, where the president had bidden his associates to rally around him, Mr. X. was the only one left out. He did not attribute it to malice, but ignorance, and proposed to settle it his own way.

When the regents adjourned the president of the board met Mr. X. and hailed him as "Professor" with a hearty shake of the hand and words of high commendation on the great improvement in the drill and discipline of the students. "We established the Chair of Military Science and Tactics to-day, and unanimously elected you to fill it."

"And how about the salary?" asked the unappreciative Mr. X.

"Well, the board wouldn't listen to that. They think—several of them—that as the government compels us to keep up this instruction, it and not we should furnish the instructor."

And that is the way matters stood at the opening of the new year. It may be supposed that Mr. X. would quit in disgust, but he didn't. He had made up his mind the whole Faculty, from the president down, should be taught to respect that long-abused department, and he meant that sooner or later the board of regents should pay that money. The tussle began with the first meeting of the Faculty, when X. took his seat as "the new professor."

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING,
U.S.A.

(To be continued.)

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of "The United Service" are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

The Home of William Penn.

PENNSBURY was the American country home of William Penn,—and yet how few persons among the three millions of Pennsylvanians ever heard of Pennsbury; and what number, recognizing the name, have ever given it a second thought, though it be a spot worthy of a pilgrimage, not only to the historian and antiquarian, but to every patriotic American, for it was the cherished rural home of the proprietary governor.

The style of the establishment, as he possessed it, can best be judged by the character of the man; for whatever sentiment we have for the place is consequent upon our exalted ideal of its first owner; and a moment's review of the qualities of the founder may not be out of place.

Penn, though the most prominent Quaker of his day, was a far different man from the straight-laced funereal fossils of the present age, for he was a man of the world, full of energy and fire,—indeed, he was far above the ordinary calibre of even the leaders of his day. The son of England's greatest admiral, he was reared in affluence, the companion of English and French courtiers, and trained in all the arts and graces of the age. He was a hard student at Oxford; had an exceptional memory, reading equally well French, German, Dutch, Italian, Greek, and Latin, possessing an excellent knowledge of history and theology, and was a voluminous writer on social and religious subjects. As a young man, he was a graceful and daring horseman, an expert swordsman and oarsman, an athlete in all things. He was a soldier, serving two years in the army of Louis XIV., afterwards on the naval staff of his father, and subsequently as an aide to Lord Arran. He possessed most courtly manners, which, with grace of carriage and speech, he always retained. He had a gentle spirit and was a loving father.

Having as a courtier and as a soldier abundant opportunities to become familiar with the vices, debauchery, and corruption of society, he openly declared against them; and became one of the leaders in a new crusade, a movement so unpopular that its advocacy brought to him several imprisonments, once for a period of six months.

Growing restive under his surroundings, he turned to America, then offering a refuge for the religious and politically oppressed, and he rested not till he had established a colony and laid here those foundations upon which has been built this great commonwealth. He became absolute proprietor of the entire province of Pennsylvania, holding it by charter from Charles II., under date of 24th February, 1681, the charter being given in settlement for a claim of sixteen thousand pounds due his father's estate. The lands of the province he sold to settlers at fourpence per acre.

Penn's first city home, the "Lætitia House," now removed and standing in Fairmount Park (the first house in Philadelphia possessing a cellar), stood upon an open area extending to the river bank, the grounds embellished with original forest-trees; afterwards he removed to a more commodious mansion. But it was amid rural scenes he loved to dwell, and it was upon the subject of the erection of his country house at Pennsbury he was most enthusiastic. Here, on the Delaware River, twenty miles above Philadelphia, he erected in 1682–83 a manor house, possibly the largest and most ornate of any of the early provin-

cial residences. It was currently styled the "Palace," and, according to Penn's own report, cost him seven thousand pounds, equal to one hundred thousand dollars at this day. Unfortunately, by reason of a faulty roof-construction, rain played havoc with the timbers, necessitating rebuilding just prior to the Revolution. With this in view, the mansion was pulled down; but the war came on, and confiscation followed. The other structures have long since been removed, the last—the brew-house—being pulled down in 1866. No vestige of his possessions are remaining except the land itself.

The wooden frame and all the iron work of the manor house was brought from England, though the walls were of brick, and of a dimension of sixty feet front by thirty-five deep, and two stories high, crowned with a red tile roof. A covered portico, extending along the entire front, gave dignity to the structure and magnified its proportions. Detached buildings—erected for kitchen, wash-house, bake-house, brew-house, and other offices—were on the flanks of the main building. The stable, in the rear, afforded accommodation for twelve horses. No mean house was this. Penn's instructions, in one of his letters to his manager, were, "Pray don't let the fronts be common."

The furniture was brought from England, and was of the best. He did not appreciate straight-backed chairs, issuing orders at one time that the benches for the portico should be fitted for cushions and made comfortable. From the manor house down to the river was laid out a lawn with terraces and an avenue of poplar-trees. In one of his letters he said, "Let my children be husbandmen and housewives, as a country life and estate I like best."

He passed to and from Philadelphia in a six-oared barge, handsomely upholstered, and in all things carried himself worthy of the gubernatorial position.

Shall the traditions of Pennsbury be allowed to pass into obscurity,—certainly some day to be regretted? As one of the impulses arising from the intellectual development of any race is a reverence for its early historical period, an effort to preserve its early traditions and antiquities, would it not be entirely becoming in the State to possess the old home, for should not the memory of this man be honored by the State? True, Penn was not a good financier, possibly not a good politician, and got into no end of trouble with his deputy governors, money-lenders, stewards, and other managers. These people, both in America and England, took advantage of his frequent absence, and went through him badly, bringing him both political and financial injury. He spent freely in developing the affairs of the province, saying, in one letter, that his outlays were far in excess of those of Lord Baltimore; but, as is always the case, some people were envious, others ungrateful, others deceitful and dishonest. Our legislature should no less honor him than Parliament, which august body, in 1790, granted an annuity of four thousand pounds to his grandson, John Penn, when he lost the proprietorship through the act of confiscation by the Pennsylvania Legislature. This same John Penn built Pennsylvania Castle, on the coast of Dorsetshire, where are yet preserved many interesting relics of this State collected by Penn and his descendants. State pride should prompt every Pennsylvanian to support actively a project to purchase Pennsbury, and it is a pleasure to record that such a movement is now on foot, and is well received.

BURNET LANDRETH.

A Queen's Thoughts.

In a charming paper entitled "Les Pensées d'une Reine," M. Louis Ulbach presented the readers of *La Nouvelle Revue*, some time ago, to a new aspirant for literary fame. This was no less distinguished a personage than Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, who, under the *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva, has published several exquisite volumes of prose and verse in her native German. The *pensées*, however, are in French, "the language, *par excellence*, of epigram;" and while their translation involves many subtle difficulties and lack of space prevents their complete rendition, the following have been selected in the hope that they will not suffer beyond recognition by such rude change, and may possess an interest for the purely English reader. A recent writer says of them: "In my opinion they are quite the best work the queen has done, and, had she written nothing else, would have given her a standing as an author. They are most remarkable, revealing acute insight, wide range of intellectual

capacity, a broad background of ripe thought." And M. Ulbach introduces his subject with this admirable tribute to their illustrious composer: "Behold the thoughts of a woman, of a queen. I am tempted to say, of a true woman, of a veritable queen, so highly do their grace and plenitude of sentiment evince the intensity of feminine faculties; so abundantly do their active melancholy, their genuine and unswerving kindliness, their simple and noble dignity, proclaim royal intelligence and virtues."—H. R. LEMLY, U.S.A.

"Man's honor bears armor and mace; woman's has but zephyrs and perfumes."

"The child breaks its plaything to see what there is within."

"Man is a violin. It is only when the last string is broken that it becomes a bit of wood."

"There are people who have the horns of a bull with which to defend themselves; there are others who have only the horns of a snail."

"Distrust a man who has the air of doubting your domestic happiness."

"Woman must submit to love, endure child-birth, share your cares, direct your household, bring up your family, be pretty and amiable to boot. Then, what were you saying of her weakness just now?"

"In giving herself, woman believes she is giving a world, and man that he has received a plaything; woman thinks she has bestowed an eternity, and man that he has accepted the pleasure of a moment."

"Perhaps the great sensitiveness of women springs from the superfluity of magnetism in their system. They are living magnetic needles, ever pointing towards their pole; but the variations are frequent."

"The fallen woman only sees in the virtuous a mirror which discovers her wrinkles,—she would break it with rage."

"Your wife has brought dishonor upon your home? Perhaps in marrying her you have been the first to dishonor her."

"A woman often utters a bold thought, but she recoils, affrighted, if taken at her word."

"The woman of the world with difficulty remains the wife of her husband."

"Coquetry is not always a bait; it is sometimes a buckler."

"The nightingale uttering the cries of the peacock,—behold an angry woman."

"A woman is stoned to death for an act which may be committed by a perfectly upright man."

"Women especially combat in their children the faults of their husband and family."

"Man destroys by goring, like the bull, or by clawing, like the bear; woman, by biting, like the mouse, or by coiling, like the serpent."

"Men study woman as they study the barometer; but they never comprehend more than the morrow."

"Women in labor and artists suffer mortal anguish. We pay dearly when we meddle with creating."

"It is because of egotism that men have made more severe laws for woman, without suspecting that by such means they elevate her above themselves."

"A wife's virtue must often be very great, since it has to suffice for two."

"The offspring of love are generally beautiful and intelligent. What a reflection upon our model households?"

"An unhappy love is, for the man, a pretext for pleasure without love."

"Pardon is almost indifference; we do not pardon when we love."

"Love is like the squirrel, bold and timid at the same time."

"The lover is like the ostrich, he believes he is unseen when he sees nobody."

"The adulterer is pardoned when his bastard is a genius."

"Maternal love is an instinct; but there are instincts which savor of divinity."

"The jealousy of your lover is an homage; of your husband an offence."

"Between husband and wife there should always be contrived a bit of courtship."

"Consolations often fall upon the heart like drops of water in hot butter. They make it crepitate and sputter."

"There is but one happiness: Duty."

"There is but one consolation: Labor."

"There is but one enjoyment: The beautiful."

"Happiness is like the echo; it answers you, but it will not come."

"As soon as our happiness appears illusory, we are rabid to destroy it."

"Is the calm you have acquired a proof of increasing strength, or of increasing weakness?"

"The combination of a hundred leaves, colored and perfumed, is necessary to make a rose; the union of many joys, to produce happiness."

"Is misfortune born of imprudence, or are we imprudent because predestined to misfortune?"

"A great misfortune lends grandeur even to an insignificant thing."

"Misfortune is like the hydra of Lerna; but we gain nothing by playing Hercules."

"Sorrow is our most faithful friend. It always returns."

"Often it changes its dress and even its form; but we easily recognize it by its cordial and intimate embrace."

"Sorrow is a heavy plow, guided by an iron hand. The more ungrateful and rebellious the soil, the more it harrows; the richer it is, the deeper it sinks."

"Do not complain of suffering because you learn to succor."

"It is almost always our body which makes us demand help for the soul."

"A suffering beast seeks solitude. It is only man that likes to parade even his grief."

"Sorrow is like a hot spring; the more it is pent, the more it boils."

"There are people who feed on their grief to such a degree that they fatten upon it."

"Anguish is less endurable than grief; anguish sharpens the senses, grief dulls them."

"During great sorrow you close yourself like the oyster. Should your heart be forcibly opened, it would kill you."

"Despondency is like a sponge; it grows with tears."

"Life is an art in which one remains too often an amateur. To become a master the heart's blood must be shed."

"Gray hairs are the caps of foam that cover the sea after the storm."

"If we could give alms of the time that we waste to those who know how to employ it, how many beggars would become rich!"

"Young girls sometimes cross sloughs with a foot so light that the mire scarcely grazes their heel. It is only when they arrive on firm ground that they feel themselves poisoned by the noxious vapors they have retained."

"The faults of your husband or wife are only intolerable so long as you insist upon correcting them. Make the best of them, as of the smell of your dog, which you endure because you love him."

"One is never tired of life; he is only tired of himself."

"By dint of living, we finally fear heaven itself as the last and cruelest deception."

"It is better to have a physician for confessor than a priest. You tell the priest that you abhor mankind; he replies that you are not a Christian. The physician gives you rhubarb, and behold, you love your fellow-creature. You tell the priest you are tired of living; he replies that suicide is a crime. The physician gives you a tonic, and now you find life endurable."

"Fasting makes apostles; good cheer makes diplomats."

"The kindliness of the young is angelic; the kindliness of the old is divine."

"There is a goodness that repels and a wickedness that attracts."

"The solitary rock becomes more and more angular, the pebble stone more and more round."

"Experience is an old woman, whom we venerate without inquiring into her past."

"Strive to be a precious stone, set by the hand of an artist."

"There are parents that resent in their children the bad education they have given them."

"That which appears lovable in one person would seem unendurable in another. Which of the two makes you blind, sympathy or antipathy?"

"When two intelligent women do not succeed in getting something out of a man, be sure there is nothing in him."

"A narrow-minded person never says, 'I am a fool!' His natural timidity makes him fear he may be right."

"Conversations become painful when we reply no longer to spoken words, but to thoughts."

"Comparisons mar impressions as resemblances mar faces."

"You can only be witty when those

that surround you are so. The cock crows in vain to the ducks; they do not understand him."

"By dint of talking we change the gold of our thoughts into small pieces, until we seem poor."

"To measure the mind we measure the skull. It is like eating grape-skins to find out the flavor of wine."

"The pen consoles better than religion and tortures more than the Inquisition."

"As many reflections are necessary to produce one thought as generations are necessary to produce one thinker."

"An infinite delicacy is needed to reply to a confession without envenoming the wound."

"Purity is like the opal; it is considered insignificant by those who do not perceive its fires."

"Duty only frowns so long as you fly from it. Follow, and it will smile upon you."

"Dullness puts itself in the front rank to be seen; intelligence goes in the rear, in order to see."

"Pride, combined with strength, ennobles; united to weakness, it degrades."

"Contradictions animate conversation; therefore are courts tedious."

"Women who mix in politics are hens turned vultures."

"The profession of female sovereignty exacts but three qualities,—beauty, civility, fecundity."

"At a marriage, the men laugh and the women weep."

"Remove the beautiful irised wings from the butterfly, and there remains but an unsightly grub."

"A secret is like a hole in your coat; the more you strive to conceal it the more you show it."

"Sleep is a generous thief; it gives to strength what it robs from time."

"Flatterers always begin by saying they do not know how to flatter."

"Comets and great men leave a train of light, in which struggle a multitude of atoms."

"Had the poor martyrs known what a little thing it is to change opinions, there would have been no stakes."

"Prudery is a perfume that conceals vitiated air."

"A great many wounds make you a hero in the eyes of the world, an invalid in your own."

"Many people criticise in order not to appear ignorant. They do not know that indulgence is a mark of the highest culture."

"Every one of us, almost, has had his Gethsemane and his Calvary. They that recover no longer pertain to the earth."

"GREAT CAPTAINS." A course of six lectures, showing the influence on the art of war of the campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, and Napoleon. By THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel United States Army, retired list. Boston: Ticknor and Co., 1889.

Many persons, of both sexes, who are interested in horsemanship, have read Colonel Dodge's delightful—and delightfully illustrated—book entitled "Patroclus and Penelope," without knowing that it was written by an old soldier who had produced two works upon the late war which have taken high rank, and received encomiums from both "blue and gray," for completeness, conciseness, and impartiality. These were "The Campaign of Chancellorsville" and "A Bird's-eye View of our Civil War."

We have now to welcome a new volume by the same author, the title of which is given above.

It is a war-book, emphatically, but it furnishes most interesting and instructive reading for all, whether interested in military matters or not.

Colonel Dodge remarks, at the very outset, that six great captains of the world's history stand distinctly in a class by themselves,—far above any others. "There are, in ancient days, Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar, all within three hundred years of each other. Then follows a gap of seventeen centuries of unmethodical war, and we complete the list with Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, and Napoleon,—all within two centuries."

The author is not unmindful that some would place Prince Eugene or Marlborough on the same plane with Gus-

tavus Adolphus; but he gives reasons which seem to justify the exaltation of the Swedish king above the other two great soldiers, and quotes the saying of Napoleon in support of the selection of six great Captains only,—"The art of war is the greatest of all arts, the military reputation in general the greatest of all reputations,"—and the ones which have best stood all the tests of criticism are the six captains in question.

An ancient adage declares that "the sword rules the world." The dictum "cedant arma togæ" does very well for peaceful times, when the world jogs on in its usual way, but when some supreme emergency arises the military man of surpassing ability comes to the front, and the sword graves laws and dictates treaties,—the toga and the pen utterly eclipsed, for the time being.

People may moralize at length as to the wickedness and misery of war, and great soldiers will agree fully with them as to that; but moralizing is entirely beside the question when a great crisis comes. War has always been, and, so long as human nature remains as it is, war always will be, in sæcula sæculorum. Voltaire somewhere says, and with justice, "Éléments, animaux, humains, tout est en guerre,"—for it is not man alone who wars upon his kind.

Since, then, war seems to partake of the inevitable, as the world we live in is constituted, it is not wonderful that thoughtful men should study the art, especially as exemplified in the actions of the great masters, or that war-books should multiply apace, of varying length, interest, and instruction. Few of them which are not entirely technical contain in equal space so much that is valuable as the work under consideration. In this handsome and handy volume, of a little over two hundred pages, the author gives concise statements, and diagrams, of the great campaigns and battles of the "six great captains." Instead of long-drawn commentaries, he interjects pithy remarks and criticisms which at times approach the apothegmatic. In the very first pages he clears away the mistiness of ideas which prevails among persons who are not educated soldiers as to the terms *strategy* and *tactics*, and clearly defines the relation which they bear to *campaign* and *battle*. After that he "has done with definitions and technicalities," and is therefore the more interesting to the general reader.

We should be tempted to quote some of the military maxims of the great captains, were it not that our space admonishes us to be brief, and that we should really be puzzled which to select.

The lectures in question were delivered at Boston, under the auspices of the "Lowell Institute," in the January of this year; and Colonel Dodge is about to publish a series of six volumes, each devoted to a more extended history of a great captain. In fact, these lectures are the skeletons upon which he is to construct the men themselves, as he sees them, in the light of his study of their history. If they bear out the promise of the six "Lectures," they will be a permanent addition not only to military libraries, but to every library in the land, and something which American soldiers may well be proud of.

E. S.

A Temperance Speech.

AMID tumultuous applause the colonel betook himself away, and before the disappointed chairman could put up another anti-drink man, a grizzled old regimental sergeant-major got up and asked if he might say a few words also.

"LEDDIES AN' GENTLEMEN,—Ye've been asked to beleeve some vera woonderful facts this nicht," he began, in the very broadest of Scotch. "Will ye no beleeve mine? They cam' under my ain pairsonal knowledge. I kenned a mon, wha was a sair haird drinker; he waur a civeelian, a mon making his twa pound a week, an' whiles as mony as three. But he drank, an' he drank, an' he drank; an' at last the meenister o' his pairish up an' spak tae him, an' says he, 'Sandy, my mon, ain o' these braw days ye'll be ganging tae a braw an' bonnie place, whaur there'll be rivers o' whusky, an' moontains o' bread an' cheese, rinning doon wi' torrents o' spairkling gin, among rocks o' scones, an' still, quiet tarns o' pease brose. It'll be a gey braw an' bonnie place, my mon, an' hoo d'ye think ye'll fare in it?'

"'I'll fare richt weel, meenister,' said Sandy.

"'D'ye think sae? An' what if I tell ye that for aye an' for aye an' for aye, through a' the coontless ages o' etairnity, ye'll sit eying them rivers o' whusky an' them spairkling torrents o' gin, an' the braw bread an' cheese, an' the scones an' the pease brose, *an' ne'er a drap or a bite'll pass yer lips;* but ye'll go on for aye an' for aye an' for aye—aye craving an' longing, an' ne'er able tae satisfy the coorse animal appetites ye mad' yer gods i' this warld. That'll be a gey braw ending tae come till, eh, Sandy, my mon?' said he.

"Weel, my freends, Sandy thocht sae tae, an' he thocht, an' he thocht, an' he thocht it o'er, till he cam' tae the concloosion that he'd better gie the drink up. An' sae he did; he becam' a total abstaaner. Weel, at the end o' three moonths he had saved enough out o' his weekly wage tae buy a plot o' land." ("Hurray!" from the no-drink side.) "An' at the end o' six moonths he waur ready to build a hoose on that plot o' land. An' at the end o' nine moonths he waur ready to put a green-hoose outside o' that hoose. An' at the end o' a twelve-moonth he waur ready tae build a stable tae that hoose. An' at the end o' fifteen moonths he waur ready tae buy a canny little galloway tae put into that stable." (Immense applause.) "An' at the end o' a year an' a half, my freends," speaking very slowly and impressively, "*he—waur—ready—for—his—COFFIN!* Ay, my freends, total abstaanance didna agree wi' that mon."

I need hardly describe the scene, need I, gentle reader? You may imagine how the audience roared and stamped and shouted. You can imagine how the keen whisky-loving old Scot, who had told the story, beamed and chuckled over the utter and complete sell at the end of it. Even the enthusiastic chairman laughed till he was purple in the face.

At the celebrated battle of the Nile Nelson was struck by a splinter just above his right eye, which was already blind from injuries. The wound was dressed and bandaged, and in this state he received on board his flagship—the "Vanguard"—Rear-Admiral Blanquet and seven French captains, all prisoners, and all wounded. They were hospitably entertained by Nelson while on the passage to Naples, and dined with him every day.

One of the French captains had lost his nose, another an eye, and another most of his teeth, from a musket-ball.

During dinner one day, Nelson, half blind from his wound, and not thinking what he was about, offered the captain who had lost his teeth a case of tooth-picks, and, becoming greatly confused on discovering his error, handed his snuff-box to the captain on his right, *who had lost his nose.*

Beecham's Pills have been before the public of England for half a century; and it has lately been demonstrated that they are nine times more used there than all other principal Patent Medicines put together, and are to be found in every English-speaking country in the world. In order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, Beecham's Pills are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America, where a shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that Beecham's Pills are "worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for twenty-five cents. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach; but should they find, upon inquiry, their druggist does not keep Beecham's Pills, they can send twenty-five cents to the General Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen & Co., 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will promptly mail them to any address.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following-named gentlemen have been elected Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion:

Pennsylvania Commandery.

Stated meeting held February 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**Erskine D. Smith**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **James Harwood Closson** (by inheritance); **Cipriano Andrade**, Ch'f Eng'r U.S.N.; **Henry Atwood Breed**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **Thomas Davis Cunningham**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Mayland Cuthbert**, late 2d Asst. Eng'r U.S.N.; **William Sill Foster**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **William Goodrich**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Alexander Wallace Given**, Bvt. Capt. U.S.V.; **Conrad John Habighurst**, Passed Asst. Eng'r U.S.N.; **Matthew Hall**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Thomas Aloysius McElmell**, late Acting 2d Asst. Eng'r U.S.N.; **Charles Rick**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Joseph Theodore Ridgway**, late Acting Ensign U.S.N.; **John R. T. Ryan**, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; **Benjamin Saylor**, Bvt. Maj. U.S.V.; **David Tully**, Chaplain U.S.V.; **Heber Samuel Thompson**, Capt. U.S.V.; **James William Thomson**, Ch'f Eng'r U.S.A.; **Edward Ewing Williams**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **James Robert Wood**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Benjamin Bradford Harris Wharton**, Ch'f Eng'r U.S.N.; **Thomas Howe Childs**, **Henry Kuhl Dillard**, **Edwin Jaquett Sellers**, **William Wallace Powell**, and **Henry Stevenson Sweitzer** (by inheritance).

To THE SECOND CLASS.—**Benjamin Franklin Betts**, Jr.; **George Steiman Franklin**, **Harland George Mendenhall.**

New York Commandery.

Stated meeting held February 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Surgeon **Beriah A. Watson**, U.S.V.; Capt. **William N. Johnston**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. and R. Q. M. **Anthony W. Vodges**, U.S.A.; Bvt. Col. **Mason A. Stone**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. and R. Q. M. **John Dunn**, Jr., U.S.V.; 1st Lt. and Adjt. **Charles A. Jewell**, U.S.V.; Acting Volunteer Lt. **James R. Beers**, late U.S.N.; Capt. **Allen G. P. Brown**, U.S.V.; Bvt. Maj. **Ebenezer K. Sibley**, U.S.V.; Bvt. Lt.-Col. **Isaac Moses**, U.S.V.; Col. **C. Seaforth Stewart**, U.S.A. (retired); Acting Master **Henry S. Lambert**, late U.S.N.; 1st Lt. and Adj. **Theodore J. Palmer**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. **Paul G. Botticher**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. and Adj. **John H. Kattenstroth**, U.S.V.; Maj. **Andrew D. Baird**, U.S.V.; Surgeon **Charles E. Hackley**, U.S.V.; Bvt. Maj. **Frank Wells**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. **Alexander D. Irving**, U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—Mr. **Francis E. Pinto**, Jr., Mr. **Henry W. Wessells**, Mr. **Ira A. Shaler**, Mr. **Daniel B. Macauley.**

Massachusetts Commandery.

Stated meeting held February 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—**Elbridge Jackson Copp**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Dana Willis King**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Alonzo Nute**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **William Pritchard Randall**; **George Henry Wadleigh**, Commander U.S.N.

California Commandery.

Stated meeting held January 18, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Bvt. Lt.-Col. **Edward Moale**, Maj. 1st U.S. Inf., Bvt. Col. Vol.; Lt. Com. **Zera Luther Tanner**, U.S.N.; Paymaster **Henry Gillette Colby**, U.S.N.; Capt. **Lowell Augustus Chamberlain**, 1st U.S. Art.; 1st Lt. **Samuel Flint**, R. Q. M. 67th Penn. Vol. Inf.; 1st Lt. **Eugene Edward Edwards**, Co. B, 6th Ohio Vol. Inf.; 1st Lt. **Joseph Edward McComas**, Co. G, 5th Kan. Vol. Inf.; Mr. **George Willig Spencer** (by inheritance).

To THE SECOND CLASS. — **Clarence Sawyer Moore.**

Wisconsin Commandery.

Stated meeting held February 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Buel Eldridge Hutchinson, Capt. U.S.V.; Samuel Bruce Buckmaster (by inheritance).

Illinois Commandery.

Stated meeting held January 10, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—1st Lt. John B. Clarke, Act. 1st Asst. Eng. Warren Ewen, Capt. Don Carlos Newton, 1st Lt. Alois Podrasnik, 1st Lt. Edward Snyder, Maj. Henry K. Wolcott.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—Mr. Horton S. Boal, Mr. William P. Morgan.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Stated meeting held February 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Capt. David Allison Irwin, U.S.A.; Capt. James Henry Dodge, U.S.V.; Capt. William Austin Knapp, U.S.V.; Bvt. Maj. Bernard Prentis Mimmack, late U.S.A.; Lt. Josiah M. Vale, U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—John Brown Hamilton, M.D., Mr. John Wakefield Dudley.

Michigan Commandery.

Stated meeting held January 9, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Harry Scovel Starkey, William M. Robinson, William Francis Atkinson, Charles Sidney Brown.

Stated meeting held February 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—William Putnam Sumner, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Edwin Francis Holmes, Capt. U.S.V.; George Clinton Hopper, Maj. U.S.V.; Benjamin Franklin Partridge, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; John Allen Bigelow, Capt. U.S.V.; George Emery Ranney, Maj. and Surg. U.S.V.; Alphonso A. Ballou, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Robert M. Clark, 1st Lt. U.S.R. Marine; Henry C. Christiancy, Capt. U.S.V.

Minnesota Commandery.

Stated meeting held February 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—1st Lt. Norman Perkins, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. Warren Hewitt Mead, U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—George Lawrence Wood.

Oregon Commandery.

Stated meeting held February 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Julius Edward Quentin, Capt. U.S.A.; George Williams, 1st Lt. U.S.A.

Kansas Commandery.

Stated meeting held February 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—John Shackleford Hammer, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Edward G. Savage, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Henry Bennett, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Thomas Wise Durham, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Gordon C. Lofland, Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Joseph K. Hudson, Maj. U.S.V.; Edward Lynde, Col. U.S.V.; George Milton Noble, Capt. U.S.V.; Henry Clay Linn, Asst. Surg. U.S.V.; Lyman U. Humphrey, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Samuel Hindman, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Thomas Maxwell Carroll, Capt. U.S.V.;

Colorado Commandery.

Stated meeting held February 5, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Nathaniel Welshir Sample, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Isaac Elder Blake (by inheritance).

TRANSFERS.

Pennsylvania Commandery.

Mr. Samuel E. Oakes, of the Second Class, to Minnesota Commandery; Paymaster Arthur Burtis, U.S.N., to New York Commandery; Bvt. Lt.-Col. James Forney, U.S.M. Corps, Medical Inspector; George W. Woods, U.S.N., and Ch'f Eng'r John W. Moore, U.S.N., to California Commandery; Col. George A. Woodward, U.S.A., and Capt. Charlas E. Bendire, U.S.A., to District of Columbia Commandery; 1st Lt. William A. Nichols, U.S.A., to Kansas Commandery; Mr. Henry L. Evans, to Indiana Commandery; Bvt. Lt.-Col. William Ludlow, U.S.A., to Michigan Commandery.

Maine Commandery.

Charles Howland Hammatt, late Acting Assistant Paymaster, U.S.N., to New York Commandery.

Massachusetts Commandery.

Lt.-Col. George L. Gillespie, U.S.A., to New York Commandery; Bvt. Lt.-Col. Thaddeus H. Stanton, U.S.A., to Illinois Commandery.

California Commandery.

Lt.-Col. Richard Biddle Irwin, U.S.V., to Pennsylvania Commandery; Maj.-Gen. Oliver Otis Howard, U.S.A., Col. William Emerson, U.S.V., Capt. William Henry Boyle, U.S.A., and 2d Lt. Edwin St. John Greble, U.S.A., to New York Commandery.

Wisconsin Commandery.

Lt.-Col. Andrew S. Burt, U.S.A., to Ohio Commandery.

Ohio Commandery.

Capt. E. R. Lewis, Col. W. C. Wilson, Lt.-Col. W. C. Starr, and Lt. O. M. Smith, U.S.A., to Indiana Commandery; Capt. A. A. Knapp, to Illinois Commandery.

Minnesota Commandery.

Lt. George Andrews, U.S.A., and Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Thomas McCurdy Vincent, to District of Columbia Commandery.

Kansas Commandery.

Mr. Thomas Gerry Townsend, to Illinois Commandery.

Colorado Commandery.

Bvt. Lt.-Col. George K. Brady, to California Commandery.

NECROLOGY.

Maine Commandery.

Bvt. Maj.-Gen. Romeyn B. Ayres, U.S.A., December 4, 1889.

Massachusetts Commandery.

Surgeon James Arthur Emmerton, U.S.V., December 31, 1888.

Minnesota Commandery.

Capt. Mons. Grinager, U.S.V., January 30, 1889; Capt. Francis Henry Milligan, Asst. Surg. U.S.V., December 4, 1888; Maj. John Buck Bowen, Surgeon, December 11, 1888.

Kansas Commandery.

Col. John Edmund Yard, U.S.A., February 17, 1889.

THE following circular is republished for the information of Companions.

COMMANDERY-IN-CHIEF.

CIRCULAR No. 14. Series of 1888. Whole No. 39. } PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30, 1888.

I. The Sixth Quadrennial Congress of the Order will, in conformity with the Constitution and the resolution of the Fifth Quadrennial Congress, convene in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, on Wednesday, April 10, 1889, at ten o'clock A.M.

II. The election of representatives will be held in the several Commanderies at a first meeting after February 1, 1889, and the credentials of the representatives of each Commandery, properly attested, forwarded to the Recorder-in-Chief before April 1, 1889.

III. In case a Commandery cannot be represented by its own representatives, the Commander will cause to be transmitted to the Recorder-in-Chief, over the seal of the Commandery and attested by the Recorder, authority to select from the Alternates and Companions who may be present Companions as representatives, "who shall in all matters appertaining to the Congress enjoy the rights and privileges of other representatives."

By command of

Bvt. Maj.-Gen. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, U.S.V., *Commander-in-Chief.*

JOHN P. NICHOLSON,

Bvt. Lt.-Col., U.S.V., *Recorder-in-Chief.*

LOYAL LEGION NOTES.

"GLIMPSES OF THE NATION'S STRUGGLE," a series of papers read before the Minnesota Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States and published under the auspices of the Minnesota Commandery by the St. Paul Book and Stationery Company of St. Paul, Minn., is well worthy a place in every library. As the preface aptly observes, the papers are not elaborate essays, but glimpses from different points of the great Civil War, and calculated to

impress later generations with the great sacrifices necessary to prevent the division of the great republic and to teach those who read them that the path to prosperity is to maintain the *Union forever*.

Many touches and side-lights not to be found in histories upon the character and services of Lincoln, Grant, Thomas, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, and other leaders in the great struggle are given here from personal knowledge, which will be of great value to the future historian, and are most interesting to the student and to the casual reader.

The Minnesota Commandery is to be congratulated upon the general appearance of the work as well as upon the happy selection of subjects made by its distinguished "companions."

EXTRACT from proceedings of Wisconsin Commandery, at stated meeting held Wednesday, Feburary 8, 1889.

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The Recorder. "Mr. Commander, I beg to lay before the Commandery the January and February numbers of the 'THE UNITED SERVICE,' which now publishes in convenient form a large amount of Loyal Legion matter every month, as well as a number of articles by prominent writers of the army and navy,—all of them of marked interest, either as fact or fiction. It is a periodical no well regulated family of Legioneers should be without. I have taken it in allopathic doses ever since its original appearance, and I am convinced that the moral tone of this Commandery will be greatly advanced by systematic perusal of its luminous pages. The subscription, however, should be advanced first, and I request the unanimous consent of the companions present to draw upon the Treasurer for the necessary amount."

The Commander. "Companions, you have heard the request of our esteemed Recorder. Howsoever we may differ as to his capacities as a literary critic, and whatsoever may be our doubts as to the elevating tone of this publication,—now that we are informed by the gentleman himself that he has been a persistent reader thereof from the date of its first appearance, some ten years ago, during which decade we have looked in vain for an improvement in *his* moral character, I still think there may be merit in the magazine, despite the manifest demerits of its eloquent but insidious advocate. Looking, therfore, solely to 'THE UNITED SERVICE,' and charitably shutting our eyes to the fact that it might better have employed somebody else—we for instance—to act as its agent and pocket the percentage, all those who favor the subscription will signify it by saying 'Aye.'"

Companions (*omnes*, *loudly*). "Aye."

The Commander. "The contrary,—'No.'"

Silence.

The Commander. "The *Ayes* have it, and 'THE UNITED SERVICE' will be subscribed for."

The Recorder. "Companions, I congratulate the Commandery on a valuable addition to its library, and felicitate myself upon the deep sagacity which prompted me to conceal, until after the vote, all mention of the fact that I had become a regular contributor of——"

Several Companions (*rising hastily*). "Mr. Commander, I move immediate reconsideration." "Mr. Commander, that is tantamount to obtaining money under false pretenses." "Mr. Commander, I move the immediate impeachment of the Recorder." (*General din and confusion.*)

The subscription, however, holds good, and will be sent through Captain J——, and I remain, my dear Mr. Hamersly,

Yours, as ever,

CHARLES KING,
The Insidious Recorder.

A Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNITED SERVICE:

DEAR SIR,—In your publication (in No. 2 of vol. i.) of the proceedings on the organization of the Indiana Commandery of the Military Order Loyal Legion of the United States, copied from the *Indianapolis Journal*, I find an error and omission which I feel should be corrected.

In speaking of the founders of the Order, it says: "Of these three gentle-

men, but one, Peter D. Keyser, is now living." Permit me to say that Colonel Samuel B. Wylie Mitchell, M.D., is the only one of the three deceased, and that Colonel T. Ellwood Zell is still living, in most excellent health, and enjoying with myself the pleasure in seeing the great prosperity of the Order.

I am, dear sir, sincerely yours,

PETER D. KEYSER.

THE Commandery of California honored Brigadier-General **Nelson A. Miles**, U.S.A., with a reception and banquet at the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, on the evening of December 27, 1888. Over four hundred guests were present, and the San Francisco papers speak of the occasion as a most enjoyable one to all who participated.

THE LIBRARY AND RECORD-ROOM of Illinois Commandery has been removed to Room 3, No. 80 La Salle Street,—over the Merchants' National Bank,—and is open every Saturday evening. Companions desiring to visit it at any other time, can obtain a key at the office of Col. James B. Smith, on the same floor, or at the cashier's window of the bank above mentioned.

As a contribution to Rebellion literature, the Commandery of Massachusetts has published "The Other Side of War," by Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley. The volume consists of a series of letters written during the Peninsular Campaign, and describes most attractively the life-saving duties of the Hospital Transport Service, and contrasts this with the noise and smoke, the glory and pomp, of actual military operations.

THE head-quarters-room of Massachusetts Commandery is at 19 Milk Street, room 25, Boston Recorder's Office.

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UNITED SERVICE

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF

MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. I.—MAY, 1889.—NO. 5.

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THE

UNITED SERVICE.

MAY 1889.

INSTRUCTION IN ARMORIES.[1]

IT has become a crystallized conviction in the minds of our people that in the hour of emergent danger the reliance of this nation must be upon the fidelity and intelligence of her citizen soldiery. No English-speaking people has ever yet maintained a large standing army, and, as we advance year by year with colossal strides in the development of our material resources, it becomes more and more the part of wisdom that a force ready to be called into action in the hour of need should be formed and fostered in times of public tranquillity, and this without permanently withdrawing productive hands from the industries of the country or encroaching upon the individual liberty of the citizen.

Never in the history of the world was the science and art of war more complex, more intricate, more vastly comprehensive; and never has the necessity for intelligence among officers of all grades been greater than to-day. Moreover, that which has been acquired by experience is slipping from our grasp. The veterans of '65 are rapidly passing away, carrying with them the valuable habits and lessons of discipline so difficult of attainment in time of peace.[2] Statistics show that the military well-being of the States has already passed into new hands, and is now largely intrusted to those who were yet children when the great conflict ended at Appomattox. According to the reports rendered during the last encampments (of the Ohio National Guard), the average age of your company commanders is but thirty-six, and that of subalterns and enlisted men only twenty-four. After all, as General Sher-

[1] Read before the annual meeting of the Ohio National Guard Association, Columbus, Ohio. Revised by the author.

[2] Indeed, as Captain Field says in his valuable paper on "Battle Tactics," "The conditions of war have so changed since we waged it that our experience is not much to the point."

man has truly said, "Every age produces its own workers, and the experience of mankind is that the agents of a former period are rarely adapted to modern uses." This is especially true in relation to war, for, as another distinguished military writer[3] has observed, "It is doubtful if any period of the world's history affords so many important changes in the organization of armies, and in the elements of tactics, and even of strategy, as the last twenty-five years."

There is also a new and rapidly-widening field, to which our fathers were comparative strangers, and which will require for its exercise the highest military intelligence. This is found in the insurgent spirit of anarchy which is growing in our large cities.

I therefore have to congratulate the National Guard upon the organization of this admirable association. It has been formed none too soon. It furnishes most encouraging evidence of your appreciation of the grave responsibilities with which men have to grapple in the profession of arms, and it may certainly be made a most potent agency for your own professional improvement and for the development of a much-needed military spirit among the people. . . .

* * * * * * * *

Among the many changes wrought in war by rapid-firing arms, one of the most noticeable has been the increased relative importance of the company, battery, and troop commander. An accepted military authority says, "All recent experience shows that the result of a battle under fire of breech-loaders depends in a very large measure upon the skill of the commanders of small units;" and further he adds, "It cannot be denied that the danger of sudden destruction to an army in battle is now far greater than it used to be, that a mistake or false step is more likely to lead to fatal consequences, and that troops under fire must be handled with more skill, *particularly among company commanders*, and must themselves have more intelligence than was necessary before the days of the breech-loader." Owing to the rapid losses under modern fire, the command of a company is liable to pass in the very first stages of an action to the first or second lieutenant, or even to a sergeant or corporal, and this whether in a barricaded street or on the open plain. Hence the greatly-increased importance of the subject we are now to consider,—viz., *the thorough instruction in armories of company officers and non-commissioned officers in the elementary principles of the military art.*

Much valuable time is wasted during the winter months in the acquirement of accomplishments of little or no military value. General Drum, in his annual report for 1887, says, "It is evident that still many earnest workers in bringing up the militia to its highest efficiency seem to regard mechanical perfection as the great desideratum in the art of war;" and General Vogdes, referring to the same subject, observes, "It

[3] Captain Greene.

is unfortunate for us, both for the regular army and the volunteer service, that so much attention is paid to things of very little or no consequence. You want to teach the men everything they will have to do when actually in the field. Take up any of the military papers, and what do we see? Page after page occupied about things of little practical use,—fancy marching and all that. It is all very fine, but it is not war." To all of which General Sherman adds this testimony: "The older I become the more convinced am I that . . . the good of the country calls for the practice of the simpler and easier parts of our profession."

I. The first, and probably most conspicuous, defect of the National Guard—not only in Ohio, but in all the States—is in guard-duty, yet, considering the great interests that are often committed to your keeping, it is of the very first importance. The officer who inspected the Maine troops last year (1887) writes: "Guard-duty is poorly done. This is the weak point of the Maine militia. When I visited the guard-tent both officers of the guard were absent." The inspector of the Pennsylvania forces reports: "The most conspicuous defect is their general ignorance, from want of practice, of the duties of sentinels." In Indiana "guard-duty was performed in a very slovenly manner." In Minnesota the troops "did not attach much importance to sentry duty," and in Vermont "it was done in a very careless way." The report from Alabama shows "it was only fairly performed," while in New York "it was well done in some respects, in others less so." Reports from many other States might be quoted to the same effect.[4]

To cure this grave defect guard-mountings should be held occasionally throughout the year, but guard-*duty* should never be omitted. Care should be taken that every man takes his tour in regular order, the first sergeant keeping the roster and posting the detail on a bulletin-board, with which every armory should be provided. It will be found that very few men are familiar with the insignia of the various grades, and know but little of the manner in which they are classified by our organization into field, staff, line, etc. A brief explanation should be made of these distinctions, and the various shoulder-straps and cuff-braids indicated by drawings on a blackboard. The eye will learn more quickly than the ear. Salutes will be improperly or awkwardly rendered, and calls and challenges will be almost as often wrong as right. All these errors can be eliminated by a persistent course of instruction in the armories, and this will be found to possess a positive value, not only in developing the interest of the men and strengthening

[4] The recent reports (1888) indicate marked improvement in New York and Pennsylvania; but in New Hampshire and North Carolina "guard-duty was not as well performed as it should have been;" in Illinois "very few were found who knew anything of the duties of a sentinel;" and in Indiana the guard "was conducted and maintained in a wholly irregular and unsoldierly manner."

the *morale* of the company, but in augmenting the moral force of the commander himself. Lack of such instruction, says Colonel von der Goltz, of the German army, "always causes voids to be felt, makes us doubtful and apprehensive, disorders the imagination, weakens the power of determination, and is already the beginning of demoralization." Our own experience teaches us that nothing is so quickly detected by a mob as a seeming want of confidence and resolution, and the hesitating, awkward, and sometimes ridiculous performances of a half-instructed sentry will actually add fuel to the flame at the very critical moment when the display of every military virtue is of paramount importance.

Guard-duty can be made interesting to men; it affords a pleasant relief to the humdrum routine of company drill, and I have found, by experience with certain companies with which I have been associated, that in a few weeks it can be learned and performed by national guardsmen with all the precision of veterans. The chief difficulty, I apprehend, in teaching this important duty is probably a lack of appreciation of its grave responsibility. Men should be made to understand that it is the most dignified, responsible, and honorable duty a soldier can perform. It is a sacred trust. When a sentry is given charge of a post he is for the time being and from the very necessity of the case the absolute autocrat in and over that place. All persons, of whatsoever condition, rank, or degree, must recognize his dignity and respect his authority. This principle has been acknowledged ever since the days of Joshua; it is recognized by the law of nations and is fixed in the statutes and customs of every civilized country the world over. Military power is a one-man power, and nowhere does it more fully find its exemplification than in the duty and authority of the sentinel. This point received a forcible illustration in our own service, a few months ago, where a sergeant of the guard shot and killed an escaping prisoner. The case was taken before the United States Circuit Court, and, after very careful deliberation by that tribunal, the accused was duly acquitted, complimented on his fidelity, and restored to duty. I am sure if its character were better understood by the National Guard we should see a marked improvement both in the respect paid to sentinels and in the becoming discharge of their duty. It is needless to add that a good manual of guard-duty should be in the hands of every non-commissioned officer, in which they should be required to stand periodical examinations.

II. There seems to be a tendency, since the invention of the breech-loader, to cast aside the bayonet and sword exercise, as obsolete and of no further utility in war. Captain James, of the British Royal Engineers, says, "We see in modern wars no attempt to push the enemy from the position he holds, and henceforth it is to fire, and not to hand-to-hand conflicts, that we must look for the decision of the fight;" but an

examination of the last two great wars in Europe will not warrant this conclusion. In Martin's "History of France" we learn that at the very first engagement—that of Saarbrücken—"each new position had to be taken at the point of the bayonet." Describing the battle of Weissenburg, the same writer says again, "The intrenchments were carried at the point of the bayonet." Another narrative says, "At St. Privat the houses had to be stormed in succession." At Shipka Pass the assaulting Turks not only lived long enough under the "withering fire" of the defenders to reach their position, but, says Captain Greene, they once actually got into the Russian trenches and were only driven out "after a hand-to-hand struggle, in which the bayonet was very freely used." Captain Greene, who personally witnessed many of these engagements, cites numerous other instances—Gorni-Dubnik, Shenova, Lortcha—which were decided by hand-to-hand encounters, and concludes that "hand-to-hand fights are not a thing of the past, in spite of breech-loaders and trenches." If this be true, the bayonet has lost none of its importance as a weapon and as an element of strength in that force which excels in its use. I would suggest more careful attention, therefore, to this feature of instruction as well as to sword and sabre exercise and fencing, for certainly no officer should have a warlike weapon dangling at his side merely as an ornament. Indeed, it may be doubted if he can even wear it gracefully who does not know how to handle it. The eye of the veriest street gamin will detect the nervous fumbling of a novice, and nothing so quickly robs a man of his soldierly bearing as the consciousness that the admiring multitude have sized him up and set him down as a military ass.

III. It seems hardly necessary, in this day of precise weapons and long ranges, to urge the importance of rifle and carbine practice, pointing and aiming drills, and the careful handling and preservation of arms. General Drum, in his annual report (1887) says, "With the liberal increase of the appropriation made by Congress at its last session for the benefit of the militia it is earnestly hoped that the State military authorities will, by an increased allowance of ammunition, foster and develop the efficiency of the rank and file in target-firing." The rapid development in power and range of all fire weapons has suddenly brought rifle practice into great prominence. It is estimated that the Springfield rifle will cover a range of three thousand eight hundred yards, and that it will probably disable as far as it will carry. In the war of 1877, between Russia and Turkey, losses from infantry fire were experienced at three thousand yards, and at two thousand yards down to a mile they became very serious. A trained infantry-fire will therefore compel advancing bodies to deploy into thin lines at two miles in the open from a defender's position, and in all encounters at shorter ranges, especially in street engagements, the expert use of the rifle will prove of immense advantage to both the attack and de-

fense. It has also been suggested that for street fighting the ability to fire from the left shoulder would be found advantageous, and a portion of the rifleman's practice might profitably be devoted to this exercise. Cavalry will still continue in future wars to be the eyes and screen of the army; it must often act separately, protecting the flanks and keeping the enemy in check, and it is now laid down as an accepted principle, evolved from the great improvements in weapons, that in future conflicts "the earlier fighting, and that which will have an important effect upon the spirit of the troops, will be battles of cavalry and horse-artillery against cavalry and horse-artillery." These arms should therefore be fostered and receive far more attention than is now devoted to them in the United States. Skill in the use of his carbine and revolver, especially when mounted and in motion, has become more than ever an essential accomplishment of the *beau sabreur*.

* * * * * * * *

I appreciate the difficulties of procuring proper ranges and the necessary time and other grave discouragements by which the path of the national guardsman is beset, but no doubt much could be accomplished in elementary instruction and gallery practice during the winter, preparatory to more practical work on the range in camp.

IV. A reliable system of immediate communication between widely-separated points has become an indispensable adjunct to the operations of war. The telegraph will, of course, be employed for this purpose wherever practicable, but occasions will often arise where the intervening space is held by the enemy, or the air-lines may be destroyed by the hostile artillery, as was done at the siege of Paris. Provision must therefore be made for visual signaling. So apparent does this necessity appear, that there would seem to be required an apology for urging it, were it not for the fact that such simple precautions are often neglected till the battle is on and our repentance comes too late. This was the case in the last great war, where it is said "no such thing existed in the Turkish army as a system of sending flag-messages." In fact, "they did not possess a signal organization of any kind." A very simple code, consisting of the English Morse alphabet with a cipher disk, is now used by the army and navy. Its adoption would form another interesting feature of armory instruction, and might be found of immeasurable benefit in the suppression of riots. To paralyze the power of the authorities the mob will seek to cut the telegraph, shut off the gas and electric light, and gain control of the water supply. "Flag and torch signaling," writes General Molineux, "afford the only absolutely safe and certain means of overcoming this difficulty." Every armory should therefore be provided with a signal-kit. For purposes of instruction a home-made article at small outlay will answer all practical purposes.

V. Some attention might profitably be devoted in armories to mili-

tary elocution, or the method of giving commands. An artillery officer of our service, referring to this subject, says, "Commands for infantry should be short, sharp, and expressive. Light-battery commands, on the contrary, should not be short and sharp; they should be long and musical, and they should be sung;" and this applies also to cavalry. "We may laugh," he continues, "at the sing-song tones of light-battery commanders, and think them absurd; they are not; they are necessary, and if the objectors were to drill a few times under a crusty commander, with a battery at a trot on a hard field, they would find out all about it." Where can you find a more appropriate place for this vocal culture than the armory? and if it were occasionally visited during the year by the field and staff for this purpose it would no doubt result in a great saving of tissue. In one of the camps last summer I met an officer at the breakfast-table who could only speak in painful whispers. I inquired, "Colonel, you have a bad cold this morning?" Gazing earnestly at me a moment, he convulsively clutched at his throat and gasped, "No, not cold. It was battalion drill!"

VI. Another feature of armory instruction which is receiving considerable attention abroad and, to some extent, in our Eastern States, is skirmish drill by means of whistle-signals. This was a favorite idea with General Upton, and its adoption would seem ultimately to be necessary, owing to the great spaces now covered by deployed lines and the increasing din of battle. A German officer, referring to this subject, says, "The noise of the breech-loader drowns the sound of the human voice, so that a great part of the men cannot hear the word of command." A shrill whistle with a simple code of signals might be devised. The only one with which I am acquainted, now in use in some of the Eastern States, does not seem to be free from defects.

VII. Finally, I would recommend the establishment, where practicable, of an armory reading- and recreation-room, and the gradual formation of a military library. The room might also be provided with cards, chess, checkers, and, if possible, with billiards or a pool-table; but the reading-room proper should be kept quiet and provided with interesting service magazines and periodicals.

Care should be taken at all times to maintain the moral tone of the command and to have it distinctly understood in the community that none but gentlemen can gain admission to the ranks of the company. A company commander recently said to me that he had great difficulty in obtaining acceptable recruits because of the unwillingness of parents to have their sons identified with an organization of questionable moral influence. Profanity should never be tolerated in the armory. It is a crime at military law, and should, of course, be banished from the social as well as official intercourse of gentlemen. Public opinion condemns it, and this sentiment must be respected. Washington issued

repeated orders against this "unmeaning and abominable custom,"[5] and a study of the lives of the eminent soldiers of later times—Grant, and Hancock, and McClellan, and Lee, and Jackson, and Gordon—shows that this vice is not essential to success in the business of war.[6]

The National Guard is something more than a mere police force for the present; and it should not be content with the modest acquirement of a little precision with the sabre or at the piece, or excellence in the manual of arms, or in the imposing grandeur of a street parade. I consider the National Guard as a great school of preparation for the future, in which every young man may carry in his knapsack the stars of a general. Colonel Clarke, of the Seventh New York Regiment, says that during the War of the Rebellion that single regiment furnished the regular and volunteer armies with six hundred and six officers, and other regiments have similar proud records; and General Sherman observes that "at the close of our civil war some of our best corps and division generals, as well as staff officers, were from civil life. But I cannot recall any of the most successful who did not express a regret that he had not received in early life instruction in the elementary principles of the art of war."[7] A forcible writer[8] also warns us that modern wars rise suddenly and are of short duration. The Franco-Prussian war lasted but seven months. The war between Russia and Turkey ended in nine months. There is no time for preparation after the cloud has burst. The citizen must immediately become the soldier, the national guardsman the officer. His intelligence, his information, his skill and training are in demand. Promotion is rapid, and the deserving go up by leaps and bounds. But with increased rank comes increased responsibility. "The tendency of science in military life," writes a distinguished army surgeon, "is to eliminate chance and hold some one responsible for accidents."[9] War under the most vigilant management is always enormously expensive. Abuses will

[5] "HEAD-QUARTERS MOORE'S HOUSE, WEST POINT, July 29, 1779.

"Many and pointed orders have been issued against that unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing, notwithstanding which, with much regret, the general observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever; his feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers whenever he is within hearing of them. . . . If officers would make it a rule to reprimand, and, if that does not do, punish soldiers for offenses of this kind, it could not fail of having the desired effect.

(Signed) "GEORGE WASHINGTON."

[6] General Hancock wrote from Chancellorsville: "It seems that Providence for some wise purpose intended our defeat. The day before the fight Hooker said to a general officer, 'God Almighty could not prevent me from winning a victory to-morrow.' He told Mr. Lincoln he would either win a victory or be in hell. The President told him to 'carry plenty of water along.' Success cannot come to us through such profanity."

[7] Memoirs.

[8] Lieutenant Wagner, Prize Essay, M. S. I.

[9] Surgeon George M. Sternberg, in Journal M. S. I., No. 21.

constantly creep in and blunders are ever recurring. In the Egyptian campaign of 1882 the hay furnished to the cavalry was found to be musty and weighted with stones and bricks. The branding-irons used to mark the mules were reported by an investigating committee of Parliament to be as large as frying-pans, completely disabling the animals for the campaign. The quartermaster's transportation was so deficient that many outlying detachments were actually starving before supplies reached them; and men in hospitals failed to receive proper care through lack of medical supplies. In the Crimean war the troops were suffering for boots, many being barefoot in the midst of an inclement season. After a long delay the boots arrived; upon opening the boxes they were found to be all for the left foot! In the French army the trousers recently accepted and issued to the troops were found to be several inches too small around the waist. History abounds with similar illustrations showing the defects of our own policy, which has always been to be "more saving of peace taxes than of war debt."[10] Fortunate the officer who through brief preparation in time of peace shall escape the humiliation and disgrace of blunders, abuses, and ignorance. . . .

Said the Duke of Wellington, "There is nothing so necessary as to look forward to future wars and to our early preparation for them. Our wars have always been long and ruinous in expense, because we were unable to prepare for the operations which brought them to a close for years after they were commenced. But this system will no longer answer." And General Sherman, upon the occasion of his retirement from the army, said, "I cannot help plead to my countrymen at every opportunity to cherish all that is manly and noble in the military profession, because peace is enervating and no man is wise enough to foretell when soldiers may be in demand again."

A. C. SHARPE,
First Lieutenant U.S.A.

[10] Sir Charles Dilke, "The British Army."

THE SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA."

THE engagement between the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama" being, I think, the only one during the Rebellion that took place on the high seas, where vessels are free to manœuvre and skill in handling them can be brought into play, was an important one, for it not only freed the seas of a rover but little better than the pirates of former times, but it also showed, in addition, what a deliberate and well-directed fire could do in a fight between two vessels that were otherwise about equally matched. Before entering on the details of this engagement I will give a brief description of the two vessels, so as to draw a comparison.

The "Kearsarge," commanded by Captain John A. Winslow, United States Navy, was a wooden, bark-rigged, screw steamer, two hundred and fourteen feet long and a thousand and thirty tons. Her battery consisted of two 11-inch smooth-bore pivots, one 30-pounder rifled pivot, and four light 32-pounder smooth-bores on her broadside,—seven guns in all. By means of the pivot guns she could fight five guns on a side, thus throwing a broadside of three hundred and sixty-four pounds in shells. Her complement on the day of the fight was one hundred and sixty-three officers and men. These, with the exception of eleven, were all Americans. About a year previous to this battle, while at anchor off the town of Horta, island of Fayal, one of the Azores, the sheet-chain had been stopped, in bights, along the side, in wake of the boilers and engines, to protect them from shot, if short of coal. The space so covered was fifty feet long and six wide. The chain was covered with inch boards, to prevent dirt from lodging in the links. She sailed from home February 4, 1862.

The "Alabama," commanded by Raphael Semmes, formerly an officer in the United States Navy, was a wooden, bark-rigged, screw steamer, two hundred and twenty feet long and eleven hundred and fifty tons. Her battery consisted of one 68-pounder (8-inch) smooth-bore pivot, one 110-pounder (7-inch) rifle pivot, and six heavy 32-pounder smooth-bores on her broadside,—eight guns in all. She threw a broadside in shells amounting to three hundred and four pounds. In the fight she transported two of her broadside guns, thus raising the

weight of her broadside to three hundred and eighty-eight pounds. On her wheel was the motto "Aide toi, et Dieu t'aidera." Her complement of officers and men was about one hundred and seventy. Her crew was composed almost entirely of Englishmen, many of whom had belonged to the Naval Reserve, and had been trained in the gunnery ship "Excellent." She sailed from Liverpool on her first cruise July 29, 1862.

It is hardly necessary for me to speak of her notorious career. For nearly two years she had roamed hither and thither, visiting nearly every quarter of the globe, burning and destroying peaceable vessels of the United States merchant marine wherever found, and dexterously avoided every effort of the United States Navy to capture her. It is believed that the only attack she made on an armed vessel was a short encounter with the gunboat "Hatteras," off Galveston, in January, 1863, in which the "Hatteras" was sunk. The "Hatteras" was a light-built paddle-wheel steamer, carrying four or five light guns.

The above sketches show that the vessels were about equally matched, the "Alabama" being six feet longer, a hundred tons heavier, and in the fight threw a broadside heavier by twenty-four pounds than the "Kearsarge."

The "Alabama" arrived at Cherbourg, France, from Cape Town, June 12, 1864. The "Kearsarge" arrived the next day from a cruise. Captain Winslow, having learned that Semmes wished to engage him, left the harbor, and stood off and on, waiting for him to come out.

About ten o'clock Sunday morning, June 19, 1864, while laying off and on the port of Cherbourg, the officer of the deck aboard the "Kearsarge," she being then distant about three miles from the eastern end of the breakwater, saw the rebel cruiser "Alabama" coming around the western end, accompanied by the French ironclad "Couronne" and a fore-and-aft-rigged steamer flying the white English ensign and a yacht flag. In order to draw the "Alabama" well beyond the line of French jurisdiction, one marine league, the "Kearsarge" was headed off shore, and she steamed in that direction some four miles, in the mean time clearing for action. Having attained this distance, some seven miles from shore, she was put about, and headed for the "Alabama," with the intention of ramming her, if possible. The "Kearsarge" had hardly come about when the "Alabama" sheered so as to bring her starboard battery to bear, and then slowed down. When the ships were about a mile from each other the "Alabama" fired her whole broadside, the "Kearsarge" receiving but little damage from it, the shot cutting some gear and going over and alongside of her. The speed of the "Kearsarge" was then increased, and the "Alabama" fired two more broadsides, no damage being received except in the rigging. Being now about a thousand

yards from the "Alabama," and not wishing to be raked at that distance, Winslow sheered the "Kearsarge," and immediately opened fire with the starboard battery. The first gun was fired from the "Kearsarge" about eleven o'clock. The vessels were now broadside to each other. Semmes did not, apparently, wish to engage at short range, and to prevent him from running towards shore if disabled, Winslow determined to rake him, if possible, and therefore kept on at full speed, thus forcing Semmes to fight in a circle or to receive a raking fire. From this manœuvring of the "Kearsarge" a circular course was kept by the ships until the end of the battle. At first the fire of the "Alabama" was rapid and wild, but it improved a little towards the end. It is said that Semmes ordered rapid fire at first, in order to frighten the Yankees, knowing that nearly all the officers and crew of the "Kearsarge" were volunteers from the merchant service. At the end of a quarter of an hour, the "Kearsarge" still continuing the fight in the same cool, leisurely manner, Semmes remarked, "Damn them, they have been fighting twenty minutes, and they are as cool as posts."

The crew of the "Kearsarge" had been cautioned against rapid fire without direct aim, and the captains of the 11-inch pivots had been told to point rather below than above the water-line, thus giving chances for ricochet shots. The lighter guns were used to clear the decks. The efficiency of the fire of the "Kearsarge" was very perceptible, every shot telling on the "Alabama" with fearful effect, showing that the time spent in training her gun-captains had not been lost.

While moving around on the seventh turn of the circular track the "Alabama" winded and set fore-and-aft sail, with her head towards shore. She now presented her port battery, with but two guns bearing, having been able, as was afterwards learned, to shift over but one. She was now at the mercy of the "Kearsarge," and a few more well-directed shots brought down her colors. Whether they had been hauled down or shot away Winslow was at the time unable to determine. All during the action Winslow, by free use of the port helm, had been endeavoring to close in with the "Alabama," for the purpose of using grape; being now in a position to do so, he was prevented, for at this moment a white flag was shown over the stern of the "Alabama," and Winslow, after seeing it, ceased firing, as a matter of course. Not many minutes had elapsed, however, after the display of this flag by the "Alabama," when she again opened fire with her port guns. The "Kearsarge" immediately returned this fire, and was laid across the bows of the "Alabama" for raking; but Winslow, seeing the white flag still flying, again held his fire. Soon after this, about noon, the "Alabama" lowered her boats, and an officer came alongside the "Kearsarge" and surrendered the ship. He told Captain Winslow that the "Alabama"

was sinking rapidly, and requested assistance. This officer requested that he might be allowed to return, in order to assist in picking up his shipmates that were struggling in the water. Winslow granted his request, and at the same time sent the launch and second cutter of the "Kearsarge" to the rescue, they being the only boats available, the rest having been damaged in the action. The English yacht that had come out from Cherbourg with the "Alabama" had been steaming about during the action, out of harm's way, and, being now near at hand, was hailed by Captain Winslow, and requested to render the sinking ship assistance. This yacht was the "Deerhound," owned by a Mr. Lancaster, who was on board, and he readily complied with Winslow's request. While the boats of the "Kearsarge" and "Alabama" and some from a couple of pilot-boats were busily engaged in bringing the wounded and rescued from the "Alabama" to the "Kearsarge," the "Deerhound" steamed about, as if looking for men drifting in the current, and having gained some little distance by this manœuvring, and taking advantage of the hazy atmosphere, started at full speed for the English coast, taking with her all those she had picked up, including Semmes and the officer who had surrendered the ship, who had, for the sake of humanity, been allowed to leave the side of the "Kearsarge." When it was reported to Winslow that the yacht was stealing off with the prisoners he thought it impossible, and was not convinced until it was too late to act. It was afterwards learned that the "Deerhound" was acting as a consort to the "Alabama," a greater part of Semmes's valuable personal property having been transferred to her the night before.

Twenty minutes after the "Alabama" had surrendered she sank, stern first, in forty fathoms of water, her mainmast going by the board as she settled down. After the battle the "Kearsarge" returned to Cherbourg.

During this action of an hour the "Kearsarge" fired one hundred and seventy-one projectiles, using five guns. Fifty-five 11-inch shell, forty-eight 30-pounder rifle percussion shell, eighteen 32-pounder shell, forty 32-pounder shot, and ten 12-pounder howitzer shell,—this was the official report made by the gunner after the action. The use of the 12-pounder howitzer in the action only created laughter among the crew. Two old quartermasters, the two Dromios of the "Kearsarge," were put in charge of this howitzer, with instructions to fire it when they received orders. These two old salts, not relishing the idea of having nothing to do while their shipmates were so actively engaged, opened fire with their diminutive piece, alternating the discharges with vituperations of each other. The officers allowed this farce to continue until the single box of ammunition was exhausted. It is stated that the "Alabama" used seven of her guns, and fired three hundred and seventy projectiles of various kinds; but twenty-seven of these struck

the "Kearsarge," thirteen being on her hull. One 7-inch rifle shell struck and lodged in her stern-post, but failed to explode; if it had, the result of the battle might have been reversed. On the "Kearsarge" the casualties were but three wounded, all by the same shot. According to the account of prisoners, the fire of the "Kearsarge" was terrific, one shot alone killing and wounding eighteen men. The loss on the "Alabama," in killed and wounded, was thirty-nine.

Extracts from reports made by Captain Winslow to the Secretary of the Navy read: "I have the honor to inform the Department that the day subsequent to the arrival of the 'Kearsarge' off this port, Cherbourg, on the 14th inst., I received a note from Captain Semmes, begging that the 'Kearsarge' would not depart, as he intended to fight her, and would delay her but a day or two. According to this notice, the 'Alabama' left Cherbourg this morning, June 19, about half-past nine. At the end of an hour's fighting the 'Alabama' struck, going down about twenty minutes later, carrying many persons with her." Captain Winslow further states that his reason for not chasing or firing upon the "Deerhound," while making off, was that he could not believe that any one carrying the flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron could act so dishonorable a part as to carry off his prisoners, whom he had been requested to save from feelings of humanity, and that he regrets very much that he was mistaken in this belief. In reply, the Secretary of the Navy says, "It is to be regretted that the confidence and generous sympathy which you exercised should have been abused by the commander of the 'Deerhound,' an English vessel of the Royal Yacht Squadron. That the commander of the sunken corsair should have resorted to any dishonorable means of escape after his surrender, that he should have thrown overboard his sword that was no longer his, are not matters of surprise, as these acts are characteristic of one who has been false to his country and flag. You could not have expected gentlemen, or those claiming to be gentlemen, would, on such an occasion, act in bad faith, and that, having been called upon or permitted to assist in rescuing persons or property which had been surrendered to you, would run away with either."

After his arrival in England Semmes made every possible excuse for his defeat. He started by saying that Winslow challenged him, and that he was forced by public opinion to fight him. That he was greatly overmatched, the "Kearsarge" being by far the better vessel; that he did not know until after the action that she was ironclad; that the "Alabama" was sorely in need of repairs; her copper was off and her bottom covered with long weeds.

For Winslow to have challenged Semmes would have been directly contrary to the regulations. The following letter will show who sent the challenge, if it can be called so:

"CONFEDERATE STATES STEAMER 'ALABAMA,'
"CHERBOURG, June 14, 1864.

"SIR,—I hear that you were informed by the United States consul that the 'Kearsarge' was to come to this port solely for the prisoners landed by me, and that she was to depart in twenty-four hours. I desire you to say to the United States consul that my intention is to fight the 'Kearsarge' as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements. I hope these will not detain me more than until to-morrow evening, or after-to-morrow morning at furthest. I beg she will not depart before I am ready to go out.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"R. SEMMES, *Captain.*

"TO AD. BONFILS, ESQ., CHERBOURG."

Mons. Bonfils was the rebel consul or agent at Cherbourg. The United States consul at Cherbourg denied ever having given any such information to Mons. Bonfils. Semmes claims to have had but one hundred and twenty, all told, on board at the time of the fight. Official figures show, however, that he had nearly one hundred and forty, accounted for as follows: Picked up by the "Kearsarge," sixty-seven; reported as drowned, thirteen; saved by French pilot-boats, seventeen; saved by the "Deerhound," forty-one. It is known that the "Alabama" carried one hundred and fifty officers and men into Cherbourg, and prisoners state that the night before the action boats were plying between the "Alabama" and the "Deerhound," and in the morning strange men were seen, who were stationed as captains of the guns; these were supposed to be Naval Reserve men, brought over by the "Deerhound." It was Semmes's own fault, if he did not know that the "Kearsarge" had her chain over the side, as it had been carried that way for a year; if it was a secret, it was an open one, as she was always open to inspection. It is rumored that, while she was at Cork, the commanding officer of the guard-ship "Hawke" inspected her, under orders, and to report the condition of her armament especially. If in this inspection the commander of the "Hawke" failed to see this chain, that was in plain sight, was it the fault of the officers of the "Kearsarge?" Semmes also states that this chain brought her down in the water. This is simply absurd, as the chain was part of her regular equipment, and could not possibly make any difference in her line of flotation, whether it was stowed in the locker or hung over the side. Semmes filled up with coal previous to going out, in order to protect his boilers. Semmes thought he was fully prepared for the fight, as he was five days, instead of two, as his letter had stated, in getting ready, and the following extract from Semmes's report to Mr. Mason, his representative in England, shows the condition his ship was in: "I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying that Mr. Kell, my first lieu-

tenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition in which the ship went into action." If not ready, how came she to be in such fine condition? Winslow's preparations were made while under way; Semmes's were made in port. I think I have shown previously that the ships were about equally matched.

The following is given as the manner of Semmes's escape to the "Deerhound." One of the "Deerhound's" boats was steering towards a group of about a dozen struggling persons, when the coxswain saw a drowning man at a little distance with an officer's cap on. One of the boat's crew said, "That's Semmes," and the drowning man called out, "I am the captain; save me; I cannot keep up any longer." He was dragged into the boat, and Semmes then said, "For God's sake, don't put me on board the 'Kearsarge,' but put me on board your yacht." The coxswain promised to do this, and covered him up with a sail in the bottom of the boat, and as soon as they arrived alongside of the yacht Semmes was at once placed below, out of sight. The officer in command of the "Kearsarge's" boats asked for Semmes, and was told that he had been drowned. Semmes also reports that he was fired upon five times by the "Kearsarge" after he had surrendered, although they were but four hundred yards from each other; but he adds that "it is charitable to suppose that a ship-of-war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally." This statement, like many others of Semmes's, is untrue.

Mr. Lancaster, the owner of the "Deerhound," in a letter to the editor of the *Daily News*, states, in vindication of his conduct, and as his warrant for interfering in the fight, that Captain Winslow called out to him, "For God's sake, do what you can to save them." It might be a question without that warrant, whether he would have been justified in trying to rescue the crew of the "Alabama." He says he thinks that a drowning man in the open sea cannot be regarded as an enemy by any one, and is entitled to assistance from any one passing, and that Captain Winslow did not request him to deliver up to him those he had rescued; if he had, he, Lancaster, would have refused the task, as he would have considered it very dishonorable to lend his yacht for the purpose of rescuing drowning men only to deliver them to their enemies for imprisonment, ill treatment, and, perhaps, execution. In answer to Captain Winslow's reason for not pursuing or firing into him,—that he, Winslow, could not believe that any one flying the flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron could act so dishonorably,—Mr. Lancaster says he was not then aware, nor is he now aware, that the men he rescued are or ever had been Winslow's prisoners, and that a far better reason for Winslow's want of action was that, after the affair of the "Trent," Winslow did not dare to. Mr. Lancaster also states that he was not a consort of the "Alabama;" that nothing was received on board the "Deerhound" from her previous to the fight. He utterly

fails to state, however, whether anything was delivered to the "Alabama" from the "Deerhound." He states that his yacht was at Cherbourg for his own pleasure, and that he went out to witness the fight at the request of his family, who were on board. Mr. Lancaster sent the following copy of his log:

"*Sunday, June* 19, 9 A.M. Got up steam and proceeded out of Cherbourg harbor.

"10.30 A.M. Observed the 'Alabama' steaming out of the harbor towards the Federal steamer 'Kearsarge.'

"11.10. The 'Alabama' commenced firing with her starboard battery, the distance between the contending vessels being about one mile. The 'Kearsarge' immediately replied with her starboard guns.

"12.30. Observed the 'Alabama' to be disabled and in a sinking state. Immediately made towards her, and on passing the 'Kearsarge' was requested to assist in saving the 'Alabama's' crew.

"At 12.50, when within a distance of two hundred yards, the 'Alabama' sunk. We then lowered our two boats, and, with the assistance of the 'Alabama's' whale-boat and dinghy, succeeded in saving about forty men, including Captain Semmes and thirteen officers. At 1 P.M. we steered for Southampton. I may state before leaving the 'Kearsarge' was apparently much disabled."

The log of the "Kearsarge" states that the officer of the deck saw a three-masted vessel steaming out from Cherbourg, her movements being somewhat mysterious, and, after remaining a short time, returned to port. This steamer came out again from Cherbourg a few minutes in advance of the "Alabama." This steamer was the yacht "Deerhound."

The honorable conduct of Mr. Lancaster in not giving up to the "Kearsarge" the men he had rescued from a watery grave is questioned, as the following fact shows; and I think he was anything but humane, for, according to his own account, after picking up Semmes, thirteen officers, and a few men, he starts, from fear of pursuit, at full speed for the English coast, leaving the "apparently much-disabled 'Kearsarge'"—his own words—to save two-thirds of the crew of the "Alabama," struggling in the water. In my opinion, he was on a par with Captain Eyre, of the English steamer "Bombay," who, having run into and sunk the United States steamer "Oneida," on the night of January 24, 1870, left one hundred and sixteen people, officers and men, to drown in the icy waters of Yokohama Bay, without an attempt at rescue. When questioned, upon his arrival at Yokohama, he said that he did not know he had struck anything. The signals of distress from the "Oneida" were heard in Yokohama, thirteen miles off.

There is good evidence that the "Deerhound" was at Cherbourg for the express purpose of rendering every possible assistance to the "Alabama." The "Deerhound" arrived the 17th, and between that time and the night of the 18th boats were observed from the shore fre-

quently passing between her and the "Alabama." It is reported that English gunners came over purposely to assist the "Alabama" in the fight. How did these men reach Cherbourg? Semmes's preparations were apparently finished on the 16th, but he remained behind the breakwater, to the surprise of his crew. The "Deerhound" arrived, and the preparations were rapidly completed. It is unfortunate that Mr. Lancaster did not furnish the *Times* with a copy of his log from the 12th to the 19th of June inclusive. The record of the "Deerhound" is suggestive,—on the morning of that memorable Sunday she steams out from Cherbourg; steams about, apparently without purpose; returns to port; comes out ahead of the "Alabama;" is the solitary and close spectator of the fight, while the "Couronne" has the delicacy to return to port; and having picked up Semmes and a few men, starts at full speed for Southampton. Can any one believe that this "Deerhound," that acted in such a suspicious and dishonorable manner, was a thoroughbred? I think not.

The above are facts relating to this action off Cherbourg. The "Alabama" went down riddled with shot, and as she sank beneath the waves not a cheer arose from the victors. The order was given, "Silence, boys!" and in perfect silence the "Alabama" plunged to her last resting-place. The reports in the English papers in regard to the fight, with few exceptions, speak in the highest terms of Semmes and his officers. Little credit is given by any of them to the "Kearsarge." The *Daily Post* says that, as far as known, not a relic of the "Alabama" is in possession of her successful rival. Semmes even dropped his sword overboard when he found his ship sinking.

"Unfortunately, it is not only discrepancies of statement that call attention to this engagement. There are two facts undisputed and patent to the world, which are susceptible of graver notice. There is the fact that a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, flying the white ensign of her majesty's fleet, escaping with prisoners of war under shelter of a neutral flag, in violation of that honor of a neutral to which they had been confided. There is Captain Semmes boasting that he had been fortunate enough to escape, after hauling down his flag, his own account, to the shelter of the neutral flag; and congratulating his officers and men 'that though they had lost their ship they had not lost their honor.' The friends of Captain Semmes and his cause should lament that when he dropped his sword into the sea he did not send his trumpet after it."[1]

Thus, in a short, equally-matched fight, lasting but an hour, was ended the career of the notorious rebel cruiser "Alabama" or "290."

C. W. Ruschenberger,
Lieutenant U.S.N.

[1] Extract from the *London Daily News*.

THE NIGHT OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

[I read some little time ago in a newspaper the account of an interview with a survivor—perhaps the last survivor—of President Lincoln's body-guard, giving some interesting details of the arrival at the White House of the news of the President's assassination on the night of its occurrence. The only point in the old man's story to which I care now to recur is his statement that on hearing the news he started at once for the house opposite Ford's Theatre, on Tenth Street, to which the President had been carried, and on getting there *found a military guard posted that refused him admittance.* How that guard came to be there so promptly surprised him, and, indeed, had surprised others who had occasion to take cognizance of it. Had he gone to Secretary Seward's, or Secretary Stanton's, or any one of numerous official residences, he would have found guards there likewise. In short, though the fact smacks somewhat of locking the stable-door after the horse has been stolen, it is a fact that within less than an hour after Booth's fatal shot the residence and person of every prominent official in Washington was under close military protection. Considering the hour of the occurrence, the remoteness of most of the military barracks, and the temporary paralysis of practical thought and action natural to an event so shocking, this promptitude on the part of the military is remarkable, and its cause worth explaining. The following narrative of my experiences on that eventful night will disclose how this prompt action of the military came about, and possibly contains other matter which the recent revival of interest in all that relates to President Lincoln may make acceptable to the public.

G. A. W.]

THE 14th of April, 1865, found me a looker-on in Washington, where, after a tour of special duty to which I had been assigned by the Secretary of War, I was awaiting orders to join my command, then stationed in the West. The time and place were both full of interest to one who had the leisure to take in the scenes and incidents which were passing, and on which it was necessary to dwell with something more than momentary attention to enable one to realize that the epochal struggle which had raged for more than four years was actually at an end.

The night of the 13th had been given to celebrating the final victories. Amid the blaze of lights and the blare of instrumental music an immense triumphal procession had wound its way with shouts and pæans beneath great arches spanning the breadth of Pennsylvania Avenue, and, except in the breasts of sympathizers with the lost cause, a feeling, not so much of exultation as of deep thankfulness, pervaded the vast mass of people that filled the streets.

The morning of the 14th dawned on a community eagerly expectant of new scenes of joy-making and pageantry. A holiday spirit was abroad. Thoughts of business and "the cares that infest the day" were relegated to a more convenient season, and while nobody had any precise idea of what he was expected to do to help the general joy, everybody was pretty well agreed to leave undone whatever was not directly, or indirectly, festive in its character.

With this prevalent hilarity one scene which I witnessed offered striking contrast. Passing down Fourteenth Street, on their way from the provost-marshal's office to the old capitol prison, there marched, as prisoners of war, a motley column of over four hundred Confederate field and company officers, together with some dozen or more general officers, to whom was accorded the distinction of riding in an omnibus. Among these latter were some of the most distinguished of the Southern leaders, several of them disabled by wounds which they had incurred in a cause which, however we might regard it, had been to them as holy as any that had ever rallied to its support ardent zeal and knightly endeavor. It was a sorrowful sight. No man with the heart of a man beating in his bosom could witness it without emotion. In their old tarnished and torn uniforms they marched erect and proud, with no semblance of bravado, and yet with no apparent sense of humiliation.

On "F" Street, just east of the Ebbitt House, were quartered at this time Generals Joshua T. Owen and De Witt C. Baxter, both of Philadelphia. Here these two gallant warriors, having fought a good fight, rested from their labors pending their relegation to the walks of civil life, and here I dropped in on the evening of the 14th. With Owen and Baxter I found, enjoying the hospitalities of the "Saints' Rest," as the profane had dubbed their abode, my old friend and comrade of the Pennsylvania Reserves, General S. Duncan Oliphant. Later in the evening the regimental band of the Eighth Veteran Reserve Corps appeared in front of the house and serenaded the party, gathering at the same time a very considerable crowd of people, who in due course called out General Owen, whose fame as an orator equaled his renown as a soldier. What with his and other speeches and the music the evening passed very enjoyably. After the band had left and the crowd had dispersed, our party, which during the evening had considerably increased, broke up. Oliphant, Baxter, and I, attracted by the sound of music, walked to the corner of Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and stood there watching the march past of a torchlight procession composed of employés of the Treasury Department, who had been prevented by their duties from taking part in the celebration the night before, and were now making up for it by having one of their own. While thus occupied, a man came running up the avenue, and addressing me, cried out, "Have

you heard what has happened?" "No," answered I. "What has happened?" "The President has just been shot in Ford's theatre." "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "can that be possible?" "Yes," said the man, "I saw him carried out; he wasn't dead, but the doctors say he can't live." Our impulse was to run down to Ford's theatre, and we started to do so. At this moment, however, the members of the torchlight procession which was still filing by seemed to catch the news, and the procession instantly broke up into groups of intensely-excited men. They crowded ahead of us on the sidewalk so as to hinder our progress, and brought us, in fact, to a halt. As we were thus checked, there flashed through my mind the scene I had witnessed in the morning, of those four hundred and odd Confederate officers being marched to the old capitol as prisoners of war. Might it not be that by some treachery they had been released, or had escaped, and, heading a preconcerted rising of Southern sympathizers, were making a last mad effort, not to save, but to avenge the lost cause? And was not this killing of the President but one act in a tragedy that was to include, or perhaps had already included, all the heads of government? Of course I do not mean to say that there, on the sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue, in the midst of a surging mass of men almost frenzied with excitement, these thoughts formulated themselves just as I now set them down, but incoherently they voiced themselves to my inner sense, and led me to exclaim, "Gentlemen, it strikes me that we, as military men, instead of going down to Tenth Street to swell a crowd and be of no use, had better get up the garrison of this city." This proposition receiving immediate assent, we dashed towards the middle of the avenue, where just at that moment a solitary, battered old hack, drawn by a wretched beast, and presided over (not driven) by a sleepy Jehu, was wending its way to its place of rest. Plunging into it with scant ceremony, we shouted to the now aroused hackman to drive to General Augur's head-quarters. Instantly catching our excitement, though ignorant of its cause, our driver, now indeed a Jehu, with voice, whip, and rein stimulated his ancient beast into a degree of activity that doubtless recalled visions of his vanished youth.

Above Willard's no word of the dreadful deed, which before another sun should set would have been flashed round the world, had apparently been carried. All was dark and quiet. At General Augur's head-quarters, which it took us only a very few minutes to reach, we found nobody but an orderly. To him we communicated the news, and told him to get word at once to the general and his staff. Then on we hastened up the avenue to the head-quarters of General George W. Gile, who commanded the troops that constituted the immediate garrison of the city. Passing Nineteenth and "I" Streets, where was quartered what was known as the Fire Brigade,—a force of firemen and steam fire-engines organized for the protection of gov-

ernment property,—it occurred to Baxter, who was an old Philadelphia fireman, that incendiarism might form part of the devilish work which seemed afoot. We stopped long enough to let him run in, arouse the foreman, and direct him to fire up his engines and be in readiness for instant action. Arrived at Gile's head-quarters, we found the same state of things as at Augur's,—an orderly in charge. We told him to light up the offices, and, as we knew that Gile lived a little farther up the avenue, and near where two regiments of Veteran Reserve troops were quartered at Martindale Barracks, we resumed our drive, and, halting at the door of Gile's lodgings, Baxter ran up to his room, while Oliphant and I rushed over to the barracks, he to alarm the troops and I to arouse Major Dewitt, the commandant of the post. I had hardly delivered one sonorous blow on Dewitt's door with my fist when from the barrack inclosure sounded forth on the still air of the night that startling summons, the "long roll" which never fails to electrify the soldier, no matter how deep the slumber in which he is wrapped. By the time I had awakened Dewitt and communicated my tidings the soldiers were rushing out of their quarters and "falling in," stern, silent, and ready. Certainly not more than ten minutes had elapsed since the first note of the long roll had sounded, and here, where then was but empty space, now stood in two long lines a thousand men. Such is the magic of military discipline.

General Gile having arrived, immediately began dispatching squads under command of subaltern and non-commissioned officers to the residences of the several Cabinet ministers and other prominent officials. The remaining troops were ordered to be held in readiness, and, at Gile's invitation, Oliphant, Baxter, and I started with him to his head-quarters. On our way a mounted orderly of General Augur met us and conveyed to Gile orders to do the very things which had already been done in the matter of stationing guards, etc.

At the head-quarters office there commenced arriving officers from every part of the city, some to tell what they knew of the night's doings, and others eager to hear the minutest details of the direful event. Every few minutes some man would come rushing in with the announcement of a victim previously unheard of by the assembled crowd, until the list came to include, besides the President, the Vice-President, Secretary Seward, General Grant, and Secretary Stanton. Being entirely assured of the truth as respected the President, we were prepared to accept, and did accept, each fresh announcement as equally well founded. The excitement mounted to a pitch more easy to be imagined than described. Swords flashed from their scabbards and were raised aloft as by a common and irresistible impulse, and from throats hoarse with passion a great vow of vengeance went up to heaven.

I remember particularly the coming of Colonel Theodore MacGowan

fresh from the theatre, and the first who gave us an accurate account of just what had taken place there. MacGowan and a friend had gone early to the theatre to secure two particular chairs in the upper row of the dress-circle which they had discovered by previous experience to be loose and movable; the advantage being that when the house had filled they could set these chairs back in the aisle and, tilting them against the wall, have more room, and enjoy besides the sitting posture which is supposed to be especially dear to Americans. The President's box was the one at the end of the dress-circle on their side of the house, and their position in the aisle impeded approach to it. MacGowan told us that shortly before Booth himself appeared a man came along the aisle towards the President's box, and, seeing that he wished to pass, they moved their chairs forward to let him get by; he went to the door of the box, on the step of which sat the President's messenger, and seemed to hand him a card, with which the messenger entered the box. On the reappearance of the latter the man returned to the front of the house and disappeared. Not many minutes after Booth came along, evidently bound for the President's box. Again MacGowan and his friend moved their chairs forward, so as to let Booth pass behind them. Booth reached the box and entered. What took place there was hidden from their view, but is now matter of history. The shot; Booth's leap to the stage, his spurred heel catching in the folds of the flag draped beneath the box, causing the fracture of the small bone of the leg which led subsequently to his capture; his brandishing aloft a dagger and his exclamation, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" as he disappeared in the wings on the opposite side, all these followed in quick succession, so quick indeed that it was impossible for the startled spectators to take in and fully realize exactly what had happened. Unquestionably Booth had calculated on just this effect, and relied on it to secure the few moments which were necessary for him to reach his horse, which stood ready and waiting for him in the alley alongside of the theatre. And well was it for the assassin's temporary safety that he had not miscalculated in this regard. There were probably a hundred men in the audience that night with pistols on their persons who in a single minute more would have directed against the fleeing murderer a fatal fusilade. MacGowan himself was a dead shot with the pistol,—could snuff a candle at fifteen paces, and all that sort of thing. He had his revolver with him, and, as he declared to us, could he have realized the situation promptly enough, he could easily have put three bullets into Booth's body before he crossed the stage. Colonel MacGowan is probably just as happy now as if he had then and there done Booth to death, but at the time it seemed an immense opportunity missed.

As the night wore on, one after another of the officers at Gile's head-quarters took their departure. Some time after midnight Gile asked me if I wouldn't get a mount and visit the guards which had been

established. I sent an orderly for a horse, and spent the remainder of the night in the saddle, going from place to place where guards were stationed and seeing that they were properly attentive to their duties. About five o'clock in the morning I reached the house opposite Ford's theatre where the President lay, and the officer commanding the guard proposed to me to go in. I at first demurred, thinking it would be an intrusion, but after a moment's reflection concluded that, all things considered, I might venture on entering. The house, as I remember it (for I have never seen it since), was a small two-story tenement, with a flight of steps leading up to the front door, entering which you found yourself in a narrow passage, with a stairway on the right, a parlor to the left, and a bedroom at its extremity. This latter was the room where the President lay. From the parlor, the door to which was closed, could occasionally be heard low wailing sounds, proceeding, as I supposed, from mourning members of Mr. Lincoln's family. General Augur sat on one of the lower stairs facing the front door. In the room with the President were several members of the Cabinet and Surgeon-General Barnes, the latter kneeling by the President's bedside, apparently sopping with a towel the brains and blood which oozed from the wound. The President lay with his head to the foot of the bed, entirely unconscious and breathing stertorously. Every now and then the sounds would cease, and for a moment or two it would seem as if the end had come; then they would begin again, and the failing flame of life would feebly flicker on. Twice while I stood in the doorway of the room Secretary Stanton pressed by me to where General Augur sat, and conversed with him briefly and excitedly.

As I left the house the new day was breaking. Riding to my quarters, the events of the night passed in rapid review through my mind. What a change a few hours had wrought! From a scene of rejoicing the capital would in a brief space of time be filled with mourning. To the remotest corners of the land would be flashed the dire intelligence that the nation's chief had been stricken down by the bullet of an assassin, and hearts that had been elated with joyful anticipation of peace and reunion and the re-establishment of fraternal amity would be sickened with dread forebodings of evils yet to come. Depressed and weary, I sought relief in sleep, feeling that I had passed through the most memorable night of my life.

GEORGE A. WOODWARD,
Colonel U.S.A. (retired).

NEW GUINEA.[1]

SOME UNSCIENTIFIC NOTES.

On the 4th of September last the sovereignty of England over New Guinea was formally proclaimed. "Another jewel has been set in the British Crown," another infant colony adopted, for which our political prophets may, if it please them, draw hopeful horoscopes. One thing is certain, there is gold in New Guinea.

We in the "Opal," while waiting orders to embark the High Commissioner and assist in the ceremony, have cruised for some three months among the islands that thickly dot the ocean north-east of the Australian coast. We steamed away from Cookstown on Monday, the 21st of May. The day was heavenly, the sea without a ripple, and at night the stars were intensely brilliant, overhead the two centaurs pointed to the beautiful Southern Cross, while far away above the northern horizon the dear old Bear was doing sentry-go over Old England.

We touched first at Santa Cruz, where about fifty canoes came off; the natives were a bit shy at first, but soon made friends, and a lively trade began in bows and arrows and various curios, which were bartered for pipes, tobacco, beads, etc., the filthy lucre of civilization being unknown here. The natives of this group are lighter in color and smaller than Fijians and Tongans. After the bright, handsome faces of the Tongans and their graceful manners the natives of the New Guinea groups seem terribly repulsive. Their faces wear a look of treachery and low cunning, they suffer from frightful skin-diseases, and, to add to the ugliness with which nature has so liberally endowed them, they disfigure nose and ears with huge rings. If our fair ones could only see the effect of ear-rings *in extremis* I am sure they would never wear them again.

For their dress, it is *à la mode de* Eden-before-the-fall. Here the married ladies are distinguished by a bit of string tied around their waists. On the mainland of New Guinea the fashion has progressed to that of the post-fall period,—a skirt of leaves or hanging grass, of which more presently. Here the men carry a kind of knapsack made of mat, and stow the miscellaneous rubbish of their worldly goods in it. The

[1] Reprinted from the *London Naval and Military Magazine.*

heat is awful, and just now everything has to be shut up on account of the rain. There is one white man on the island, a Church of England missionary, who has courage to face the fever that hides in the beautiful and marvelously-luxuriant vegetation.

The canoes are the usual dug-out sort, with one outrigger; at the island of Santa Anna we saw some very beautiful models with no outrigger. Three or four men can sit in them, having just room for their legs. They have also catamarans of thin planks joined together.

At Santa Anna the natives are very friendly to Europeans; they have not been cannibals for years, though some of this group (Solomon Islands) are among the worst in the South Seas. A labor-ship came in while we were there; the vessels are away about five months collecting boys to work the sugar plantations in Fiji and Queensland, each of whom must eventually be returned to his own island. The government regulations are very strict, and sometimes, when there is competition, English ships are much handicapped by not being allowed to give muskets to the families of the boys.

By the 5th of June we reached Florida Island. Here a missionary is established, and we found a school-house and prayer-books in the native language, also a comparatively clean village. The ladies here wear short skirts, something like a ballet-dancer's. When we appeared they disappeared, looking with their flying skirts like so many ostriches as they whisked into the bush. That wonderful bush! it is impossible to describe it without using up all the superlatives in the language. Imagine massive trees covered with ferns and parasites, each a perfect garden in itself, graceful palms, tree-ferns, varied by crotons, coleuses, Judas-trees, hibiscus, and, above all, orchids, in the shade of which flash gorgeous parrots, lovely-plumaged pigeons, and the exquisite little bird of paradise. The parrots scream, the pigeons boom heavily, beetles everlastingly buzz, and the most beautiful butterflies imaginable come *sauntering* along, not fluttering in a hurry like their cousins in England. Naturally! it is much too hot to be in a hurry. The climate of your hottest conservatories is a feeble imitation of this. When we go shooting we take natives to retrieve our game; it is wonderful how they do it, for *we* hopelessly lose any fallen bird, and often when we hear their boom all round us can hardly get a shot through the immense thickness of the vegetation.

Man is tolerably vile. They are devil worshipers, and propitiate the formidable evil, leaving the good to look after itself. In the centre of the villages is always the Tabu house. Here chiefs are buried and drums kept, no woman ever admitted. On the props of the one here was an advertisement of Old Judge tobacco, of which they seemed immensely proud. I wished for a good puff of Pears's soap, to stick up alongside. The natives' own houses are fairly large, with one aperture for door and window, three feet from the ground. A

great many seem to live in each house, and at night stow away pretty thick on mats on the floor.

Dinner Island is about a mile round and about a mile from the mainland of New Guinea. A number of little islands here form an excellent harbor, and a delicious fresh breeze blows constantly. We shot here (I grieve to own) some small birds with a song almost as liquid and sweet as the nightingale's. A lively trade constantly goes on in bows and arrows, feathers, etc., and in shells, which are exquisitely beautiful, sometimes also in pearls. It is a lovely sight to look down through the clear water at the coral, which is of all shapes, sometimes like fine net-work, and of all colors. The fish, which dart in and out, are as gorgeously colored as everything else.

We have had to go to a place called Pippinge Creek and demand the skulls of two English thieves who took refuge here, and were promptly eaten. The "Diamond" came last year, burnt the village, and cut down the cocoanut-trees. The skulls had been kept as trophies; they were brought off to us wrapped in a blue handkerchief.

Our first view of the mainland of New Guinea was Port Moresby. Here there is a station of the London Mission Society, a store, and the head-quarters of the government. The native villages in these parts are built on piles off the sea-shore, so that if attacked and hard pressed by other tribes, they slip out of their back doors into their canoes. At the end of the bay in which we anchor is the town of Granville, consisting at present of about four or five houses,—a store kept by a Scotchman, a bakery run by a Japanese, some government offices, our coal store, and a couple of other houses. A mile or so down the bay is another landing-place, leading to Government House, then comes the native village, then the Mission Station. There are two distinct tribes living at Port Moresby,—the Motuans and the Koitapans. They keep so absolutely apart that it is said even their children do not play together, though their houses are side by side. The Koitapans are the real owners of the land, while the Motuans, a sea-faring race, are traders and potters. Why, or whence, or when they came is unknown; here they live by a mutual agreement, the Koitapans saying to them, "Yours are the sea, the canoes, and the nets; ours are the land and the wallaby. Give us fish for our flesh and pottery for our yams and bananas, that we may live together in peace."

These fishers have a peculiar custom. In the morning you see the canoes go out, racing one another, skylarking, and chatting. But on the return journey at night they are silent till they come to land, and may not dispose of their fish on the way. If one were to board them and attempt to trade they would probably jump out of the canoe and swim ashore. They make yearly voyages to dispose of their pottery, and in return bring back sago, the sago-palm being grown westward in large

quantities. For these trading expeditions they make their *lakatoi*, just as wood rafts are made for convenience of transit down the Rhine.

From three to five large dug-out canoes are placed side by side and securely lashed together with stuff made from fibrous bark. Then bulwarks are made from palm-leaves sewn together with sticks to strengthen them, like wicker-work. In the centre is a sort of deck-house, where the captain and officers sleep. The captain, being a sort of sacred person, has his meals apart, as in our service. There are two masts with mat-sails of very peculiar shape. The day before sailing they hold a grand regatta and go singing and shouting about the harbor. The crockery consists of *uras*, open pots for cooking, and *hordus*, for carrying water. All the potter's work is done by the ladies, who wear the grass-skirt, and represent all other articles of dress by abundant tattoo. The gentlemen look upon clothing as purely ornamental, and, accordingly, they put on merely a quarter-inch tape, but are decorated with plenty of brilliant paint and head-dresses and necklets of exquisite feathers. For mourning they blacken themselves all over, and in very deep affliction even the insides of their houses. The women, and sometimes the men, also carry a net filled with babies, bananas, shells, and all sorts of messes, bound on their foreheads and hanging over their backs.

When the Papuan makes a dictionary he should define "European" as "man who gives tobacco." Entreaties for *kuku* are his chief conversation. Pipes are not used here, but a long tube of bamboo open at one end, with a small hole in the side near the other end. The tobacco is rolled up in a leaf like a small cigarette, and held in the little hole, while a small boy puts his mouth to the big end and exhausts the air, filling the tube with smoke. It is then handed round, and each takes a pull from the small hole till the tube is empty, when they begin *da capo*.

We can fancy ourselves in Australia again at Port Moresby,—in fact, the presence of that weary gum-tree and of the kangaroo pretty well prove that the two were formerly one. But there are plenty of crocodiles, which roar dismally in the pleasant coolness which here refreshes us at night.

We have been out shooting and met a party of natives on the hunt. They form into a circle, close in, and spear all the ground game; or else they inclose a tract with nets, then fire the grass, and so drive in the kangaroo and wallaby. It is wonderful to see them slip through the bush, which is here infested with a kind of palm fitly called "the lawyer," as its countless hooks, retracted like a cat's claw, are terrible to escape from. You free your sleeve only to find your legs caught and your face torn, and finally have to back out again.

There are some Tongan teachers among the Mission workers about this region; their graceful movements in their flowing dresses—I am

thinking of the ladies—are a refreshing contrast to the prevailing ugliness.

To-day (4th of September) we have formally annexed New Guinea. The natives looked on calmly; they were not surprised, for this is the fifth ceremony of the kind that has taken place. The first was at the latter end of last century, and was not followed up; next, Captain Moresby, in the "Basilisk," took possession and gave his name to the place; then the Queensland Government had a try, but this was repudiated from home; lastly, Captain Erskine, in November, 1884, proclaimed a protectorate, which lasted to the present time, business being carried on by a commissioner, deputy commissioner, and agents at various ports. Altogether, a feeble and invertebrate system, unable to enforce law when required without calling in the aid of men-of-war.

Our men marched up and formed line, shouldering arms. Dr. MacGregor, the new Administrator, read the Proclamation and Letter Patent. The Royal Standard was hoisted, our men presented arms, the band played "God Save the Queen," and the "Opal" fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns. Our captain swore in the Administrator, a *feu de joie* was fired, three cheers were given for the Queen, the Union Jack run up as the Administrator's flag and saluted by the "Opal." That was all.

As our men marched off the natives attached to the Mission sang "God Save the Queen" in their own tongue, melodiously enough. For the rest, proceedings that did not include *kuku* all round were incomplete and unsatisfactory.

And we are off at daybreak, and can philosophize at leisure on our new possession and its prospects, till we reach Australia and civilization once again.

W. O. Story,
Lieutenant H.M.S. "Opal."

OPERATIONS AGAINST HOSTILE INDIANS WITH GENERAL GEORGE CROOK, 1867–'68.

In the spring of 1867 I was relieved from duty with the Eighth United States Cavalry,—then being organized,—and ordered to report for duty with my own company and regiment, at Camp C. F. Smith, Oregon; I was at the time stationed at Benicia Barracks, California, and proceeded by boat to Sacramento, thence marching across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, over the old stage-road, through Carson, Fort Churchill, and McDermit, Nevada, to my own station, in Southern Oregon.

Twenty-one years ago the Indian tribes were not concentrated, as they are to-day, but were scattered over an immense territory, broken up into small bands of from twenty to fifty, roaming at will, destroying or stealing stock, and murdering small parties of prospectors or other travelers whenever found unprepared. Small military posts were located at isolated places near stage-roads or mining-camps, or approaches to them, for such protection as they could afford; but they were usually composed of but one small company of cavalry or infantry, rendering effective scouting almost impossible, for, to send out a sufficient number of men to meet any emergency would be to reduce the strength of the garrison to such a degree as to leave it entirely defenseless in case of attack. All this is now changed, and military garrisons are large enough to send out a strong command and retain enough men not only to protect life and property at the post, but also to afford support to those in the field should it be necessary.

From Lemhi, in Idaho, to Klawath, in Oregon, an almost uninterrupted tract of country, abounding in game, fish, and bunch-grass feed for animals, lay at the mercy and control of those itinerant bands of Pi-ute, Snake, Klawath, Modoc, and Pitt River Indians; their weapons consisted chiefly of bows and arrows and old shot-guns; occasionally rifles of various patterns would be found among them, taken, no doubt, from some of their victims, either teamsters or miners waylaid in their long and solitary journey to the gold-fields in the mountains.

It was no easy task that General Crook had before him. Were it possible for him to concentrate those scattered bands and with his troops

give them battle, the problem would soon be solved; but for hundreds of miles the country had to be thoroughly scouted to find—after, perhaps, weeks of hard and tedious marching—but a small band of warriors, who would scatter to the four winds at the approach of troops. It was only when they had every advantage in position and numbers that they would show any disposition to fight, or when cornered, and then they would fight to the death: every shot and every arrow was sent to kill, their fire-arms usually being loaded with slugs, and their steel- or flint-headed arrows poisoned; the process of poisoning being done by taking a deer's or other animal's liver and holding it on the end of a long stick to a frenzied rattlesnake to bite, and thus impregnate it with poison, or else leave it in the sun to become putrid, then rub the arrow-head in it, and leave it to dry. A wound from one of those would usually prove fatal; but if the arrow became exposed to moisture, the poison would evaporate and become non-effective, and for this reason the Indians always carried their arrows in quivers made from the skin of fur animals, with the fur inside.

General Crook's long experience and study of the Indian character in Oregon prior to the War of the Rebellion placed him *par excellence* the man to successfully cope with the settlement of the Indian question in this portion of the Pacific States and Territories, and the confidence of the authorities at Washington and of the people of the Pacific coast was fully justified by the results. The soldiers under his command had just passed through a four years' war and were young, hardy fellows, full of fight and capable of enduring any amount of fatigue and hardship; indeed, had it not been so, the successful termination of this particular war in 1868 could not have been accomplished, leaving, as it did, thousands of acres of fertile land to be taken advantage of by the thrifty settler and enterprising stock-raiser. Railroads, towns, villages, and productive farms now occupy the sites of Indian "wickee-ups" and battle-grounds in this beautiful garden of the Pacific coast.

The troops composing the expedition in preparation for the campaign against these Indians consisted of Companies "F," "H," and "M," First Cavalry, and a detachment of Company "D," Twenty-third Infantry, mounted.

On the 22d of July the command left Camp C. F. Smith for Camp Warner, distant about one hundred miles due west. On this march we crossed Stein's Mountain and passed many peculiar formations of rocks and earth. "Skull Creek Canyon," a narrow pass in the mountains, is lined on either side with basalt rock resembling church-spires and the long, narrow, arched windows of European cathedrals, many of them being almost as perfect as if done by the skillful hand of the architect. Thirty miles west, in the vicinity of "Beattie's Butte," we passed a perfect amphitheatre of earth covering a space of about two acres, the angles being surmounted by earth-towers

of fifty or sixty feet in height, the surrounding walls being ten to twelve feet thick and partially (and apparently) in ruins; to stand about half a mile from it the effect and delusion were perfect. Yet it was evidently but the work of volcanic action.

We remained at Camp Warner a few days, waiting the arrival of a company of "Warm Spring" Indians from the Dalles, who were to act as scouts and trailers during the expedition. So daring were the hostile Indians, that, a few days before we reached "Warner," a party of them had killed a soldier of the Twenty-third Infantry and wounded another not more than two hundred yards from the post. The garrison consisted of two companies of the Twenty-third Infantry.

Public animals and cattle had to be strongly guarded by armed men, and then only within sight of the post; and, even with all this precaution, the Indians would sometimes attack the herd and succeed in stampeding some of them. On one or two occasions they crawled up to the stockade corral at night and killed some of the animals with arrows; at another time they stampeded the herd half a mile from camp and got away with thirteen government mules. There was no cavalry at the post to follow them, and they got off with their plunder. After the arrival of our Indian allies we took up the line of march for the Goose Lake country, which to-day is dotted with towns and productive farms, but at that time was the home of the hostile Indians.

Passing through the Goose Lake Valley we again got into the mountains, making occasional halts for one or two days, to graze our animals and to give our Indians an opportunity of scouting the country ahead of us for "Indian signs." Some days our march would take us up the rugged mountain-side away above the snow-line, giving us an excellent view of the surrounding country for many miles in every direction. Our guide, on one of those occasions, remarked that "a fellow couldn't very well get lost in such a country, there were so many permanent peaks about,"—meaning, of course, prominent points. The country was rich in its numbers of warm, sheltered valleys, with grass in abundance, game plentiful, and clear mountain-streams abounding in trout, —the regular, orthodox, speckled, solid-fleshed, gamy fellows that make the angler's heart rejoice.

Scarcely a day passed that did not see General Crook's mess well supplied in this line. There is no better fly-fisher in the country than General Crook; and with his rifle he is equally expert, as I can attest from witnessing his unerring aim at deer and antelope, as well as Indians. We continued our search for "Lo, the poor Indian," up and down mountain-ranges, steep and rugged as nature could have made them, with now and again a few miles completely blocked by fallen timber lying in every conceivable direction. Slowly we would make our way over and through such obstructions, leading our horses. Until the 13th of September we had not, so far, encountered any "hostiles,"

yet the general was certain that several small bands were concentrated somewhere in some secluded spot in the mountains, fishing, hunting, and gambling, as was their usual custom at this season of the year. The general therefore concluded to divide the command, and send one party north and take the other with him in a southerly direction. So Companies "F" and "M," and a party of scouts, all under command of Captain D. Perry, were ordered north, and Companies "H" (mine) and "D," Twenty-third Infantry, with Archie MacIntosh's Warm Spring scouts, remained with the general for work southward.

We had constant rains and snow for several days after our party divided, but we continued our work, looking for our "lost Indians." We crossed the boundary-line into California on the 22d, and Indian signs began to get plentiful and interesting. While in camp that night we noticed two or three fires west of us, and three parties of scouts were sent out to locate them, their instructions being to get as near as possible unobserved, get an approximate idea of their numbers and situation, then return cautiously and report, the general's plan being to make a night march on them and attack at daybreak.

Our guide—Wilson—went with one party of our Indians, and MacIntosh with another. Wilson came upon a large party early the next morning, situated beneath a small bluff overlooking a large open plain,—a magnificent place for an attack; but, in direct disobedience to his orders, he fired on the Indians and then ran for his life, instead of getting away unobserved and returning to camp to report, when the whole command would have been fresh for a general attack. This piece of stupidity of Wilson's gave the Indians the alarm at once, and signal-fires were visible in every direction, the whole country was ablaze, and our other scouts reported Indian runners everywhere. They waylaid and killed two or three of them. The general was terribly annoyed and disgusted with the guide, whom he immediately discharged, and some of the men of my company were so incensed at his perfidy that they actually got a lariat and had him under a tree ready to swing until Lieutenant Eskridge, Twenty-third Infantry (the quartermaster), discovered them in time to save the fellow's life. I think sometimes it would have been but meted justice to have let the rope serve its work then, for a few days afterwards many valuable lives were lost by his disobedience and insubordination. The next two or three days was anticipation and excitement; Indian signs were plentiful. Now and then one or two bucks would be seen on the side of some mountain and then disappear in the timber; they were evidently watching our movements, and did not propose to be caught napping.

On the morning of the 26th of September we moved down the mountain-side into the Pitt River Valley, and had just reached the flat country when our chief of scouts (MacIntosh) rode up and reported a large band of warriors intrenched in rocks and caves above us and

wanting to fight. I was ordered to dismount my company and move up from the south side, while Lieutenant Madigan, my second lieutenant, who was in command of the mounted infantry, was directed to ascend from the north: the east side was the valley, with our lead-horses and guard, and the pack-train; and the west was protected by a perpendicular bluff about five hundred feet high. We commenced climbing up the steep mountain-side, over rocks and huge boulders, down through a deep ravine, and up again through rocks and juniper-trees, when the Indians opened a heavy fire upon us. We made quick work up that steep ascent, driving the Indians before us, until we reached a rocky plateau about six hundred feet above the valley, and there found the Indians in force. They were in a natural fortification, strengthened by artificial means, with loop-holes and embrasures. There was a main fort, of a basin-like formation, with a balcony nearly all round it, and above this a wall of rock about eight or nine feet in height, with a rocky gulch about forty feet deep completely surrounding the whole, the width of the gulch—about twenty-five feet—being the only space distant between us and the Indians; but they were behind their stone wall, while we were more or less exposed. Our men, however, sought shelter behind rocks and boulders. The firing was lively from both sides. Several other strong forts were near the main one, with caves connecting them, so that the Indians could pass from one to the other in perfect security. Some of the Indians posted themselves at the entrances to these subterranean passages, and, lying flat on their stomachs, they would pick off our men, while we could not discern where the shots came from, owing to the dark background and the Indians being about the same color as the rocks surrounding them. Before our men had sought shelter behind rocks, First Sergeant Albert Brachett and Private Lyon were killed and Lieutenant Madigan and half a dozen men were wounded. The afternoon was consumed in forming our line so as to completely surround the position held by the Indians, movements being made by the men on all-fours, or crawling to the position desired, for at twenty paces distance a man exposing himself was bound to be hit. The bodies of the two men who were killed could not be removed until after dark, as they lay in a position fully exposed to the Indian fire.

Soon after sundown one-half of the command were sent down to the camp, in the valley, to get something to eat. We had not had a mouthful since five o'clock in the morning, and our attack on the Indians commenced about noon. After all had supper and our wounded were attended to and the dead removed, we again took up our position around the forts. The night was clear and cold. All night long the Indian "medicine-man" kept up a monotonous and loud "talk," evidently giving counsel and courage to his people. An occasional shot would relieve the monotony of this doleful cry. Just

about sundown I climbed up on a high rock near me, to try and get a view of the Indian fort. I was seen, and in an instant arrows flew thick and fast around me from both flanks and front, but none hit. About midnight Lieutenant Eskridge came to me and requested me to go round to where Lieutenant Madigan was and cheer him up. He said he had just left him, very despondent. I went around and gave him a drink of whisky, as his whole frame was shaking and shivering. I did and said all I could to cheer him up; but he evidently had a premonition of death, and nothing I could say or do had any effect whatever. The poor fellow was killed in the attack next morning. A brilliant officer and a brave man was Lieutenant John Madigan.

About an hour before daylight next morning General Crook directed me to draw in my line, form my men, and storm the works. This (the concentration) was done, with the loss of two or three wounded. So near had they closed in on the Indians during the night that when they wanted to get back they had to pass over an exposed position, and thus became a target for the ever-watchful Indian.

Everything being ready, the men were directed to take off their overcoats, as hard climbing was before us. Lieutenant Madigan neglected to do this. I took the right, with twenty-two men, with Lieutenant Madigan and eighteen men on my left. The rest of our available men were either attending the wounded of the day before or were guarding our pack-train, which had been attacked in the valley during the night by Indians on the outside. At the command, "Forward," we went with a rush down into the gulch surrounding the main fort. We were met by a perfect hail-storm of arrows as we rose in full view of the Indians, but not a man was touched. We were down at the bottom of the gulch in an instant, where we were secure, as a shot, to be effective, must be fired from a perpendicular height above, and to do this the Indians would have had to come outside of their works and be exposed to our fire. Our forty or fifty feet of climbing now commenced. The boulders were large, too large for a man to climb up unaided, so that two or three men would be pushed up and they, in turn, would drag up their comrades. Up, up we went this way until we reached the balcony mentioned, when we were on the same level with the Indians, with a wall of loose rock eight or nine feet high between us. "Make a breach" was the order given, and "let no man stand still for a moment, but keep moving." While these orders were being given, Sergeant Meara, looking through one of the loop-holes, shouted, "Here they are, boys!" and in an instant he was shot through the head. The gun could not have been more than six or seven inches from him at the time, as his face was badly burned with powder. A few moments after Meara's death Private Sawyer was killed in a similar manner, his head and face being badly powder-burned. Private Shay, another old soldier and an excellent fighter, received a shot in the wrist, his carbine-stock was

broken, and the shock hurled him down that steep rocky wall forty feet below. It was not long before he was back with his comrades, swearing like a trooper—that he was. In the mean time a breach was made in the wall of rocks and our men swarmed into the fort, using revolvers and clubbed carbines on the skedaddling Indians. Some got down through their underground passage, others jumped over the wall on the opposite side to us, while others remained in the fort, past the power of doing any more deviltry. It was while the Chief Sa-hei-ta was jumping over the wall like a jack-rabbit that General Crook, with his unerring "Spencer," hit him square in the spine, and Mr. Indian fell headlong down the gulch and his body buried itself between two large boulders. In the mean time Lieutenant Madigan's men moved forward when the order was given, and, on reaching the edge of the gulch, found the banks too steep and ran round to our position and followed us. Lieutenant Madigan, with his overcoat on, stood still for a few moments, to give some directions, or to examine the position, when he became a target for the Indians, and was shot through the head, the wound and the place where he was standing being identical with that of Private Lyon, who was killed the day before. After we gained possession of the fort heavy firing from the smaller forts and from caves and holes continued for several hours, our men returning the fire when an opportunity presented itself.

About nine o'clock in the morning one of the infantrymen was on my left, watching through a small opening in the rocks. A small sprig or weed somewhat obstructed his view, and he was about to remove it, when one of the men cautioned him not to do it; but he replied that "it wouldn't make any difference," and he broke it off. An instant after a ball passed clean through his head above his ear. The shot came through that hole, for there was no other place that it could possibly have come. Strange to say, this man lived unconscious for two or three weeks. He was carried to Camp Warner on a double travoise across a range of mountains,—a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

About 11 A.M. a small detachment was left in charge of the fort and skirmish-line, and the remainder were ordered down to camp, for breakfast. We had not been down but a few minutes when a messenger came down and reported that the Indians had attacked the fort and recaptured it. I hurried back, and found that they had attacked the fort and had driven our men out, but that other men on the line rallied to their support and had in turn again driven the Indians back; but, a short time after, the Indians moved by both flanks through the underground passages and, taking position at the entrances to those caves, had command of the approaches to the fort, while our men had command of the fort itself. Our dead lay where they had fallen. We therefore had to keep men in such a position as to command their

bodies, so as to prevent the approach of Indians for scalping or mutilating villainy.

All the afternoon of the 27th a desultory firing was indulged in on both sides. We could not reach the Indians in their retreat in the caves, as two or three men could successfully resist any number, as but one man could approach any of the numerous entrances at a time. Their retreat was a perfect honeycomb, and they would not come out to fight. After supper the line was again formed—as we supposed—completely around the position held by the Indians. The medicine-man's talk was not heard this second night; he had been killed in the attack in the morning.

From 8 to 10 o'clock P.M. the arrows flew thick and fast around us, but doing no injury. Then there was a lull for an hour. We were expecting a night-attack from the redskins, with a view of breaking through our lines and escaping. Our herd and pack-train were being annoyed by straggling Indians in the valley, hoping that we would reduce our force on the hill to protect our train; but we had armed all our packers with the arms of the dead and wounded, and made them stand guard that night. I went round the line, and cautioned every man to be alert in case the Indians should try and escape. About midnight another volley of arrows came from the Indians. They fired them in the air, hoping they would drop down on us, as we were quite close to them; but the angle of elevation was not enough, and the arrows buried themselves in the ground thirty or forty feet in rear of us. After about half an hour of this sort of amusement everything was quiet again, and again we looked for an effort by the Indians to escape. But daylight came and we breathed easier. Shortly after we discovered that the Indians had actually escaped during the night; but how? We did not know until MacIntosh and some of his scouts discovered their trail and some broken guns near a cave about seventy-five yards in rear of our line. They had passed through the subterranean passages under our feet and emerged to the open air in rear of our position soon after midnight, and softly stole away in the dark.

A sergeant in charge of a squad captured a wounded squaw, who, when questioned by our chief of scouts, told so many lies that, finally, a rope was put around her neck and threats to hang her made if she did not speak the truth. Finally she stated that there were one hundred warriors in the fight, sixteen of whom were killed and nine wounded, the rest escaping during the night. Some women and children and wounded men were yet in the various underground passageways, where they could not be got at, nor would they come out.

Some of the men undertook to examine and explore some of the caves. Dead Indians were found in several of them. Private Carey, of Company "H," had been down into one of those places and had actually taken some of their scalps. He was about to enter another large cave

when he was shot dead by a wounded Indian inside. His body fell to the bottom of the cave, and it took about two hours to recover it.

I sent down to camp and directed the blacksmith to get a long pole and work a horseshoe into a drag-hook, attach it to the pole, and send it up. We then got a lariat and tied it to the end of the pole. One man got as near the entrance to the cave as safety would permit, so as to handle the pole and work the hook into Carey's waist-belt, the men on the rocks above holding on to the lariat, ready to haul up the body when secured by the hook; and thus we got poor Carey's body out of that hole for decent burial.

An examination of the position held by the Indians proved it to be much more formidable than we anticipated. There were four immensely strong natural forts, of a circular formation, like extinct craters, further strengthened by piling up large rocks all round, and all communicating with each other; in addition to which were a number of smaller detached forts capable of holding half a dozen men; besides these were the underground passages, the entrances to which were all protected by rocks. I quote from my diary of September 28, 1867: "Around the large fort, north and west, was a continuation of the deep gulch, where it was impossible to climb; on the south of it were several smaller forts and breastworks. These were nearly on the same level where the troops were formed for the attack on the morning of the 27th, and where Lieutenant Madigan was killed and seven men of Company "D," Twenty-third Infantry, wounded." . . . "But to get to this ground several deep ravines and chasms had to be crossed,—dangerous to jump, even when not confronted by the enemy."

Such is a brief idea or outline of the character of the "Infernal Caverns," Pitt River, California, the official title by which it is recognized at the War Department, Washington.

On the afternoon of the 28th we buried our dead, obliterating all traces of the graves, so that the Indians could not find the bodies to mutilate them. Lieutenant Madigan's body was carried one day's march and was buried at midnight near the forks of Pitt River, his grave also being so obliterated as to avoid detection.

We prepared double and single travoises for our wounded before marching on our return to our military station. The double travoise was made by getting two long poles or saplings and strapping them to the apparajoes on two pack-mules, tandem fashion, with a space between the mules for the man, then canvas and blankets were made fast to the poles, and it at once became a stretcher on mules, where a wounded man could lie quite comfortably, and much easier than in an ambulance. The single travoise has but one mule, the ends of the poles being on the ground. On two or three mules we had rigged easy-chairs, by lashing short poles on each side of the apparajoes, slanting backward, and then padding up with grass and blankets the top and sides of

the apparajoes until quite a comfortable seat was made. In this way we got all our wounded along without any unnecessary suffering, although it took seven days' fair marching with wounded men to return across the mountains to Camp Warner. Two of our wounded died some time after, one of them being a packer who was wounded in the thigh, and whom the doctor said really died more from fretting than from the character of the wound, which he did not consider dangerous.

This particular expedition was now finished and preparations were immediately made for another in the Stein's Mountain country, which occurred during the winter months.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

After the return of the troops from the campaign against the hostile Indians in the Goose Lake country, and the three days' fight at the "Infernal Caverns," Pitt River, California, active preparations were commenced to carry on a winter campaign against bands of the Pi-utes, whose winter haunts lay in secluded and sheltered valleys of the Stein's Mountain country, distant from our post about one hundred miles north-east. It was here where the Indians would cache their winter supply of dried fish, venison, and cammas, the various small bands uniting as soon as snow commenced to fall, and pass the winter months in gambling, etc., unless disturbed by some of Uncle Sam's soldier boys.

During the days of the volunteer troops, 1861–'66, very little winter campaigning was indulged in in this particular section of country, and the Indians did not anticipate any variation from this time-honored custom,—they did not know anything about the status of the troops then occupying the various military posts on the frontier. Volunteers or regulars were alike to them,—they were their deadly enemies in either case, and the presence of a blue-coat meant fight. General Crook understood the situation thoroughly; his purpose was to attack them in their winter homes, kill the bucks, capture their women, and destroy their supply of provisions, and thus so cripple them that they would be glad to surrender and beg for peace. But much had to be done before a winter campaign could be undertaken. Our cavalry horses and pack-mules were sadly run down, after the severity of the four months' campaign just finished. The blacksmith was kept busy from early morning until sundown. We had lost many horses from sickness and exhaustion in the fall months. Others had to be supplied and drilled to replace them, and recruits recently joined had to be drilled ready for field-service. Our supply of forage was very limited. We had enough grain on hand to feed three or four pounds a day to the animals, and moldy hay enough to last two or three months, so that the recuperation of the animals was very slow. The men fared but little

better. Old Camp Warner was abandoned, and the troops occupying it moved to and established the new post, about forty-five miles west of the old one and situated at the base of Mount Crook,—altitude about five thousand feet above sea-level.

The subsistence department was not in those days as well supplied as it is now. A little tea, white sugar, and Java coffee would sometimes be on hand for sale to officers. The other supplies were made up of the ordinary rations of flour, pork, Rio coffee, sugar, salt, etc.; canned goods were in the prospective only. But even the ordinary ration allowance was down to the lowest ebb, and many times it was but repeating the old story of the war days when cavalry were ordered out,—*i.e.*, three days' rations to last five,—except that in the latter case we could always make up for the other two by foraging, while in the former there was nothing to forage, the nearest habitation being probably two or three hundred miles distant. We had a few tough old steers, called by courtesy beef-cattle, with their ribs and hip-bones prominently sticking out, their hides laying close down to their skeleton carcass. To kill them would be an act of humanity; to eat them meant a funeral at the post. Several attempts were made to secure assistance from the supplies at Camps McGarvy, Nevada; Bidwell, California; and Harney, Oregon, with some trifling success. On one or two occasions the party sent out to Bidwell or McGarvy had to return on account of deep snow, some of the men being badly frozen on the trip, the snow on the parade-ground at Warner being quite three feet deep, and the thermometer on several occasions registering 18° to 20° below zero. When it is understood that there was not a building at the post, some conception may be had of what military life on the frontier meant in those days. Officers and men alike were under canvas, officers' and soldiers' wives and children having to suffer with the rest, not only in the matter of shelter, but also of food. Even the luxury of a little milk for young children was not obtainable at any price,—there was no place where it could be purchased, and no animals at the post to supply it. Yet I heard no complaints. It was an illustration of heroism on the part of women unsurpassed since the days of the Revolution. On the part of the troops it was patient endurance and discipline worthy of any age.

The troops composing the garrison consisted of Company "H," First Cavalry, and Companies "B," "D," and "I," Twenty-third Infantry, General Crook and staff with head-quarters, Twenty-third United States Infantry and the head-quarters, District of the Lakes.

Several scouts were made to Warner and Alert lakes in November and December, without any results. Our Warm Spring Indians, who were enlisted for four moons in the fall campaign, had been discharged and sent home. It was therefore necessary to secure friendly Indians from some source for trailing and scouting during the winter months.

The general decided to send to Fort Boisé, Idaho, and try and secure twenty-five or thirty from the reservation there.

On the 17th of December, 1867, Lieutenant O. W. Pollock, Twenty-third United States Infantry, and myself, with a small escort, started from Warner for Fort Boisé, *via* Camp Harney, with letters to the Governor of Idaho Territory (Dr. Ballard) and others, soliciting their assistance in securing the services of reservation Indians for four or five months (the Indians enlisted for lunar months only; they would bargain for so many "moons"). We had plenty of snow during the trip, but so far it was soft in the valleys and did not impede our travel very much. We reached Boisé on the 30th of December, and immediately commenced negotiating for Indian volunteers. They were very reluctant to leave their warm and comfortable dwellings for hard work and exposure in the mountains; but the prospect of a little money in the end overcame their objections, and we secured twenty-three for four moons, and commenced our return journey on the 7th of January, 1868.

During our week's delay at Boisé much snow had fallen in the mountains and the weather was exceedingly cold. When we arrived at the ferry on the Snake River, forty-five miles from Boisé, we found the boat tied up and frozen in solid. The ice was about sixteen inches thick on the river, which at the crossing is about three hundred yards wide, and for one hundred yards from the banks on either side it was solid, the rapidly-running water in the centre being full of floating ice, some of the immense cakes being seventy-five or eighty feet across. Sometimes several large cakes, piled one on top of another, would pass swiftly along, crushing and destroying anything that obstructed their course. It was a problem difficult to solve, how we were to get to the other side. At one time we concluded to return to Boisé and await the spring opening; yet such a course would be, we thought, cowardly, and would frustrate all of General Crook's plans and prolong the Indian war another year. We quickly abandoned that idea, and then thought of trying the road by way of Silver City and Camp C. F. Smith; but to reach Silver City would entail encountering as much snow as we would have to pass through on the direct road we were on, if we could only cross the river, as Silver City is seven thousand feet above sea-level. We made several excursions up and down the river, hoping to find some place where the ice was jammed and frozen solid from bank to bank, so that we could cross on the ice; but at no point was it completely frozen over,—a gap of several yards would exist where we thought we had found solid ice. If we had no animals to cross we could ourselves have crossed in a small boat, but we had thirty-one horses and thirty pack-mules in the outfit.

We tried every possible way to get the ferryman to cut the boat out from the ice and make the effort to cross, but to no purpose. He

declared that the immense cakes of floating ice in midstream would crush the boat, snap the cable, and send everybody to eternity. Finally we decided to take control of the ferry business ourselves, as a military necessity. The old man would not aid us in any way, either by advice or otherwise; but his hired man,—Smith,—under promise of good compensation, agreed to lend a hand. So, after three days' delay, we made a beginning on the fourth day. We procured a long ice-saw and commenced to cut a channel from the water's edge to where the boat was tied up. We got the channel cut by dark on the first day, but half of the next day was consumed in cutting away the fresh ice formed during the night and scraping the mush-ice from around the bottom of the boat. In the afternoon we put a few horses and mules on board, with eight or ten Indians and some provisions, and started our load through the channel. All went well until we got into the stream, and then the danger confronted us. We had armed half a dozen Indians with long poles, to push aside the floating cakes of ice as they would come along at a seven-miles-an-hour speed. Now and again the frail boat was struck by those massive solid ice-floes. Every eye was on the wire cable that held the boat to her place. Every exertion was made by the Indians to keep off the ice; but the great cakes came thick and fast, and when one would strike us the boat would curve down stream, the wire and rope lines giving with every blow, and then a sudden jerk back to their places, to be again put to the test by another blow. With the frost in the wire and every rope connecting the boat with the cable covered with ice, it was wonderful that one or the other did not snap. Had such an accident occurred the boat would have instantly capsized, and men and horses would have perished. But we finally reached the solid ice on the other side, and made fast to stakes driven in the ice. We disembarked our load and camped on the bank of the river.

The next morning we had again to get rid of the ice that accumulated around the boat during the night, and with our poles working at the bow we recrossed to the edge of the ice on the other side, as our canal was again frozen over. We got one small load over in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, watching carefully the floating ice. The loads had necessarily to be small, as a crush with an ordinary load on would have been too much for the cable. The day following we made two more trips,—one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon,—completing the job. We were very much elated at our success, after our seven days' delay at the ferry. Not the slightest accident occurred to man, horse, or provisions, and we camped that night with light hearts, little dreaming of the snow-banks ahead of us. Next morning we started bright and early towards the Blue Mountains, where we expected to find plenty of snow. The second day out from the river we commenced to ascend the mountain-ranges, and found the snow five feet deep by actual measure-

ment. Of course we had to lead our animals, or, more correctly speaking, the men would take the lead, single file, and break trail for horses and pack-train, the man leading battling with the virgin snow for a few yards, when he would drop out and take the rear, and the next man take it up. By this means the passage of thirty men over the snow would make a fair trail for the horses and the pack-train in the rear of all. Sometimes we would make a march of seven or eight miles, and at other times not more than four,—it depended entirely on whether our route took us over the back-bone of a ridge, where the snow was blown off, or whether we were marching in the timber, where no drifts occurred. We camped each night in the timber, so as to get shelter as well as fire-wood. Our animals suffered severely, as we had but little grain,—about three pounds per day,—and, of course, no hay or grass. The trees would be completely stripped of bark and small branches every morning wherever our horses were tied. Two or three times we lost our way in a blinding snow-storm, and had to camp each time. Our animals had nothing but snow, in place of water, for several days, and we had to melt it down in our camp-kettles to get water to drink or to make coffee. On one of our marches we did not make more than a quarter of a mile; at night, where we went into camp, one could almost throw a stone to the place where we left in the morning. Soon after leaving camp we undertook to cross a ravine, which we thought was not deep, as the snow was on a level with us; but we found twenty or twenty-five feet of snow there, and it took us nearly all day to break a trail and get our animals across.

We reached Camp Harney on the 24th of January, in a violent snow-storm. Our friends at the post had about given us up, some thinking that we could not get out of the Boisé Valley, while others thought we had perished in the mountains.

The distance from Boisé to Camp Harney by the route traveled was about two hundred and ten miles, and we had yet one hundred and forty miles of heavy snow between us and our destination,—Camp Warner. We therefore laid over at Harney for a couple of days, to rest ourselves and our animals, and then bid adieu to our hospitable friends at Harney. We reached Warner on the evening of the 1st of February, where we were joyfully received by the entire garrison, but more especially by the members of our own family. They also had about abandoned any hopes of seeing us, supposing that we had perished in the mountains. However, everything reached camp all right, not an animal lost or the occurrence of any accident worth mentioning, although for forty-eight hours before reaching Harney we had neither provisions nor forage. We were notified that a week's rest would be granted, and then be ready to start on a scout towards Stein's Mountain.

When we reached the Nealheur River, forty-five or fifty miles from Harney, we came across a train of wagons that had been caught in the

snow, and had to remain in camp there until the following June, when the roads became passable. Some of the teamsters had tried to reach the post on horseback, but one of their number had his feet badly frozen in the attempt, and they were compelled to return. We found the man who had been frozen in a bad plight: one of his feet had swelled to an enormous size and then burst. The flesh appeared to be dropping off in flakes as large as an egg. The poor fellow had nothing but a little coal-oil to dress it with and a lot of old rags supplied by his comrades. We had him fixed up as well as possible and took him with us to the post, where he was sent to the hospital for treatment. He remained in the hospital about four months, receiving every attention from the surgeon,—who saved both his feet,—and then the ungrateful fellow left camp during the night, without even a word of thanks, and stole a pair of blankets from the hospital as well, which the doctor had to make good to the government. And yet it was known that the miserable specimen of manhood had two or three thousand dollars in his possession at the time.

We come across meanness in our fellow-man occasionally, but seldom is it found among frontiersmen, whether they be teamsters, cowboys, miners, or army men. As a rule, they are generous and brave and appreciate any act of kindness done them, especially in sickness. They will fight on slight provocation, and are reckless, dare-devil kind of fellows; but do them an act of kindness at any time, and they are your friend and champion ever after. If a scabby sheep happens to get in among them they soon find him out and run him out of camp.

On the 11th of February, Company "H," First Cavalry (mine), thirty men of Company "D," Twenty-third Infantry, Lieutenant F. L. Dodge, and fourteen Indian scouts, all under command of General Crook, left Warner for an expedition to Stein's Mountain, hoping to get on to a band of Indians in their winter home. Our direction for two or three days was north. When we reached Warner Lake, fifteen miles from the post, the entire command, pack-train and all, crossed the lake on the ice,—I suppose a distance of five or six miles,—then we had the shelter of high bluffs all along the east shore and not more than a foot of snow on the ground. On this trip our transportation was very limited, so that the luxury of a tent was not admissible. We therefore would lay our rubber blankets or heavy canvas on the snow, then our blankets, and then turn in for the night, with a piece of canvas or rubber coat on top, and our soft, comfortable snow-bed would be down in the morning a foot or more, caused by the heat of our bodies. We generally rested very comfortable, especially after the snow had settled under us, so as to let us down below the surface of the snow-level, where the cold wind could not reach us.

After we left the Warner Valley we got up on to high table-land and deep snow, where progress was slow; the men had to break trail,

the horses and pack-train following. We reached the head of "Dunder and Blitzen" Valley, in Stein's Mountain, on the fifth day out, and halted until about 9 o'clock P.M., when we again started for the valley, hoping to surprise an Indian camp before daylight, as our scouts, who had started several hours ahead of us in the morning, had reported a camp about eight or ten miles down the valley, with Chief Wee-aha-wah in command. We found the snow in the valley about eighteen inches deep, with a hard crust on top, making it very hard work for both men and horses to get along. We proceeded cautiously down the valley. The night was clear and exceedingly cold. Soon after midnight our advance ran on to a small party of Indians camped in the willows along the banks of the "Dunder and Blitzen" Creek. The Indians made for the thick underbrush, and firing on both sides was quite lively for nearly an hour. We could not see the Indians, of course,—neither could they see us,—the direction of fire being obtained only when the flash of a gun revealed the location of the shooter. We remained about an hour, trying to get them out; but the brush was so thick and spread over such a large surface of ground that it was useless to waste time, as we hoped to get larger game at daylight. We therefore continued our march until about 3 o'clock A.M. The scouts intimated that we were not far from the large camp and it would be well to remain in a secluded position until it was light enough to see what we were doing. We therefore dismounted and "stood to horse" for four long hours. Daybreak did not come until about seven o'clock, so there we stood in single file in the snow-trail, stamping our feet and hands to keep up circulation, our poor horses humped up like an enraged cat, their bodies a mass of frost, and mane and tail almost a solid mass of icicles. Perfect quiet was enjoined on the command, as we did not know just how near we might be to our prospective and unsuspecting Indian camp. Even the lighting of a match to get a smoke had to be done under the shelter of the capes of our overcoats, and then extinguished before throwing it away. It was a weary watching, those long four hours before dawn, with the thermometer not less than 10° or 12° below zero.

With the first streak of day we mounted and pushed on, in the mean time getting ammunition ready and convenient for handling if we should happen to "jump" a camp of hostiles. But on and on we went and no Indians. We marched until 11 o'clock A.M., and not a sign of an Indian, and, as all hands were very much in need of breakfast, the general put us into camp where we could get water from a stream, instead of waiting for a couple of hours to get enough snow melted down to make coffee, as we had been doing for several days previous. Our horses also got water, instead of snow, and then nibbled the tops off the sagebrush and rye-grass that appeared above the snow. If any camp had been seen by our scouts, the midnight attack must have given the alarm, and the entire band moved to a more secure place. But no trail or

other indication of their presence was anywhere visible. We remained in camp the balance of the day, hoping that our scouts, who were out, might possibly run on to a rancherie; but nothing of the kind occurred, and, having but a few more days' rations on hand, we were ordered back to Warner for more rations and a sufficient number of pack-mules to carry a month's supply. We had but a few pack-animals on the trip, as the train proper was in the Surprise Valley, south of Camp Bidwell, after grain and flour. We reached the post on the 22d of February, and immediately commenced putting things in order for a longer scout early in March.

W. R. PARNELL,
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(To be continued.)

THE RESULT OF A VISIT TO A MILITARY POST.

I WAS making a call on a married lady of the army, not long since, during the two or three days she was stopping at Fort Grimly, *en route* to the station of her husband, having been somewhat anxious to see her, because I had understood that she was young, very pretty, and *au fait* in army matters. She had been on a visit to her home in the far East, where she had enjoyed the pleasure of several months among rich relatives and friends. I remarked that the monotony of our western posts was a sad contrast to the scenes from which she had lately parted, and said that I presumed she must regret having had to leave them.

"No," said she, "I do not; in fact, I am rather glad to get back to our home in the army. We enjoy a kind of Bohemian life that is irresistible, and there is not one of our society belles that has ever tasted the pleasures of a military life at a frontier post that would not wish to live it over again."

Feeling sure that there must have been a little romance connected with her marriage in the army, I asked her, in the course of conversation, what induced her to cast her lot with us.

"A man with brass buttons on his coat," she replied, naïvely.

"Yes, I suppose so," I assented; "but under what circumstance?" I further inquired, explaining that I sometimes wondered how it was that ladies so well cared for at home could ever be sufficiently fascinated with a life on the frontier as to cause them to marry army officers and be contented with their lot, being deprived, during nine-tenths of the time, of all the modern conveniences that are to be found in respectable houses in the cities, and of many of the comforts and enjoyments to be had near the centres of civilization.

"It is strange," she replied, "but nevertheless true. I presume a number are like myself; it's the man with the brass buttons, as I before remarked. The surroundings, so long as they are of a semi-respectable character, do not amount to much, if one has a good husband and a mutual love exists between him and the wife. You gentlemen think that army life is monotonous unless you are off trying to find somebody to kill; but we ladies find that a military life in time of peace is

full of variety,—an ever-changing panorama,—and hence our appreciation of it. You asked me under what circumstances I married into the army. If you care to listen I will tell you, but I warn you if you interrupt me I'm certain to stop short at the most interesting part of it."

I promised that I would be an attentive listener, and the longer she detained me in her presence the more agreeable it would be to me. She then began:

"I did not know much about the army several years ago; in fact, never thought about it, until one summer Mrs. H——, the wife of the president of —— Railroad, invited me to take a summer trip with her. She was the most charming woman to travel with that I ever met. Under her guidance everything moved in a perfect system of law and order. To tell the truth, I shrewdly suspect that the success of —— Railroad is due to the sound advice she gives her husband on matters of interest. She knew everything about a railroad, from a spike to a steam-engine, and yet, as she moved about in her easy and graceful manner, you would have supposed that she didn't see a thing but the guest she was devoting herself to.

"Well, we traveled in the president's special car wherever the different railroads could take us, visiting remote places on horseback sometimes, and sometimes in spring wagons. We included Denver, Cheyenne, San Francisco, the Yosemite, and Yellowstone Park in our trip, and visited places of interest in the vicinity of each. Out in those wilds I met graduates of Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and other institutions, young men who were shining lights in Eastern society, all working for themselves in the cattle and mining business. Some of them have become veritable cattle-kings; but if one judged them by their appearance they might be taken for cow-boys.

"I was the greenest thing in the world regarding western matters, and many a time I was laughed at for my inquiries as to what this and that meant. Among the first was when I was asked if I was afraid to ride a broncho. I had heard of Odd-Fellows riding goats, of Bedouins riding camels, of Hindoos riding elephants, and I even went so far as to think of some stories about Africans riding ostriches; but the *broncho* was beyond me, and I modestly inquired what on earth kind of an animal was that. To my intense surprise I was pointed out a group of horses, all saddled to take us into the mountains, and informed that they were bronchos! Then commenced my western education. I discovered that a house was called a *ranche*, that a wagon and span of horses, or an entire train of wagons, was called an *outfit*, that a stable-yard, or place to keep animals in, was termed a *corral*. One of our party saw a deer and started to kill it, but he didn't do it, and when I asked the guide why the gentleman did not shoot it, he quietly replied, 'Oh! he's got the *buck-fever!*' Remembering this when the gentleman returned, I was heartily laughed at for asking him if he didn't wish

some medicine from our little chest, as I was afraid he might become seriously ill with the buck-fever!

"I don't wonder that you laugh," she continued, addressing me, "for I have to laugh to myself every time I think of it. Well, on our return trip I left the party and paid a visit to Cousin Mary Halford, at Taubart City. Near that place there is a fort. Mary knew as little about the fort as a Brazilian ape. As I had never been inside of one, I expressed the desire to see it,—just for a 'lark.' Being her visitor she could not deny me this pleasure, but I saw by her manner that she was reluctant to go. However, she had her pony phaeton hitched up, and we drove out there. Precious little there was in the shape of a fort, and the only reason I could imagine for its being called one was because it hadn't the slightest resemblance to such a structure.

"When we arrived at the gate-way we became nervous and timid, and peeped in to see if we could discover any one to speak to. Not a soul could we spy, except a cross, grumpy-looking fellow, with a gun on his shoulder, marching up and down in front of a house that stood near the entrance. That fellow was so murderous-looking to us that we concluded we would not risk our lives confronting the ogre, just to satisfy a woman's curiosity about a fort. We were about turning our horse's head towards town when we espied coming towards us something with brass buttons down the front of his coat, round things on his shoulders, and an Italian brigand's hat on. I supposed that he thought the style of dress made him ferocious-looking, like the man with the gun. He marched straight towards us, and as he came nearer I said to Mary, 'Oh, pshaw! it's only a little boy dressed up in soldier's clothes and having a little fun. Let's ask him if we can go in.' Mary assented in a quiet way, and I was about to call out, 'I say, little boy,' when, what do you think? Our supposed little boy turned out to be a little, dried-up, wizen-faced old man! He came shambling up to us, and, taking off his brigand's hat, squinted down one eye and opened up the other on us, and in a low mezzo-soprano voice inquired our wishes.

"We told him that we had never been in a fort, and that we would like to see one. With a smile as childlike and bland as ever radiated from the countenance of a 'heathen Chinee,' he told us to drive in the gate-way; that he would have 'morderly,' or something like that, take our horse and hitch it for us; then we could walk around.

"I wished, at the time, that it had been some nice young fellow; but you know beggars couldn't be choosers, and as the old fellow said he would be pleased to show us about we graciously accepted. I thought it queer that an old codger who had such a nice-looking young soldier tagging at his heels could throw away so much valuable time showing two silly girls about, and I expressed myself as fearing that we would trespass on his time.

"'No, not in the least,' he said, and, waving his hand all about him, observed, 'this is my world. It only moves at my will.'

"Good gracious! I thought; he must imagine himself a king. But then I suddenly remembered that in these days there's but little difference between a crank and a king.

"We drove inside, and the little old fellow helped us out of our phaeton, and—he squeezed my hand as he did so, holding on to it a little longer than what seemed to me exactly proper; but then I thought possibly it was a way that army officers had of doing things, and so I squeezed his in turn. You ought to have seen how shocked Mary was when I told her of it afterwards.

"Then we started to see what was to be seen, and, approaching the house before which that murderous-looking wretch was marching up and down with the gun, the fellow suddenly stopped and yelled out in an unearthly way, 'Run out the guard for the contraband officer!' at the same time bringing down his gun so quickly and with such force that every piece of iron on it rattled. This frightened me so badly that I started to run; but the old gentleman called me back, and said that it was only a *form!*

"'Well, the fellow needn't scare a body to death with his horrid forms,' I remarked, quite testily, at which he laughed heartily; but I didn't see anything to laugh at; neither did Mary, for, although she stood her ground, she shivered like a frightened deer.

"I had heard there were negro troops in the army, and I thought, 'Well, we're in for it now; here we are being escorted by a contraband officer.' I must have looked at him quizzically, because he wanted to know what the matter was. I told him very frankly that I was looking to see if he really was a colored officer, as I had heard there was some in the army. He seemed offended at this, and wished to know why I thought him a mulatto.

"I said that the man with the gun yelled 'Run out the guard for the contraband officer,' and as the cause for it must lay between him and the young fellow tagging at his heels, I presumed it must have some meaning regarding himself. Then you ought to have heard that man laugh. Laugh! why, he laughed so hard that the shock loosened the strings of his unmentionables, and they hung about his heels all the time he was with us. Notwithstanding his extreme levity, I didn't see anything to laugh at.

"While he was exercising his risibles, out rushed a lot of men, some with guns in their hands and some without any, and all stood up in a row. One of them said ''Sent 'up!' and they stuck their guns out in front of them, standing as stiff as broomsticks.

"'What company is that?' I inquired.

"'That? Oh!—that is Company "Q,"' he replied.

"'And that's a part of the regular army?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he answered.

"'Then I have seen some militia companies that present a better appearance than that one,' I rather proudly asserted.

"'Well—er—er—you see,' said he, 'those men are special wards of the government, and they have to be particularly provided for. Indeed, they are such favored individuals that when they ride out they have to be honored with an escort. You'll scarcely believe it, I know, but they are such self-sacrificing men that most of them are giving their services to the government without pay.'

"'They don't look like such a high-toned lot of men,' I observed, 'with their dirty clothes and untidy appearance; but I suppose it won't do to judge by appearances in this case.'

"'No,' said he, 'for one might suppose, by seeing those iron bars at the windows, that it was a kind of prison; but, bless your soul, those men have private rooms in that building which the other companies are not permitted to have, and the bars are placed at the windows to keep outsiders from interfering with the inmates.'

"I didn't believe a word he said, but I expect he thought I did. Then we strolled along, peeping into this and that place, until we came to a long low building, which we were informed was the barracks of Company 'H.' I thought it was a hospital, with little iron beds all around a great large room, and at the foot of each was a painted box, about the size of a small trunk, one of which each man had to keep his clothing in. They called them *lockers*. Why they couldn't call them trunks or boxes I don't know; but I presume the army had run out of words, and in consequence had adopted this from the navy. I became so mixed up by the variety of things they had the same name for that I felt as if I didn't know what I was talking about half the time. Our escort called a wagon full of rubbish a police wagon, which was no more like a city police wagon than a chicken-coop is like a dwelling-house. He spoke of the police of the post, and I looked about for policemen in uniform. He called the fort '*the post*,' and said the man with the gun was walking '*his post*,' and termed a stick of wood stuck in the ground '*a post*.' Each had as much relation to the other as Aunt Jemima's brindle cow had to the barn-yard rooster.

"We entered the barracks of Company 'H,' and some chap yelled out, 'Tenshoon-n-n!' and every fellow there was in the room jumped up like jacks-in-the-box, and stood as if they had ramrods stuck in their throats. I thought at first they were going to make a charge on us, and I looked around for a defensive position; but I soon found out that this was merely another *form*, which was necessary to be complied with when an officer entered a room. I thought then that these shoulder-strapped gentlemen had a right to feel their importance when such nice-looking soldiers had to be hopping, skipping, and jumping every time the former put in an appearance. I wanted to use an

expression just here that I had heard in my rambles, which was, 'You can just bet your bottom dollar I wouldn't do it,' but was afraid I would shock our host.

"From this room we were invited to go into the mess-hall and kitchen. I was simply astounded. The floor was so clean and white that you could have made bread on it without soiling the dough, and the kitchen closets would shame the best servant-girls in the world. I stepped around on tiptoes for fear of soiling something.

"Leaving the barracks we came to a building which had no windows, only two big doors; but as it was as large as the soldiers' houses, and almost like them, I inquired if any soldiers lived in that.

"'Oh, no,' replied our escort, 'that is to keep ice in, for the commanding officer and the quartermaster to make ice-cream with.'

"'Surely,' I observed, 'two men can't use all the ice that building will hold?'

"'They manage it pretty well,' said he. 'Sometimes they give a little of it to the other officers and some to the soldiers.'

"'Well, if I was one of them and didn't get my share,' said I, 'I would kick.'

"'You would, would you?' the old gentleman remarked, adding, very facetiously, 'then you would be tried by a court-martial.'

"'What for?' I questioned.

"'Why—er—because you kicked.'

"'I don't think that would be just, do you?' I asked.

"'Yes, I do,' he emphatically replied.

"'Then I presume you are the commanding officer here?' I ventured to inquire.

"'I am, and at your service, madam,' he suavely remarked, with a great deal of satisfaction, I imagined; and then, to offer a little pleasantry to this magnate, I said that when I joined the army I would be a commanding officer.

"'Or marry one!' he added, and gave me a sly wink with his puckered eye.

"I was inclined to be angry; but then I thought maybe it was only another one of the ways army officers had of making themselves fascinating, and I just determined that if he went on in that style I'd give him a racket before I got through. I therefore said, 'Possibly I might,' and, giving him a pathetic kind of a glance, startled him with the question, 'Are you married?'

"Cousin Mary hereupon gave me a nudge under my ribs with her elbow which came near knocking all the breath out of me. The little old gentleman hesitated a great deal, but finally drawled out, 'Y-e-s; but my wife is in delicate health and not here now.'

"'Oh!' I exclaimed, and drew a very long breath. Mary said it was like a sigh. Then, in order to divert the conversation, I pointed

to a grave-yard kind of an object, which stood out in the grass-plot with white palings around it, and inquired if that was what they termed a national cemetery.

"The old fellow must have been disgusted with my ignorance, for he very cynically answered, 'No, miss; that's a band-stand, where the illustrious band of the Thirtieth Infantry discourses each evening to listening multitudes the sweetest of harmonies, and delights the musical ear with the symphonies of Mozart, the sonatas of Beethoven, and with a thousand and one gems of Europe's most favored composers.'

"This discourse somewhat appalled me; but quickly recovering my equilibrium, I modestly asked, 'Do you play?'

"'No,' he said. 'Why do you ask?'

"'Because,' I answered, 'I think you are playing on your imagination somewhat!'

"Here Mary gave me another nudge which made me grunt. Up to this time the old gentleman had been working closer and closer to me until he was fairly demonstrating the proximity of the Siamese twins to each other; but at my little salvo of impertinence he veered off a little, and opened up one eye inquiringly again. I suppose he thought he would get even with me, for he asked,—

"'Do you dance?'

"This was my chance, and, thinking I would give him a little play of my imagination, I replied,—

"'Dance? Oh! I can never get enough of that Terpsichorean exercise. Whenever I float along under the influence of Strauss's delicious music my soul leaves the earth, and soars far away into the mazes of a heavenly atmosphere; and 'tis only when the music ceases that I feel the leaden weight of humanity dragging my feet to earth again, and my soaring soul is drawn back to its prison of clay.'

"I glanced out of the corner of my eye to see how the old fellow would take it. A child-like smile stole over his face as he stood looking at his toes, apparently in deep thought. Suddenly he looked up and said,—

"'I see that *you* play—*on a wind instrument!*'

"'The insulting old wretch,' I thought. I could have boxed his ears, but that would not have been conventional, you know. I, however, determined that I would keep even with him if I could. At this moment up steps a nice-looking young soldier, and, touching his cap, politely handed a note to our gallant escort. I transcended the rules of etiquette and glanced sidewise at it, and saw that it was written by a female hand. He opened and read it, saying to the man, 'All right.' When the young fellow had gone away I inquired if that was an officer.

"'No,' he replied; 'that's only a dog-robber.'

"'Dog-robber!' I exclaimed. 'Is he paid by the United States

to steal dogs? And, pray, what does he do with them after he steals them? Do soldiers eat dogs, like Indians?'

"'Another broad grin was the first result of this volley of questions; then came the reply,—

"'No, he's not paid to steal dogs; neither do the soldiers eat dogs; but for all that the army is infested with dog-robbers. They are a class of men who prefer loafing around officers' kitchens to doing soldiers' duty, and are supposed to rob the dogs of their bones, hence the *sobriquet* of dog-robbers.'

"Thinking that example in this case was certain to accompany precept, I ventured to say, 'Then you wouldn't have one of them about your house, would you?'

"Down went the puckered eye and up shot the other, opening full on me, as he replied,—

"'Ahem! that's a different case. I have no dog to rob, and my man is known as the standing orderly.'

"'A gray horse with another color,' I observed; but as he did not reply to this, and thinking he was concocting some impertinent reply, I looked about to change the subject. My eyes fell on an individual coming down the walk, and I asked who that dandified-looking chap was strutting along as if he owned the whole world.

"'That's our M.D.,' was the response.

"I did not know what M.D. stood for any more than a child. I knew that they had mules in the army, and had men to drive them; and, thinking that I had displayed ignorance enough, I assumed an air of intelligence and said, 'What? That dudish-looking fellow a mule-driver?'

"The words were no sooner out of my mouth than I discovered my error. The old man slapped his hand down on his leg, threw back his head, and laughed so outrageously that I could have choked him, for he attracted the attention of the individual referred to, and that gentleman meandered our way, thinking, perhaps, there was amusement to be found with us. As he approached, the commanding officer said,—

"'Ladies, permit me to introduce you to our M.D. He is a very clever gentleman, and as I have some little business to attend to (the note, I thought) I will leave you to his tender mercies. I assure you he is a perfect gentleman,' and added, as he backed out from our presence with a hearty laugh, 'even if he is a mule-driver!'

"That man looked daggers, first at us and then at the commanding officer, and I confess his eyes went through me. I felt a little flutter at my heart, and the blood mounted to my temples. In a somewhat haughty tone this interesting gentleman remarked,—

"'Judging from what the commanding officer just said, I should imagine, ladies, that I had been the subject of some criticism.'

"Mary and I looked at each other half frightened out of our wits,

for the light had gone out of his peculiarly blue eyes, and a deep greenish hue settled into the pupils. I really couldn't stand it. I felt so queer that I blurted out, 'I beg pardon, but the commanding officer said you were his M.D. Not knowing what that meant, but attaching it in some way to the army mules, I remarked that it couldn't be possible that such a nice-looking gentleman was a mule-driver.'

"The light came back to his eyes; he opened his mouth to laugh, displaying one of the best sets of teeth I ever saw; then he laughed until he made us cackle like two geese. Finally, we all seemed by mutual consent to tire of this, and he vouchsafed the remark,—

"'Yes, ladies, you were correct; I am a mule-driver. I have quite a number of mules to contend with, but they are bipeds, and I generally drive them into the post hospital. The M.D., however, means Medical Department.'

"Apologies were in order, and I expect that I made them in good shape, for that *mule-driver* is now my husband."

W. H. P.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF HORACE.

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum."
Liber III., Carmen XXX.

THE fame of Horace has far surpassed even the fondest dreams of his imagination, for among all the writers of antiquity none is more loved, none is more read, and none has such power to charm the universal mind as the sweet Latin poet. In what lies the secret of his popularity? He is not read by men of one class only, but his poetry is loved by those of diverse sympathies and professions. Clergymen, metaphysicians, soldiers, and poets alike find ever new and fresh interest in his works. Does the charm exist alone in his flowing, graceful style, his exquisite language and choice similes? Or is it not rather in the beautiful sentiments, so appropriate to men of every age and class,—sentiments which inculcate contentment with our lot, cheerfulness, and resignation to whatever the Fates decree?

From his writings we gather many pleasing pictures of Roman life. We learn the manners and customs of the humble peasant and of the gay courtier; of the monarch on his throne and of the slave enthralled in perpetual servitude; we see the lives of the worldly and frivolous, as well as of the statesmen and philosophers. "Of Rome," says Dean Milman, "or of the Roman mind, no one can know anything who is not profoundly versed in Horace; and whoever really understands Horace will have a more perfect and accurate knowledge of the Roman manners and the Roman mind than the most diligent and laborious investigator of the Roman antiquities."

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was not born of any noble family, nor could he trace his ancestry back through kings and emperors to the gods themselves, as did many, for his father was only an humble freedman who had saved a sufficient sum from his income as coactor to enable him to buy a little farm on the banks of the Aufidus. And it was there, sixty-five years before Christ, that Horace first saw the light. Of his mother we know nothing, for he never alludes to her in any of

his writings, as he frequently does of his father, for whom he always entertained the fondest affection. Having early developed great ability, his father resolved to educate him at Rome, and thus accompanied Horace to the city and placed him under the care of Orbilius Pupillus, that he might receive the education of a Roman gentleman. He was attended by several slaves, and his father remained in Rome to watch over him and guard him from the temptations offered by the luxurious idle youths with whom he associated. In after-life Horace realized what a debt he owed his fond parent, and in a poem addressed to Mæcenas alludes to him thus:

> "Reason must fail me, ere I cease to own,
> With pride, that I have such a father known."

After leaving Rome he pursued his studies at Athens, devoting much time to the perusal of the Greek poets. It was during his sojourn in that city of culture that the civil dissensions at Rome culminated in the assassination of Julius Cæsar, and Horace, full of youthful patriotism, followed the standard of Brutus. After the battle of Philippi, Brutus being defeated, Horace decided to return to his native country and abandon warlike pursuits, which were foreign to his nature. How long his father had been dead cannot be clearly ascertained, but when the poet arrived in Rome he found himself penniless and with no patrimonial estate to fall back upon, and thus he was obliged to turn to literature as a profession. His Satires soon earned for himself a reputation; but a writer in those days needed a patron if he wished to meet with any material success. Virgil, ever Horace's friend, brought him before the notice of Mæcenas, a man of wealth and position, a patron of men of letters, and the intimate friend and adviser of the great Octavius. Between Horace and Mæcenas there sprung up a friendship which lasted through life. After some years he presented Horace with a farm in the valley of Ustica, about thirty miles from Rome. Of the beauty of this little Sabine home we hear much from the grateful recipient. When the joys of luxurious city life wearied him it was his delight to seclude himself in the quiet haunts which the country afforded, and, reclining by the babbling brook, to court the Muse and sing of the joys of the country and the peace which cheerful contentment can bring.

The works of Horace consist of his Satires, in which he displays much wit and power; his Epistles, which show great knowledge of human nature; his Odes and Epodes, which are more familiar to us than his other writings, and in which he proves himself a true poet, both in thought and in the power to express that thought with attractive grace. His first book of Satires appeared when he was about thirty years of age. The book opens with a poem addressed to Mæcenas, the theme being that men always deem their own condition the hardest.

The soldier envies the merchant, and the merchant the soldier; the lawyer sighs to be a farmer, and the farmer yearns to live in the city; yet should Jove offer each the privilege of changing place with the other, none would be satisfied. The Satires of Horace are not all by any means satirical in their style, but are often plain descriptive or conversational poems, which he himself calls "rhythmical prose." In some he spares not the follies of the age and the vanity of the frivolous, but his shafts are gentle, and need not have angered those at whom they were directed.

A few critics claim that it is in the Epistles that Horace shows his greatest powers and wins the admiration and respect of mankind. But it is in his Odes that he is really the best known and loved, and in them he claims to have reared an everlasting monument, as he was the first to adapt the Æolian song to the Italian lyre. "Princeps Æolium, carmen ad Italos deduxisse modus." (Liber III., Carmen XXX.)

It would be a difficult task to say which of the Odes is his best production, for they differ so widely, both in subject and style. Those addressed to Mæcenas are numerous, for Horace never lost his sense of gratitude to his devoted patron. Their friendship was as beautiful as that of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam. It was not prompted by selfish interests on either side. For what could Mæcenas gain by befriending the poor poet? And that Horace did not continue his acquaintance with the men of letters merely to satisfy ambition, is apparent, for he was content with an humble life and sought not the pleasures of wealth.

The most beautiful of his Odes to Mæcenas is the seventeenth of the Second Book. He sets forth his love for him in glowing colors, averring that without the presence of his friend he cannot live:

"Ah! te meæ si partem animæ rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec charus æquæ, nec superstes
Integer? *Ille dies utramque*
Ducet ruinam. Non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunque præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites."

How forcible is the expression "*meæ partem animæ,*" "of my soul a part"! Mæcenas was more than his friend, more than his life, he was a part of his very soul.

We are reminded of certain passages in "In Memoriam," where Tennyson speaks of his friendship with Arthur Hallam, as for example:

"But thou and I are one in kind
As moulded like in nature's mint:
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms on either mind."

And Horace says,—

> "For in such sort it hath
> Pleased the dread Fates and Justice, potent ever,
> To interweave our path.
> Beneath whatever aspect thou wert born,
> Libra or scorpion fierce, or Capricorn,
> The blustering tyrant of the western deep,
> This will I know, my friend,
> *Our stars in wondrous wise one orbit keep,*
> *And in one radiance blend.*"

There was indeed a strong magnetic attraction between the poet and his friend, and Horace felt that should an untimely fate snatch away Mæcenas, he himself must follow. "*Ille dies utramque ducet ruinam.*" And it happened as he foretold. But a few weeks elapsed after the death of Mæcenas ere the broken-hearted Horace, refusing to be comforted, received the lot shaken from the urn of Fate, and was also called to cross the dark river Styx and enter the shadowy realm of Pluto.

The first Ode of the First Book is addressed to Mæcenas, and begins:

> "O Mæcenas, sprung from royal ancestors,
> O both my guard and my sweet hope."

Horace then enumerates the pleasures which delight different men, declaring that the highest praise he desires for his poetry is the approval of Mæcenas; possessing that, he affirms that he will reach the stars:

> "Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

Another Ode to his friend is an invitation to visit him at the Sabine farm, and partake of wine, which Horace himself had put up to commemorate the day of Mæcenas's reappearance in the theatre after an illness. The metre is the Sapphic strophe, and was generally used in supplications to the gods, but sometimes in a humorous manner employed for other subjects. The first stanza is as follows:

> "Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
> Cantharis Græca quod ego ipse testa
> Conditum levi datus in theatro,
> Cum tibi plausus."

It would be impossible to allude even to all the poems dedicated to Mæcenas, but there is one more which must be mentioned on account of its prophetic utterances. The prophecies in this Ode (Liber II., Carmen XX.) and those in the thirteenth of Book Third have been more than fulfilled. In the former he declares that Death will not end his career, but that, like a swan, he will soar above the earth and make himself known to all nations. I subjoin the translation of the last three stanzas.

"Than the swift son of Dædalus swifter I travel.
I shall visit shores loud with the boom of the Euxine,
And fields Hyperborean and African sands,
And wherever I wander shall sing like a bird.
Me the Colchians shall know, me the Dacian, dissembling
His dismay at the might of his victor the Roman:
Me Scythia's far son;—learned students in me
Shall be Spain's rugged child, and the drinker of Rhone.

"Not for me raise the death-dirge, mine urn shall be empty,
Hush the vain ceremonial of groans that degrade me,
And waste not the honors ye pay to the dead
On a tomb in whose silence I shall not repose."

The last Ode of the First Book, addressed in imitation of the Greek lyric poets, to the cup-bearer at a feast, although short and not in any way remarkable, has met with many translators. Cowper gives two translations, one being an attempt to render the Latin Sapphic metre into English Sapphic; the other, which is more graceful, is as follows:

"Bay, I hate their empty shows,
Persian garlands I detest,
Bring not me the late-blown rose,
Lingering after all the rest,
Plainer myrtle pleases me
Thus outstretched beneath my vine,
Myrtle more becoming thee
Waiting with thy master's wine."

Thomas Moore gives a comic rendering, and Lord Lytton gives a good version beginning,—

"Bay, I detest the pomp of Persic fashions,
Coronals wreathed with linden rind displease me."

A favorite Ode, and one familiar to all as being a popular college song, is the "Integer Vitæ." The theme is, that an upright man and one free from crime does not need any weapons to defend himself; and here Horace gives his own experience. Meeting a wolf in the woods, while wandering free from care, although unarmed, he was not attacked, on account of his virtue and integrity. This certainly seems egotistical.

Horace's Odes on Contentment are surpassingly lovely. Wealth brings care and unrest, and he who has but little is really happier than the rich and noble. The sixteenth Ode of the Second Book upon the subject is deserving of especial notice. The third stanza should be engraven on the hearts of all mankind,—

"Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes."

Some of the terse sentences in this Ode have become like proverbs, so often are they quoted. As, for instance, the last of the eighth stanza: "Patriæ quis exsul se quoque fugit?"—*Who an exile from his native country can yet flee from himself?* or, as Byron has it, "What exile from himself can roam?" Then, again, note this thought, "Nihil est ab omni parti beatum," which, literally translated, is "Nothing is on all sides blessed." Very beautiful indeed is Cowper's translation of this Ode:

"Ease is the weary merchant's prayer
  Who plows by night the Ægean floods,
When neither moon nor stars appear,
  Or faintly glimmer through the clouds.

"For ease the Mede with quiver graced,
  For ease the Thracian hero sighs;
Delightful ease all pant to taste,—
  A blessing which no treasure buys.

"For neither gold can lull to rest,
  Nor all a Consul's guard beat off
The tumults of a troubled breast,
  The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

"Happy the man whose table shows
  A few clean ounces of old plate;
No fear intrudes on his repose,
  No sordid wishes to be great.

"Poor, short-lived things, what plans we lay!
  Ah, why forsake our native home,
To distant climates speed away?
  For self clings close where'er we roam.

"Care follows hard and soon o'ertakes
  The well-rigged ship, the warlike steed,
Her destined quarry ne'er forsakes,
  Not the wind flies with half her speed.

"From anxious fears of future ill
  Guard well the cheerful, happy Now,
Gild e'en your sorrows with a smile;
  No blessing is unmixed below."

Another very beautiful Ode upon Contentment is the first of the Third Book. The thoughts are the same as the one above quoted, but the similes are different. In it Horace alludes thus to care ever present:

"But let him climb in pride,
That lord of halls unblest,
Up to their topmost crest,
Yet ever by his side
Climb terror and unrest;
Within the brazen galley's sides
Care, ever wakeful, flits,
And at his back, when forth in state he rides,
Her withering shadow sits."

Lord Lytton's translation of these lines is more brief than the above, but still very expressive and at the same time more literal.

> "Yet Conscience, whispering fears and threats,
> Ascends with him the tower,
> Black Care sits by him in the bark,
> Behind him on the steed."

The Sentimental Poetry by Horace is very beautiful; but because he addresses so many different persons is no positive proof that he was in love with so many fair faces as his words imply. Chloë, Lydia, Lalage, Cinera, Næra, and Phyllis are all eulogized as the mistresses of his affection. He must, indeed, have been fickle to love so many. Why Horace remained single is a question never to be solved. It is not probable that he ever met with any one who called forth the deepest emotions of love, and he was not the man to marry for ambition or wealth. His admiration for beautiful faces and graceful forms was a part of a poet's nature, and the romance of his life seems to be more a series of light flirtations than any one absorbing passion.

Perhaps the most noted of his poems upon this subject, because of the famous translation by Milton, is the fifth Ode of Book First. Lord Lytton does not attempt any version of it, but says, "I cannot presume to attempt any rhymeless translation of this Ode in juxtaposition with Milton's famous version." But Mr. Martin deems Milton's attempt overrated, and gives himself a literal, and at the same time graceful, rendering of his own. Milton's translation is as follows:

> "What slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,
> Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
> Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
> In wreaths thy golden hair,
> Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
> On faith and changèd gods complain, and seas
> Rough with black winds, and storms
> Unwonted shall admire!
>
> "Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
> Who always vacant, always amiable,
> Hopes thee of flattering gales
> Unmindful. Hapless they
> T' whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vowed
> Picture, the sacred walls declares t' have hung
> My dank and dropping weeds
> To the stern god of sea."

In the use of similes Horace is most pleasing. A comparison, unless used for ridicule, should be appropriate and clearly defined, and this rule of rhetoric he never violates. In an Ode addressed to Chloë he aptly compares her shyness to the young fawn affrighted when absent from her mother's side. (Liber I., Carmen XXIII.)

"Like a fawn dost thou fly from me, Chloë,
Like a fawn that, astray on the hill-tops,
Her shy mother misses and seeks,
Vaguely scared by the breeze and the forest.
Sighs the coming of Spring through the leaflets?
Slips a green lizard, stirring a bramble?
Her knees knock together with fear
And her heart beats aloud in its tremor."

Light and superficial as Horace's love-making was, yet he knew what intense suffering can be caused by the pangs of jealousy; for he says, in an Ode to Lydia (Liber I., Carmen XXIII.), alluding to her admiration of one Telephus:

"Woe is me, Lydia! how my jealous heart
Swells with the anguish I would vainly smother!
Then in my mind thought has no settled base.
To and fro shifts upon my cheek the color,
And tears that glide adown in stealth, reveal
By what slow fires mine inmost self consumeth."

In the last stanza of this Ode Horace exalts that love which only death can sever, and thereby causes one to wonder if the gifted poet did not himself yearn for such true, faithful affection, rather than the love of the young and fickle maidens who so often pleased him.

"Thrice happy, ay, more than thrice happy, they
Whom one soft band unbroken binds together;
Whose love, serene from flickering and reproach,
In life's last moment finds the first that severs."

Many poems which breathe a hope of immortality are to be found among the writings of Horace. For the yearnings after immortality are implanted in the hearts of all men by nature, and there are but few can really deny a belief in the life everlasting. The pagan religion taught existence after death, a place of happiness, the Elysian fields; and also a place of punishment, called Tartarus. Both the Greeks and Romans believed in the judgment-hall of Minos, where all must appear, and then be forever under the rule of Pluto. But dim and shadowy were the pictures of the soul's life after crossing the river Styx, and none looked forward to death as anything but an inevitable exile, which all were glad to postpone. The knowledge of certain death did not teach them to prepare for it, or lead to meditation, but only incited them to enjoy more fully the pleasures of the fleeting day.

Horace's Odes upon Immortality are filled with suggestive thoughts as to what he might have been had his life occurred after instead of before the greatest event in the history of the world. Yet who can say that the kind-hearted poet did not live up to the light that was given him?

The same thoughts run through the sublime hymn "Thanatopsis" that are found in the matchless Ode by Horace. (Liber II., Carmen III.) It would be too long to quote it in its entirety, either in the original or in any of the beautiful translations. But I would call attention particularly to the last two stanzas:

"Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho
Nil interest an pauper et infima
De gente sub divo moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Omnes eodem cogimur: omnium
Versatur urna serius ocyus
Sors exitura et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ."

The translation by Mr. Martin is as follows:

"It recks not whether thou
Be opulent, and trace
Thy birth from kings, or bear upon thy brow
Stamp of a beggar's race:
In rags or splendour, death at thee alike,
That no compassion hath for aught of earth, will strike.
One road, and to one bourne
We all are goaded. Late
Or soon will issue from the urn
Of unrelenting Fate
The lot, that in yon bark exiles us all
To undiscovered shores, from which is no recall."

Notice the similarity of thought expressed in these lines of Bryant's:

"Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise,—the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past
All in one mighty sepulchre."

But we miss in Horace any consolation in regard to the future life, for his motto, like that of Epicurus, was to enjoy the present to the utmost, because life was so short and the future so cheerless. Observe the thought in the fourth Ode of the First Book, addressed to Sestius. The theme is Spring, which awakens man and nature, and, reanimating all things, also teaches us that death will soon end the bright spring-time of life.

"Death comes alike to all,—to the monarch's lordly hall,
Or the hovel of the beggar, and his summons none shall stay.
Oh, Sestius, happy Sestius! use the moments as they pass;
Far-reaching hopes are not for us, the creatures of a day.
Thee soon shall night enshroud; and the Mane's phantom crowd,
And the starveling house, unbeautiful, of Pluto shut thee in;
And thou shalt not banish care by the ruddy wine-cup there,
Nor woo the gentle Lycidas, whom all are mad to win."

Horace has been much criticised for his devotion to Augustus, and censured for flattering the susceptible emperor; but the best critics do not deem him a sycophant, an unprincipled courtier, flattering in his verses those whose conduct he could not approve. It was not until many years after presentation to Augustus that he addresses him in his poems otherwise than in a cold and formal manner. Then it is true that his poems express more warmth and feeling than heretofore; but there is no excess, and the terms used are such as any subject might employ towards a monarch of the position and power of Augustus. It was but natural that Horace should be pleased with the attention and favor of the emperor, but we can never believe that he fawned around him or expressed sentiments regarding him which were hypocritical.

The last years of the poet were those of quiet happiness. Always welcome at the house of Mæcenas, where he met with eminent literary and political characters, yet he felt at perfect liberty to withdraw to his quiet Sabine home, when he desired, and to indulge in the reveries which the beauties of nature called forth. But this uninterrupted pleasure was to have an end, and, eight years before the birth of Christ, the greatest sorrow of his life befell him, in the loss of his dear friend Mæcenas. There seemed little left to interest Horace now. He cared no longer to court the Muse, no longer to visit his favorite haunts; and, as he had foretold, his death soon followed upon that of Mæcenas. As the winter advanced and the falling leaves reminded him of that inevitable lot which, sooner or later, must be shaken from the urn of Fate, he grew weaker and weaker until, finally, the three dark sisters of Destiny came for the gentle poet, and the web of life having been spun, the last thread was severed by the hand of Atropos. ("*Clotho colum retinet, Lachisis net, et Atropos occat,*" Clotho holds the distaff, Lachisis weaves, and Atropos cuts.) Horace was nearly fifty-seven at the time of his death.

We must judge of the character of this renowned man mainly from the tenor of his writings, for but little is known of his life. Even his most enthusiastic admirers cannot be blind to his imperfections as viewed in the enlightenment of our age. But, although he was not free from the vices of his time, yet when we compare him with his contemporaries he seems to be nearly as he says: "Integer vitæ scelerisque purus." He was generous, kind-hearted, and sympathetic; he was true to the memory of his father, and was not ashamed of his parentage; he fought manfully under Brutus when he deemed the liberty of his country at stake, but, when he found it useless to contend with the powers in authority, he accepted Augustus as his emperor. By nature Horace was, although quick-tempered (Epistle I.), possessed of that choicest of her gifts,—a contented and cheerful disposition. He always aimed at a golden mean, and, avoiding both riches and poverty, he was content. In youth he enjoyed the pleasures

which Roman society countenanced; but, when he cared no longer for them, he turned his attention to nobler pursuits.

In the era just preceding the birth of Christ the educated and those of any real philosophical attainments were forsaking the worship of the pagan gods, and were seeking for some one great Supreme Being, who was indeed omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient, and not a being of the old mythological type, the Jove of ancient times.

In such an all-wise Ruler the poet Horace steadfastly believed, being content to acquiesce in the guidance of such a Power. Grateful for what He gave and murmuring not at what He withheld, with a strong faith in the immortality of the soul, Horace stands forth in bright contrast against the dark background of pagan ignorance and superstition.

CAROLINE FRANCES LITTLE.

THE ARMY AND ITS RELATION TO THE ORGANIZED AND UNORGANIZED MILITIA.

WHEN, nearly a quarter of a century ago, the great war-army of the Union marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, past the President of the new republic, the Army of the United States was virtually the nation. To-day the *organized* armed force of the country is composed of a partially-trained State militia, numbering less than one hundred thousand men, and a national army of twenty-five thousand soldiers.

The little regular force, scattered over the millions of square miles of territory from Maine to Texas and from Oregon to Florida, contains but one soldier for every two thousand four hundred inhabitants; it is of no weight politically, and is almost forgotten by the sixty millions of people composing the nation.

National reaction, which followed the absorbing interest that military matters had received during the previous years of our Civil War, and the necessity of restoring to the country the prosperity of peace, prevented the people, in the years which immediately followed that struggle, from giving much attention or care to the army and navy. Indeed, during the first decade of peace, whenever attention was called to either of the combatant arms of the government, it was apparently with the single purpose of lightening the burden of the tax-payer, without regard to the efficiency of either land or naval service. This attitude of indifference, persisted in for years, resulted with the navy in an establishment so thoroughly reduced in fighting power as to be neither respected at home nor feared abroad,—a navy which the government has found necessary to create anew.

The army, however, on account of the troubles in the South, incident to the conclusion of a great war, and the serious Indian outbreaks that frequently arose in the West, was destined to maintain for a time its grasp upon the attention of the people. But gradually this was relaxed, and only when news of a Custer massacre or of an Apache outbreak startled the country did its fifty-odd millions of people realize for a moment the existence of some twenty-five thousand men employed to protect the nation against the danger of foreign attack along thousands of miles of unfortified sea-coast; from Indian depre-

dations over a vast extent of exposed frontier; and against domestic violence from hundreds of thousands of the idle and dangerous classes that Europe had sent to help build up the republic. But the interest thus aroused quickly died away, and the army was either again forgotten or remembered only to be attacked.

The riots of 1877 created a more lasting though still fleeting interest in the national forces; there was even some discussion as to the advisability of increasing their strength; but, the danger over, interest disappeared, and people forgot in a day that lives had been sacrificed and the accumulations of years swept away by a few angry and wrong-headed men. It was forgotten too that life and property were as defenseless as before, and in even greater danger, for the mob had to some extent learned not only its own strength, but the weakness of the State forces.

During the past decade few disturbances have ruffled the great calm of national life; the Indian troubles are, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, almost at an end; the army to-day is seldom brought to the attention of the people, and a soldier of the United States has become almost as rare a sight in the great centres of population as a wild Indian. The national uniform is unknown.

It is vaguely supposed that there are a few national soldiers idling away their lives in garrison somewhere; but for the mass of the people the army of the United States has no real existence. The nation to-day apparently believes itself perfectly secure from danger at home, and beyond all risk of attack from abroad; and though the feeling manifested towards the regular forces, whenever attention is called to military matters, is friendly, the necessity for an army, no matter how small, is doubted by the people otherwise intelligent.

If a government of the people for the people and by the people did not sometimes require, as experience has proved, a body of men ready to instantly enforce the will of this people upon the few unruly individuals who, mistaking themselves for the nation, attempt by violence to enforce their own will upon the majority; if all men had everything to gain by peace and established government, and everything to lose by violence and anarchy; if, finally, all foreign nations were content to allow us to follow out in peace our own plans, and would quietly permit us to check their designs whenever we deemed our interests imperiled or our doctrines of government contemned, the army might indeed be disbanded and the navy allowed to decay.

But the era of universal peace has not yet come; and if the United States intend to maintain order at home and respect abroad; if, moreover, they intend to enforce the bold principles of the Monroe Doctrine, which have now become almost as firmly established among our political tenets as the principles of the Constitution itself, they must possess an active force ready for instant use, a force perfect in disci-

pline, organization, and equipment, and sufficiently strong to delay invasion, or to quell an ordinary insurrection; they must possess, as a first reserve, a body of men that can be quickly put in the field with the necessary artillery and transport,—in other words, a trained and efficient *militia;* and lastly, they must possess the means of readily organizing and equipping the great ultimate army of the United States, —the volunteers.

Under the laws, the general purposes for which an army is maintained in this country are: "To execute the laws of the Union, to suppress insurrection, and repel invasion." Within these general limitations, if we neglect for a moment the consideration of the use of the army as a guard to the Indians, the specific purposes for which a regular establishment will in the future be most needed, and to the enforcement of which all other considerations should be subordinated, are, first, to repel or delay invasion; second, to form a national police for the execution of national laws, and for the protection of national treasures; and third, to form a school in which shall be trained the reserves in peace, and from which shall come the skilled soldier capable of disciplining, equipping, feeding, and fighting the raw levies that must be our final dependence in war.

Much has been said and written in recent years about the danger of foreign attack, and the details of our defenseless sea-coasts and frontiers have been so industriously spread abroad that there is probably no statesman of Europe more ignorant of our helpless condition than are our own legislators. Undoubtedly we are at present unable to protect our coasts against any inferior power that comes to attack them, and are in the greatest danger. But it should not be forgotten that nations do not attack each other like strange dogs, and that going to war for an idea is out of fashion: nothing less than a conflict of material interests will bring about a great struggle.

When the United States came into existence as a nation, the ideas embodied in the formation of the republic, little understood abroad, were left to work out their own destiny comparatively unnoticed; but the Civil War and the events which followed caused the nations of Europe to realize that a new and very important factor had entered the problem of the world's progress, and that the great republic was something more than a mere experiment in political economy. Since the close of that struggle, the country has grown rich and prosperous beyond the dreams of those who saw the war end; our interests abroad have vastly increased; and though our great *ultimate strength* in men, money, and war-resources is thoroughly understood throughout the world, our immediate weakness is equally well known, and is a constant menace to peace.

To-day we are, so far as defense is concerned, in much the same condition as was China in the beginning of the Opium War, but

greatly nearer the sources of danger. Europe watches us closely, and knows as much of us as we know of ourselves; our geographical isolation has grown less with each mile of increase in the speed of sea-going ships, and with every foot of cable laid; and the waters which separate us from Europe now serve only to connect. With the diminution of our geographical isolation our political independence has decreased, until the time has come when—with English railroads north of us, English naval stations and an imperial fortress at our very doors, a French canal in the process of construction in the south, and with German interests strongly developing in Mexico, the West Indies, and the Pacific—we are hardly more isolated politically by the oceans around us than is England by her narrow "silver streak." Still, geographical position will ever prevent the United States from becoming involved in the jealousies and quarrels that contiguity and the race hatreds of European states frequently force upon them. A war with a distant power is always a serious undertaking; and when that power is composed of sixty millions of the most inventive, intelligent, and energetic people that the world has ever seen, with almost unlimited wealth and war-resources, it is safe to say that nothing but a serious cause could lead any government to declare war against it; unless, indeed, some country well prepared for war and controlled by an irresponsible government, rash enough to disregard the reckoning that might afterwards be exacted, should be tempted by our enormous wealth and defenseless condition to lay our rich sea-ports under contribution, and trust to the changeable temper of a representative government to overlook to-morrow the wrongs and injuries of to-day.

But, disregarding this remote contingency, a glance at the condition of affairs at the present time will show that causes which might lead to war between the United States and a great European power are difficult to find.

With Russia, Italy, or Austria such a thing is at present almost out of the question.

Prince Bismarck, it is true, is said to have not the most friendly feelings towards the country that has taken from Germany many of her valuable citizens; but the consolidation of the German empire, dangers near home, and colonizing projects abroad undoubtedly give Germany enough to occupy her attention.

With the exception of an occasional dispute over the return to the Fatherland of a naturalized American citizen, or an occasional reflection upon the American hog, there have been few difficulties between the United States and Germany as there have been few points at which the interests of the two countries touch. It is true that German interests are increasing greatly in Mexico; this, and the possible acquisition of Cuba by Germany, may lead to future complications. But Germany, wiser than France, will not waste her strength in distant

wars as long as the present great problems of European politics remain unsolved.

With France, the danger of serious complications is greater. Indeed it would be folly to assume that a country as changeable in her policy, her friendships, and her government as is republican France will be governed by aught but the apparent interest, or feeling of the moment, in her relations with other states; and, in spite of traditional friendship and statues of Liberty, imperial France once more under the sway of a man unfriendly to this country might give evidences of hostility to the United States as strong as those shown by Louis Napoleon during our recent war.

But France learned a lesson in Mexico that she will not soon forget; and it is probable that recent difficulties in Madagascar and Tonquin have taught her the folly of frittering away in distant struggles the strength she will one day need in Europe. Only in the event of the completion of the Panama Canal—a thing still doubtful, at least so far as the present French company is concerned—is there serious danger that such a conflict of interests may arise as will occasion war between the two countries.

Of all the great powers, it is, perhaps, with England that the most frequent and serious difficulties are to be anticipated, but it is with England that there is, perhaps, the least real danger of war. Threatening questions will undoubtedly come up for settlement between the two countries in the future, as they have in the past; commercial rivalry will create jealousies; the struggle for supremacy on the seas, which must come when our reduced mercantile marine is again able to compete for the carrying trade of the world, may jeopardize peace; the fisheries will from time to time give the newspapers something to say; and so long as Ireland is a part of the United Kingdom, the Irishman will shout his anathemas against the Saxon from the safe refuge of our shores. When a canal, whether French or American, connects the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, England may attempt to secure its control, as she did that of the Suez Canal, and as she will ever attempt to control any of the world's new water-ways that may affect her interests; and possibly in the future the lion's claws may have to be detached every now and again from some tempting morsel like Tortugas or Hawaii. But the lion is learning that other beasts and birds, especially eagles, have claws that command respect.

Many other causes might lead to difficulties between the two countries; but England is not disposed to enter lightly upon a struggle with a powerful adversary, and though the policy she has adopted towards the United States in recent years has not always been friendly, it has been extremely cautious, and shows that two wars have laid the foundation of a respect that our vast wealth and sixty millions of people have made lasting. In addition, the great amount of British capital

invested in the land, railroads, mines, and mercantile interests of the United States would make a war between the two countries exceedingly unpopular with the class that in England holds the purse-strings. Though the points of contact are many and the friction at times may be great, it is safe to say that the friendship between the people of the two countries is so warm, the bond of kinship so close, and the commercial ties so strong, that war is exceedingly improbable.

Though in war it is especially true that the unexpected happens, the present condition of European politics precludes the idea of aggression on the part of the great powers; and, as it is most improbable that the United States, with their peace-loving tendencies and weak army and navy, will assume the part of aggressor, it is safe to say that under present conditions a war is not apt to arise with any of the great nations of Europe.

With others, however, the danger is not so slight; Mexico, Chili, and perhaps other American states, would be glad to see us humbled. Cuba, with the constant filibustering expeditions she invites, may involve us in trouble with Spain; and Spain herself has at least once in recent years assumed a threatening attitude towards the United States.

At any moment, the ignorant population of the northern States of Mexico may commit acts that the people of our own border States would delight in forcing to war; and the large and increasing amount of American capital invested in a country where, as in Mexico, the government is unstable and the people seditious and ignorant, must be a constant threat to the existence of peace.

Instead of being grateful to the strong power ever ready to protect them from European aggression,—a power which, in the case of Mexico, alone prevented her from becoming once more a European dependency,—both Mexico and Chili are jealous of the United States; and even the better-informed of their people would be glad to see a war that, as many of them believe, might end, if not in their success, at least in checking the progress of their powerful neighbor.

Danger of foreign war seems, then, to lie rather in the audacity of the smaller powers than in the strength of the greater, and in the condition of our sea-coasts, whose defenselessness is a constant invitation to attack.

Of nations, even more than of individuals, is it true that they alone keep their possessions and their rights who can protect them. Guns and ships, fortifications and armies, conduce greatly to international politeness; we have none of these, and one day some poor neighbor, unable longer to resist the temptation, may snatch a bite from the apple of our prosperity that will leave us nothing but the core. We may punish him afterwards, or we may not, but the damage done may well be irreparable.

A large standing army we shall probably never have, but we can

and ought to have, as a protection against foreign attack, a sea-coast provided at vulnerable points with modern guns and fortifications; a small highly-trained and efficient corps of garrison and field artillery, cavalry, and infantry, concentrated at a few strategic points near the Mexican and northern frontiers to check a sudden invasion sufficiently long to give time for the mobilization of the reserves, perhaps even for the organization of the volunteers; and to furnish patrols, when necessary, to prevent marauding. Thus prepared, the country need have little to fear on the score of foreign enemies, and the army would fulfill the first of the objects for which it is maintained.

Our second, and perhaps more serious, peril lies in the greatly-increasing numbers of the idle and dangerous classes that since the Civil War have poured into the country from Europe. For many years these noxious elements were harmlessly absorbed by the great mass of peace-loving, industrious citizens; but each year has brought accretions of bad men and bad ideas, and each year the process of absorption has become more difficult. Since the outbreak of the Civil War nearly ten millions of immigrants have come to our shores,—men, largely drawn from the poorest and vilest classes of Europe, who have come not to colonize and improve their condition by honest industry, but to propagate and practice in communities of their own the peculiar ideas of personal license which are the outgrowth of generations of ignorance and misery. Each year the United States have less land to give and more of the idle and helpless to feed; the tendency of the poorer classes to herd together in cities becomes greater, and the struggle for existence fiercer; each year we become more Europeanized. Who can doubt that the soil thus prepared for the sowing of the dragon's teeth will yield an abundant harvest of evils that force alone can suppress? The time has already come when men must hang for daring to put in practice the doctrines of defiance of the law that have been openly and persistently preached by those more dangerous to society than the men called criminals; and should the day come when these men will not stand quietly by and allow their leaders to be put to death by the law, the nation will possess but one power that can carry its decrees into execution,—a regular paid soldiery.

To say that a republic needs no standing army to protect the people from themselves is about as wise as to say that a city needs no police to protect its citizens from each other. So far as the interior economy of the nation is concerned, a national army is a national police, existing purely for the purpose of enforcing the laws in the last resort. If its strength exceeds that necessary for the purpose, a standing army might, in the hands of unprincipled men, become a threat to the liberties of the people; but this is a danger so remote, in a nation whose people are as intelligent, bold, and numerically strong as the Americans, as to be unworthy of consideration.

For police purposes a large body of trained soldiery is unnecessary; but a small thoroughly-disciplined force is vital to the safety of life and property. This force must stand ready to crush at its very inception an uprising which, allowed to grow, might precipitate a class war whose results could not be foretold.

Disturbances commonly arise at great centres of population, which are, as a rule, the great railway centres also; and as a police force to be effective must be at the very place where its presence is required, and where its power needs to be continually felt, garrisons near the large cities lying on the great thoroughfares of commerce are a necessity for the future.

The value of a police force lies largely in its moral effect, and the presence of even small bodies of United States troops, at places where exist large numbers of the turbulent foreign population, would be an assurance of safety and a menace to lawlessness whose value could not be reckoned; but it must not be forgotten that moral effect without innate strength is quickly lost; therefore the garrisons of the larger cities must be sufficiently strong to inspire respect.

In addition, then, to the small permanent force of infantry, cavalry, field and garrison artillery necessary for frontier defense, future safety will require, at the great centres of population, a force of regular infantry or cavalry, with a few field or machine-gun batteries, to "execute the laws of the Union and to suppress insurrection."

The growing importance of the relations of the regular army of the United States to the State militia is the third, and perhaps chief, consideration affecting the future of the permanent establishment.

In a state where military service is voluntary and not a duty imposed upon all citizens alike, the permanent armed force will be small; reliance in time of danger will be placed upon the unmilitary citizens, and the problem of preparing these citizens for service in future armies is rightly thought to be one of vital importance. With us the solution of this problem has not even been attempted; and though we have a mere handful of men in the standing army, and in the organized militia a reserve so weak that even if thoroughly trained, equipped, and concentrated, it could not make a successful defense of any threatened point of our frontier, a systematic effort to form an effective national reserve suitable to modern conditions has never been made.

However confidently we may *believe* that our enormous numbers and great wealth render the United States secure against invasion, it is still true that a great aggregation of men sprung from nearly every race under the sun must be less united and less prompt to act in an emergency than a small homogeneous state. It may therefore happen, should war come suddenly upon us, that our numbers and wealth will prove sources of weakness by preventing or delaying united action, or

by causing the immediate safety of property to be considered before future security and national honor.

Be that as it may, it is at least true that both numbers and wealth would be useless without time to convert the latter into war material and the former into soldiers.

Time can only be obtained by means of an available force sufficiently strong to check any probable attempt at invasion; and as our standing army will ever be small and widely scattered, the nation must trust its future safety to a strong and well-organized reserve of militia.

During the years which immediately followed the Civil War, the country possessed an enormous reserve of soldiers trained in actual warfare, and the question of preparing men for future service in our armies could well be allowed to rest. But nearly a quarter of a century has passed since that reserve was formed, its veterans are rapidly passing away, and soon the nation will find itself absolutely without men of military training, with the exception of the few who have served in the regular establishment, and of the greater but still small number who have been to some extent trained in the organized militia.

In addition, it is to be feared that the soldierly spirit is growing less throughout the country; increasing attention is given to commercial pursuits, and the old pioneer class, perhaps the best material for soldiers that modern times have produced, has nearly passed away. The majority of the people, living in thickly-settled communities, are losing the familiarity with danger and habit of adventure that characterized the American of a generation ago and made him instinctively a soldier.

The problem of repairing this loss, of preserving among the people a remnant of the soldierly instinct, and of preparing our citizens for service in future armies, can no longer be neglected.

For nearly a century the country has clung to the old idea that the regular army is a nucleus around which larger armies will be formed in time of danger; and our policy has been to scatter throughout the masses men of military training whose duty it is in time of war to convert civilians into soldiers, and mobs into armies. This plan was excellent when wars lasted for years, or when, as with General Taylor in 1846, two or three thousand men constituted an army. But to-day, when war comes preparations cease; every great nation, except the United States, is an armed camp whose men stand ready to march at the bugle's call; indeed, the measure of a nation's greatness may almost be said to be the strength of its fighting force. Should war come upon us, attack will follow the declaration as sparks follow the blow of a hammer upon red-hot iron, and we shall have to fight as best we may with the means at hand, or yield in dishonorable peace.

When that time comes the United States will have at their disposal for defensive purposes (leaving out of consideration for the

present the veterans of the Civil War) three classes of forces,—first, the regular army, a small body of thoroughly-trained and equipped soldiers; second, the organized militia, a small body of *partially*-trained and equipped soldiers; and third, the unorganized militia, a great mass of men with, as a rule, no military training whatever.

Added to these would be the conscripts, men of doubtful value in our country; at best mere stop-gaps for troops in the field.

By the militia laws of the United States at present in force, "every able-bodied male citizen of the respective States resident therein, who is of the age of eighteen years, and under the age of forty-five years," with certain exceptions, is to be enrolled in the militia.

Under the provisions of this act (law of 1792) the militia force of the country should number some eight and one-half millions of men; but of these, only about ninety-five thousand are *organized;* the remaining eight million four hundred thousand citizens eligible under the law for military purposes are utterly without military training and therefore useless as an immediate reserve.

The danger of trusting the defense of the country to these untrained masses may be realized if we remember that in July, 1861, when General McClellan assumed command of the magnificent mobs that had gathered in and around Washington, the Army of the Potomac numbered about fifty thousand men; in March following, General McClellan, with a force on the rolls of one hundred and fifty-eight thousand men, was ready to begin his advance. Eight months had been consumed in preparation, and yet a distinguished soldier[1] of the late war says, "To have been enabled to establish a force of such proportions and efficiency within a few months, he [General McClellan] must necessarily have received from the general government, from the governors of the several States, and from the various bureaus and offices under the War Department, the most cordial and largest assistance. Without that support, and without almost superhuman efforts on their part, such an army could never have been created."

On the night of July 15, 1870, the German mobilization order was issued, and on the 31st of the same month there were four hundred and fifty thousand men on the French frontier. It is said that the fifteen days occupied by Germany in the mobilization and concentration of her fifteen army corps have been reduced by half, and that she could now mobilize thirty-five army corps in the same time; if this is true, and the same perfection of organization is attributed to France, it is safe to say that either of these powers, with the enormous number of war and mercantile ships suitable for transport purposes that they possess, could appear at a chosen point of our Atlantic sea-board with an army of one hundred thousand men within six weeks, or two months, after a declaration of war. In two months our volunteers

[1] General A. S. Webb, "The Peninsula."

could hardly be mustered, uniformed, and armed, much less made into soldiers.

The country cannot, therefore, rely upon the unorganized militia, but must trust its safety to a force that stands ready to meet an enemy; and as the regular army will be powerless to more than check an invasion, and gain time for the mobilization of the reserves, the organized militia must be our defense against foreign attack, but the organized militia increased to a considerable size, thoroughly trained and equipped, and ready instantly to take the field; in other words, the militia converted into a real National Guard.

As now constituted, the militia of the United States, both from its size and from its defective organization, has little value as a *national* reserve. With the exception of a few of the great Eastern and Central States, where exist regiments not such in name alone, and of the independent companies of the South, the country has little or no militia available for active service. Under the present system, each State, almost, lacks organization; is allowed to follow its own ideas in matters of discipline, uniform, and equipment; there is little artillery or cavalry; no properly-constituted general staff; no reserve of material; no transport,—in short, nothing of that which constitutes an army beyond a mere body of uniformed armed men. With the exception of New York, and perhaps of one or two other Eastern States, it is in the South, and especially in the South-west, that interest in militia matters is most keenly felt; but heretofore this interest has been local, of much the same character as the pride taken by the community in its base-ball club, and has considered more the winning of prizes at mere drill competitions than the efficiency of the troops as soldiers. The organizations have been largely individual in character, frequently mere social clubs, organized with little regard to the needs of actual service, and looking still less to the formation of a national reserve which could be massed into armies uniform in organization and equipment.

The regular army and the militia have rarely been brought together; militia organizations have seldom seen the model upon which they are formed; and the men, with little knowledge of the principles which govern in all armies, frequently acquire the most singular ideas in matters of discipline and obedience to constituted authority.

The responsibility for this condition of affairs does not lie with the militia, but with the general government that has permitted its National Guard to struggle on for years unaided beneath the weight of absurd laws; indeed, the advancement made by the State forces and the magnificent regiments possessed by some of the States are little less than marvelous.

It is true that a few regular officers have, for a limited time each year, been detailed by the government to act as inspectors, judges at drill competitions, and for similar work; but beyond this slight attempt,

and a small annual appropriation, the general government makes no effort to aid the improvement of the State forces; the subject is treated by Congress with an apathy as profound as that shown towards all other considerations affecting the national defense.

We can never have a national reserve worthy of the name until the national government sees fit to undertake the task of creating it; and it is not too much to say that in the work of training the militia, of creating therefrom a real *National Guard*, uniform in organization, equipment, and discipline, whose parts when united shall form a completed whole,—in other words, in the work of preparing the little individual army of each State to take its place in a great national army, —must the permanent military establishment of the United States find its largest and most important field of usefulness in peace.

Now, as heretofore, the task of organizing the military forces of the United States must be performed by the soldiers that the government has educated in her schools, and trained in her service; by the few men of military mind that a country like ours, given up to commercial pursuits, may possess.

Great soldiers are, perhaps, born, not made; but certainly the working-men of an army, those who turn out the finished instrument that the master hand wields, are made, and made, moreover, by long experience and the familiarity with detail which long experience alone gives.

When, therefore, the veterans of the last war, the men who obtained this experience in the field, shall have passed away, it will be to the regular army alone that the nation can look for the skilled officer capable of training her militia in peace, and of creating again a fighting force adequate to protect the country in war.

In a government where each State has for certain purposes its own little army, and where there are, as a consequence, thirty-eight establishments more or less effective, some model upon which all shall be formed is a necessity; for it is only by means of a common standard that uniformity can be secured and a useful national reserve be created. This model must be the army of the United States.

The problem of associating the regular army and the militia should not be difficult of solution. Regular officers might be detailed, more or less permanently, as adjutants, inspectors, and quartermasters-general; as chiefs of artillery, ordnance officers, instructors of rifle practice; in short, to each State might be given officers of the regular service who should act for a time as chiefs of those departments, or as *advisers* to the chiefs of those departments which are deemed the necessary auxiliaries of the fighting force. With the comparatively large number of officers that our army contains, those required for such duty could be readily spared. A better method, however, and one that would relieve the intolerable stagnation in promotion now destroying the very life of the service, would be to permit officers of the regular establishment

to retire on half pay after, say, ten years' service on the active list, on condition that they serve for a specified time, in one of the capacities before mentioned, in the militia of the State from which they were appointed to the regular service, their names to be retained upon the army list, of course without advancement; and with the further condition imposed that in time of war they should, at the pleasure of the President, and unless incapacitated, be returned to active duty.

Were such an opportunity offered, many officers of the regular service would take advantage of it not only for the sake of the large field of useful work thus opened to them, but also for the rapid advancement that would surely come in the event of war.

In addition to their work as instructors of militia, officers thus detailed with the State forces would be given charge of the arms and equipments issued by the government to the States; they would have the care of the transport and commissariat when the troops were called out by the State for instruction or for other purposes; they would have charge of the supply and distribution of ammunition; in short, they would be the working-men of the general staff of each State, attached to those departments which must ever be kept in readiness for an emergency, and upon whose efficiency the ready mobilization of troops depends. Such departments require the entire time and attention of at least some of their officers, and ought not to be intrusted solely to men whose attention is largely occupied by other affairs, and whose private business may at any moment necessitate their absence or make large demands upon their time.

Camps of instruction for the militia might be formed yearly near the larger garrisons of regular troops; or camps of regulars be formed near those of the militia,—greatly to the advantage of both.

By the association of the regular army and the militia in these and other ways, the former would be enabled to perform its most valuable work in peace, and a real national reserve be gradually created; the citizen would learn to know and esteem that power which the government ever holds in readiness to protect the people, and the regular officer come to understand the temper and value of the troops he may some day be called upon to command.

The third future use of the army of the United States should therefore be as a model and instructor of the great national reserve, the organized militia.

Once established upon a firm uniform basis throughout the country, with organizations permanent and having each its own reserve of veterans who have served with the colors; with men trained not merely in drill and target-practice, but in marching and the duties of the soldier in the field; with a properly-organized staff, and with well-furnished depots of supplies, the militia of the United States will form a reserve upon which the national government may with confidence rely.

Then shall we cease to be at the mercy of any fifth-rate power that may choose to attack, and we may assume with more dignity the position of arbiter of the American continent than is possible for a nation powerless to carry its decrees into execution.

The necessity for the employment of a part of the army to guard the Indians upon their reservations will, of course, remain for many years to come, though in a lessening degree; but this necessity has ceased to be the chief reason for the maintenance of an armed force.

The republic wants no standing army for aggressive purposes; but the maintenance of a small permanent establishment for the three purposes named will ever be a necessity that will grow in importance with the growth of the nation in wealth, population, and prosperity. Already the policy of concentrating large bodies of men at important points is beginning to be felt. Atlanta, Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Denver, and San Antonio all have, or are to have, large garrisons; and the day is not far distant when the one-company post, that bugbear of officers and soldiers, will be a thing of the past. With large garrisons will come, to both officers and men, increased opportunities; and though the peace army of the United States will ever be small, there is no reason why it should not be the best-trained and, in proportion to its size, the most efficient army of the world.

With us the army is a profession, and the officers and soldiers are such from choice; elsewhere it is in some countries a pastime, in others a duty enforced by the state. If our regular soldier felt, as he should be made to feel, that though separated in a degree by his profession from the citizen, the latter still cared for the soldier's interest and honored him, the standard of the enlisted man would be raised, more native Americans would find their way into the ranks, and the army cease to be an asylum for helpless foreigners newly landed upon our shores. If the citizen knew that there was ever at hand a body of intelligent and highly-trained men whose mere presence secured his safety at home, and that behind this small force stood a well-organized reserve ready to protect him against attack from abroad, he would realize that even in peace the soldier was of service to the state and useful to his fellow-man, not mere food for powder, and a vagabond whose welfare was nobody's concern.

GEO. P. SCRIVEN,
First Lieutenant U.S.A.

CHRONICLES OF CARTER BARRACKS.

(Continued from page 416.)

MRS. MARTINEAU did not believe in any original creation of plots, simply because she found herself unable to invent one.

But her literary sisters, Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Braddon, would appear to have labored under fewer limitations, and it is never safe to measure possibility by our own length of arm.

The credit, however, for the plot of this chronicle does not belong to us any more than to the sexton belongs the sermon. And yet, as we shade our eyes and look at the situation, nothing, we flatter ourselves, could be finer, whether imported or of home production.

Yonder is Mrs. Matherby vanishing in the distance like Medea with the golden fleece, and here in the foreground is Captain Plussmore all amazement and asking, as did King George of the apple in the dumpling, how the deuce it was done.

How indeed did the madam get the ambulance, the horses, the harness? and, O ye Fates! the linchpins! heavens! yes, the linchpins! Perhaps it was the quartermaster in his innocence going to town on business; perhaps it was the doctor replying to some urgent summons; and if it was the madam, perhaps at this very moment she is about to make the major a widower, or, worse, herself a perennial invalid with a twisted back or a broken limb.

Now, a man's leg is an entirely different thing. There they are, always in plain sight, like the stumps in a clearing or the faults of our neighbors. And most of them look as though a dislocation would do little if any damage. But in the other case, such is the wonderful amplitude and arrangement of dress that the connection between the foot and the pocket remains a mystery, and appeals to the poetic faculty like the windings of a forest road, and the thought of injury anywhere along the line awakens the tenderest susceptibilities.

Hence it was that the imagination of Captain Plussmore suddenly broke loose, and stolen linchpins, splintered axle-trees, bodily strains, and fractures of all sorts monopolized the landscape like the ruin and confusion of Verestchagin's battle-pictures.

The carriage-road from the fort made a short detour to avoid a stretch of low wet ground prolonging an arm of the sea. Straight

across ran rather a precarious foot-path, due mostly to the dislike of the soldiers to lose any of their limited time in getting to town. Along this trail rushed Captain Plussmore, hoping he could intercept the ambulance at the farther end and forestall a catastrophe of which he was so unwilling to feel himself the cause.

He was in season, though out of breath. The meeting presented its difficulties with scant leisure to consider them. The wagon came rapidly up. The captain waved his hand. The orderly stopped his team,—and there was the madam herself.

"Mrs. Matherby," exclaimed Plussmore; "well—I'm afraid—some mistake—I don't think——"

Just then the wheels nearest him caught his eye, with linchpins all right and looking as much at home as a bottle of bitters in Bangor.

"What is the matter, Captain Plussmore," asked the lady, with some wonder as well as impatience.

But this was just what that gentleman felt considerable difficulty in stating, and Mrs. Matherby, prompt at drawing inferences, and, as usual with prompt inferences, drawing the wrong one, rather peremptorily invited the captain to get in and accompany her to town, which he proceeded to do, no other solution of the trouble presenting itself to him.

This was a termination of the incident so wholly unexpected that it left the captain too dazed for conversation. The absurdity of the thing crept slowly through his consciousness. The madam gave him time to recover from what seemed the effects of his hurry, and at last he ventured an inquiry after the probable date of the major's return and such other interjectional efforts as his condition permitted.

Here he was, though, he who believed public property to be a public trust, actually riding beside Mrs. Matherby towards the town of Blackwater Court-House to do some shopping and to pay some calls.

The madam could be gracious when she chose, and probably no grandeur is so great as to utterly crowd compassion out of the female breast. The visible embarrassment of the captain was in itself a compliment to the majesty of the major's wife not less valuable because extorted.

On arrival at the Square, however, the captain begged permission to withdraw, and secluded himself as soon as possible in the remoter lanes and by-ways to repair damages and to take in supplies.

> "To all that are upon this earth
> Death cometh soon or late,"

but, unfortunately, before his arrival it is often brought home to us how we are affiliated to the vegetable and animal kingdoms and how

we fail in our life-work, which is to subdue and transform the dead beets and saurians that link us to the primeval fire mist.

Even yet on slight provocation does it happen to man to undergo a sudden reversion and make himself into more kinds of an ass than it would be thought possible to bring under one single ulster. Oft in the stilly night does the memory of such a polygeneric metamorphosis establish itself upon the pillow and elicit a shudder of disgust.

Captain Plussmore was made of pretty tough material, nor was he much given to self-examination, which, in fact, is a bad thing for the physical or moral constitution. In any complicated development like that of the body or Bible we mainly find what we look for because there is so much of everything there. It is therefore possible to discover heart-disease or liver complaint, justification by faith or works; but faith is so easy and works are so hard that dogma takes the line of least resistance and elaborates opinions rather than practice.

If the decalogue had been of human origin, instead of "*Thou* shalt not steal," it would have merely forbidden that luxury to the Edomite and the Anakim just as we now appropriate salvation to ourselves and deny it to the heathen, the unitarian, and the democratic party generally.

However, there are those whom any examination would fail to floor, because conducted like the inspection of the Washington aqueduct or one of those celebrated chemical recitations:

"What is the color of this compound, Mr. Havens?"

"Black, sir."

"Ah, yes,—that is to say, a *little* whitish?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, perhaps we might call it quite white?"

"Yes, sir."

"But frequently more white than otherwise?"

"Yes, sir."

"In fact, always snow-white?"

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly; very good, Mr. Havens, very good."

In like manner Captain Plussmore was apt to come up smiling from all his buffetings with fortune. But really this last performance could furnish the captain very little nutriment for self-esteem. Mrs. Matherby, as was her wont, held all the honors and made all the tricks.

On his return to the post Plussmore did not feel like pushing the transportation business. He easily ascertained how he had been caught in his own trap, and then a spell of bad weather came to his relief which kept Mrs. Matherby in-doors. The quartermaster, too, discovered that the ambulance was in need of repairs, and left it ignominiously reposing on trestles in front of the blacksmith's shop.

But the hardest thing for any man to learn is when to stop. This

ignorance leads to more dyspepsia, bankruptcy, and bad novels than all other causes. Even chronicles have run on into the smallest of beer.

It is the high function of reason to forbid in poet, general, or priest such things as Paradise Regained, Cold Harbor, and afternoon sermons. But nature ruled by instinct or inertia, having once taken hold, finds it impossible to let go.

Captain Plussmore, intent on commanding his post, and not satisfied with his recent excursion in the ambulance, in spite of himself began to be uneasy about Orderly Snell. In truth, the captain had commenced operations at the wrong end of the line, slow as he was to see it. With Snell as her executive officer, Mrs. Matherby was more than a match for the temporary post-commander.

How, then, to eliminate the orderly was the question, and in much dubitation thereupon the captain began to lose sleep and appetite. The simplest method was to relieve Snell and send him to the company. But this was arbitrary and almost brutal. It indicated an absolute poverty of resource. The captain prided himself on a good many things, but on none more than a faculty of management. Being soldiers, we like to think ourselves strategic and able to make the other fellow work out our propositions.

Finally he notified the first sergeant to require the attendance of Private Snell at all drills, the number of which he doubled and superintended himself.

Snell was duly on hand and circulated round the parade in the old cycle of movements he had learned fifteen years before.

A man gets through college in four years, learns a trade in three, and may become a voter in six months or less, but his tactics are like the Talmud, it seems, and exhaust a lifetime.

One day Snell was missing. He excused himself on the ground of an errand required by the madam. If she looked upon the soldier purely as a domestic convenience, the captain thought him a military machine, and both, for that matter, were wrong.

There may be no such thing as poor whisky in the world, but there are plenty of poor soldiers, and the poorest of all is he who knows nothing but drill. In general a man who does not understand his own business is a fool, and he who understands nothing but that is a nuisance, which is the reason why the army regulations forbid our young officers from going on leave of absence until two years after their departure from the Academy. In about that time, like the usual college graduate, they become tolerable to mixed society.

Private Snell absenting himself from drill a second time, and for the same reason as before, was deposited in the guard-house, very much to his own astonishment and to the captain's satisfaction, who went over to the office next morning exceedingly refreshed and feeling that he was nearly through the wilderness. There it was on the morning

report, Private Snell from daily duty to confinement, and nothing that Walter Scott ever wrote gave the captain more pleasure.

The day was a beautiful one and the ambulance still on the trestles, so he took no more time than was necessary to clear off his desk and make ready for a stroll about town. As he passed into the sally-port Mrs. Matherby called to him from the porch of her quarters, and the captain walked over.

"I would be much obliged to you," said she, "if you would stop at McWhorter's and tell him to send me up a leg of mutton,—please wait a moment." And Mrs. Matherby brought out the order.

The captain took it, saying, with a little hesitation, "Ah—yes—certainly."

The order was duly delivered, and the mutton also, but the captain fell back upon the earlier events of the morning as more soothing subjects of thought, nor was he inclined to analyze the misgivings that would thrust themselves into view like dandelions on the lawn. Often the storm is high above us long before we feel the wind at the door. Unwelcome questions circle about the consciousness like a hawk over the barn-yard. The shadows flit back and forth, but we say the swallows are here, or the geese are going north, until finally, plump down in front of us comes the spoiler, and a chicken is lost to the dinner-table.

Another beautiful day awaited the captain, and he felt more like walking than ever. Uneasy minds make restless feet. There was but one comfortable direction for him to take, but he found himself—and he hardly knew why—looking over at the madam's premises. They were quiet enough. A white curtain fluttered in the window like a flag of truce.

Something within him suggested the exit on the other side of the parade, and that determined the captain. Should not a post-commander go when and where he pleased on his own reservation? Was he to dodge out and in by side streets like a deserter? And the captain buttoned his coat to get the support of its friendly pressure, cocked his hat so as to leave a clear view of the enemy, and started.

But he did not escape Mrs. Matherby. Just as he turned the corner he heard her voice, sweet but efficient, like a new-year's punch,—

"Captain Plussmore, I am compelled to trouble you again. Will you be good enough to leave these orders at the market?"

The captain said he would, nor did he tear them up by the way, though he felt like it. And yet he found it difficult to see why he should be annoyed at doing a neighborly courtesy. "Yes, that's it," said the captain; "a neighborly courtesy, nothing else." And he stepped briskly down the street.

To Adam were brought all things to see what he would call them, and whatsoever he called them that was the name thereof. The rest of

us spend a good deal of time in trying to believe that things are what we call them, only to find that it is but a *nom de plume* after all, and has as little to do with the thing itself as roast turkey with Sublime Porte or misnomer with maiden. The atoms of the new chemistry have bounds that must be satisfied in combination, even if, like a bachelor's affections, they return upon themselves. So it is with the objects we strive to name. The name is but a limit to one of the innumerable lines of connection that bind it on every side to the rest of nature. Names are many, but the thing is one. Our dictionaries, like our money, stay this side the grave, and in another world we learn another language. Celestial apples never can be *pommes de terre*. Adam started with the great advantage, according to the record, of being the first man, and of course had everything his own way.

Just now there are a good many millions of Adams each insisting that things shall be what he chooses to call them. The tailors of Tooley Street, it will be recollected, put forth proclamations as "We, the people of England," and in like manner a few clergy annually debate the propriety of styling themselves "The Church Catholic." The individual is always seeking to identify itself with the infinite. Every quack insists that his specific is a panacea, every pulpit that it holds the keys of St. Peter, and every shrine has its fragment of the True Cross. And the sects that claim Christ as their corner-stone are really built up on a vowel or a preposition, a hat or a coat, a gesture or an ablution. Some are clothed with ceremonies like the petticoats of a Dutch peasant, and others are as naked of the same as a needle. But they all glory in the name of Christians, and truly are such in spite of themselves, linked in divers ways to the communion of saints in the true church founded on the gospel of sacrifice,—no longer of cattle but of *self*. Self is the true devil and hell needs no other.

There is a heaven-wide difference, however, between selfhood and selfishness, as there is between a ripe and a rotten orange, Dead Sea fruit and the dates of Damascus, Cæsar Borgia and St. Francis. The work given us to do is to establish the one freed from the other; refining the instincts of our animal ancestry into capacities for the life angelic.

In spite of the captain's determination to regard himself as the politest of neighbors, he was beginning to fear that it would not take a very deep scratch to reveal instead the poorest of orderlies.

Again the day was beautiful and the sky that deep blue that looks so like a solid limit to the heavens, and which the old Elohist did well to call "the firmament." A lighter tint of the same color pervaded the reflections of Captain Plussmore, who was almost afraid of asking himself whether there was any escape from the dilemma of becoming a runner for Mrs. Matherby, or of confining his perambulations to the interior of the post, his command of which was getting to be less of a boon than a burden.

The captain fairly envied the unalloyed security of Private Snell, who, still in durance vile but peaceful, was taking his time at white-washing the company kitchen. Nothing gets to be more appalling even to the most careless of people than the certain knowledge that a disagreeable duty is waiting without fail day after day to demand discharge. Tired with the recurrence of dressing and undressing night and morning, men have committed suicide and women, worn out with the eternal monotony of dust-pan, kettle, and lamp; lamp, dust-pan, and kettle, have joyfully gone into lunatic asylums or plunged head-long out of the attic. One can visit a dentist with some comfort, for he sees the light of future relief breaking through present tribulation. But suppose the supply of teeth was unlimited, or that they were always reproduced, like lizards' tails, and with no escape from the doom of having one pulled daily at noon forever and ever! This hardly more than describes the predicament of the present commander of Fort Fairfax, but he continued to breast his fate as unflinchingly as the Confederate generals at the battle of Franklin.

By the way, it was a scheme based upon something like the supposition above made that one of the early English Henrys put in force upon the dental equipment of his Jewish subjects. The royal drafts were promptly honored and the treasury was filled to overflowing with honest gold. Such a system of revenue has the great merit of simplicity, and we commend it to the new administration. Conservative doubts as to its efficacy might be tested by making a preliminary trial on the Committee of Appropriations. Once adopted, the financial secretary would need nothing but a biceps, a bench, and a pair of pincers, and there would be no further trouble with income-tax or tariff.

An amendment to the Constitution affirming the Anglo-Israel theory as applicable throughout the United States, with no abridgment by reason of color, salary, or skepticism, would do away with any objection from a local or sectarian point of view.

Once more, then, refusing to recognize any restrictions upon his freedom, the captain, on what had got to be Friday forenoon, made for the sally-port and gained it safely. Midway he paused, disdaining even to seem to fly, and still he heard nothing but the whir of the sewing-machine where presumably the madam was busy with summer calicoes, and Plussmore muttered a prayer for the repose of the soul of Elias Howe.

Thus to dally on the ragged edge of danger always has its fascinations. The captain looked back, then out along the walk, and still

> "The world was all before him where to choose his place of rest,"

and he passed on—"shut up in measureless content"—to run straight into the presence of Mrs. Matherby, who stood by the window that

opened on the street and remarked, "Captain, will you kindly take my orders into town? I have them ready."

Plussmore touched his hat mechanically, but could not afterwards recollect that he said anything. He found the orders in his possession when he came to himself, and divided them among butchers, pastry-shops, and grocers without wasting time to verify place or article.

Then he stood on the corner lost in thought, like Socrates. Was there never going to be an end to this sort of thing? Would it be necessary for him to cut a private door-way through the boundary-wall of the reservation? Should he be compelled to take a leave of absence in order to elude the duties imposed upon him by Mrs. Matherby?

Finally he went over the way to a peanut-stand and bought three cents' worth, just like any other orderly. Then he made amends to himself and endeavored to re-establish his status as commanding officer by turning into a cigar store and calling for a "Henry Clay," at a quarter each, even in those days. But the "Henry Clay" had no flavor any more than cigars generally to a man at sea. In his case it was not the dampness nor the salt. No leaf of the *Vuelta Abajo* or the Connecticut Valley will keep its taste in the mouth of one to whom the day brings nothing but defeat and the morrow no promise of recovery. And Plussmore on his return to the post sat down to a dinner that deepened his disgust.

To the corporal's wife who presided over the kitchen mysteries the captain had once been thoughtless enough to admit a fondness for stewed beef and tomatoes, with the consequence that whenever she was in doubt, and she was seldom out of it, she played that trump and fed the captain on his favorite dish until he would have welcomed salt horse and hard-tack for a change.

"Here, take this away and bring me the cheese," said he, for the captain's supply-list rather suggested that celebrated meal where the lieutenant, having declared that he never eat rice, was blandly invited by his host to help himself to the mustard as the only other eatable on the board.

That evening the first sergeant reported to Plussmore that Private Snell had finished the company kitchen, and asked if he should be released.

"Yes," replied the captain, and let events take their course.

Snell thereupon resumed his duties as orderly, not, it is true, by Plussmore's direction, but because he failed to further interfere. The captain was considerably down in the mouth before dinner, and the cheese finished the business, just as the great emperor, through an indigestion, lost Waterloo. To the surprise of the post-commander, he slept more soundly that night than at any time since the departure of Major Matherby. A decision, if achieved by ourselves, brings in its train a swarm of doubts and regrets like the trail of a comet, but if it

is thrust upon us no alternative remains, and the vexed soul finds rest.

Matters were at this stage when Orderly Snell presented himself at Captain Plussmore's quarters with a note bearing the Matherby arms and an invitation to tea. The fact had best be stated as briefly as possible, unexpected and abnormal as it may appear. We must stick to the truth in our narrative, but our impression is that Mrs. Matherby knew what she was about better even than Metternich. The captain, however, expressed his astonishment in a manner graphically to be described "in semi-lunar fardels," which may stand for a doctor of divinity or for a succession of adjectives that such gentlemen are too conscientious ever to apply to themselves. But it must be confessed the note arrived at a favorable time. The captain was just now quite busy with the speculation whether in justice to himself he could much longer submit to the culinary experiments of Mrs. Corporal Kilkenny, who seemed to be as ingenious in the ruin of soup, sauce, and steak as Soyer was in their enrichment. One does not need to be an epicure to feel the difference between plain food and spoiled food.

"Tea at Mrs. Matherby's," ejaculated the captain again and again. "I should as soon have thought of dining with—with—the commissary-general." Plussmore never went outside the regular channel, whether for clothing or comparisons.

But tea with Alderney cream, out of ancestral blue china, with a strong skirmish-line of biscuit, muffin, and rusk, a main body of lamb chops, sliced Westphalia, and oyster scallops, a reserve of cocoanut cake, orange custard, and apple fritters, supported by baked quinces and pear with ice and jelly on the flanks,—was it really worth while to let all this go and sit down to a litter of pantry sweepings that would have made a Trappist voluble?

Captain Plussmore sent over to the office for a quill, whittled out a new pen, and set himself to the polite enlargement of "Declined with thanks."

Many years ago we called upon a friend of ours and found him in a decidedly reflective mood. As he appeared more hospitably inclined to his own thoughts than to ourselves, we picked up our hat and stick, but the major begged us to stay, mixed a fresh tumbler, and observed it had been a very solemn evening.

"I have just received," said he, "a letter from my principal sweetheart. In it she writes that she has for some time back noticed a tendency to drink on my part which has caused her serious misgivings. Having with great reluctance spoken of it on several occasions, and finding that the fault was growing into a habit, with every probability of future unhappiness to us both, she has made up her mind that it is better to break off our acquaintance, exchange our letters, and thus be left at liberty to contract such other relations as may promise better things."

Here the major felt in his pockets, for his handkerchief apparently, but pulled out a fresh cigar, which he lit, and went on to state that he had treated the matter from a purely official point of view. His reply was endorsed upon the back of the lady's letter to bring the whole transaction into as compact a state as possible, and read as follows: "Receipt acknowledged, facts admitted, inferences denied, conclusion accepted. Truly yours, John C. Pipes."

We hinted that he might have done better still by adopting the customary formula, "Respectfully returned, approved," but the major, with that delicacy that was his great feature, demurred, saying that something was due to the lady's feelings. So there was, and it would seem to be due still.

Ah, well, let us be candid rather than clever. Honesty is the best policy,—when the paper is not negotiable. The facts are that a short time ago Mrs. Pipes made the major and ourselves a bowl of eggnog, and we were sorely tempted to tell this very story. But if there is one bore more abominable than another, it is a man who cannot keep his good things to himself. Cleanliness may be the second virtue, reticence is certainly the third. And this reminds us of a brief correspondence of more recent times. Colonel Kilograph appealed to division head-quarters for authority to hire a clerk, and deployed his reasons through several sheets of foolscap, winding up with, "I do not see how I can get along without him." The general commanding turned the document over and endorsed it, "Write shorter letters and fewer of them;" in which shape it was returned to the colonel, who considers that there has been a lack of courtesy somewhere.

Captain Plussmore's reply was hardly as concentrated as the examples quoted. But it was soon signed, sealed, and *not* delivered. He kept his note overnight, just as Major Pipes had done, and gained a supper thereby as the major gained a wife.

This is a test to which all epistolary efforts should be subjected, and is generally a half-way house to the waste-basket. Hasten to write the letter while the feelings are hot. Take plenty of ink and paper and don't stop to sift or examine. Get everything down that comes along. Then lay it aside and go to bed. You will sleep soundly, satisfied with yourself and pleased to think how creditable a performance is ready for the early mail. But after breakfast you will tear it up and write another much shorter, much clearer, and much more agreeable, just as Captain Plussmore next morning deliberately put his first note into the fire, sent an acceptance, and proceeded to look over his wardrobe.

It is difficult to dissect our impulses, but as near as we can make it out the master-feeling with the captain at first was mistrust of the Greeks, *dona ferentes*. Then by degrees there insinuated itself an apprehension that possibly he might be afraid of Mrs. Matherby, and

out of this grew a resolve to beard the Douglas in her den. After all, not far in the background of every exertion there flutters a bill of fare, like the national ensign over foreign seas, with its promise of comfort and satisfaction.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the gridiron beats them both. Time was when the grinders ceased because there were few, but the dentist has changed all that, and now guarantees us teeth and tenderloin clear up to the waters of Jordan, and farther, for that matter, if there were need. Not the smallest of its contributions to our peace, however, is the absence of cooks beyond that flood.

The captain did not feel so much out of place at Mrs. Matherby's tea-table as he expected. It is somewhere laid down that a consciousness of being well dressed is as necessary as the thirty-nine articles to a woman's peace of mind, and it has a buoyant tendency with the other sex. Between the two extremes of "perpetual astonishment at his own respectability," which is inseparably connected with a suit of Sunday clothes and the daily cravats of Beau Brummell, of which only the tenth was permitted to be a success, there is a wide margin of choice, and Captain Plussmore was inclined to be somewhat particular about measures and creases around the waist and shoulder, which may readily be pardoned in a man who promptly pays his tailor.

Lieutenant Rosebank had also been invited, and one's self-esteem always gets a little fillip from the company of juniors in rank. The presence of a subaltern on parade has been known to save his superiors from disagreeable accidents. Where one has nothing else to fall back upon, an earlier commission is a very convenient resource.

The secret of Mrs. Matherby's hospitality was now to some extent declared. The two officers were introduced to her nieces, just arrived, Miss Ethel and Miss Thalia Broadwater-York, of Accomac Court-House.

This family will be recognized as undoubtedly the oldest in Virginia, and its mention does away with any necessity for details as to character and appearance. The cultivation and disposal of tobacco and Senegambians, ever since the days of James the First naturally insured to each generation an increasing stock of refinement and grace that had now culminated at compound interest in these girls to such an extent that Lieutenant Rosebank, before tattoo, was madly in love with Miss Thalia, who happened to be nearest him. True, he had not been away from the Academy long enough to tell cotton from poplin, articles into the composition of which the chemical course does not extend, though they have much more to do with the comfort of military men than such things as blow-pipes and litmus-paper.

The earliest dangers the graduate has to face are so connected with finance and *fiancée* that to meet them successfully it would be better to furnish the walls of the recitation-room with sample slips and prices of

dress-goods rather than the reactions of salt and acid, which possess no living interest for anybody but invalids and apothecaries.

Nor did the lieutenant's experience yet include enough of a base-line to get the advantage of parallax in his observations of the bright particular stars that shine in subaltern skies and to determine if the orbits in which they swing would be most likely to circle round steady and determinate centres or wander off into all sorts of wild parabolas. By the way, if the prohibition folks would only tax a license to remarry as high as they do a license to sell rum, the man-that-waits-around-the-corner would get tired and go back to the original edition instead of hankering after a copy *de luxe*.

But we must leave this couple to themselves. Mrs. Matherby is on guard, and is not likely to allow any detrimental complications, even if Miss Thalia had any delusions about life on an income of two dollars per day. The ladies of that family knew the worth of bread and bonnets, and had no great confidence in that economical calculation which makes the portion of one a plenty for two, but omits a fee for the waiter. The market, however, does furnish certain liquids that have a special mathematics, as the old admiral knew when he laid down the axiom that one drink was enough, two were too many, and three not half enough.

Captain Plussmore did not pretend to be indifferent to female society. Nobody does until it is refused them. But with him falling in love was like dipping a candle,—it took a good many immersions to complete the process. And he had learned that sunshine is a wonderful magician. If you would tell mica from gold, you must look at them in shadow.

"It seems as though we must have met before," said Miss Ethel. "I have heard my aunt speak of you so often."

"Always to my advantage, of course."

"Well, I came away in a hurry and forgot to bring my compliments with me."

"You will have no trouble in getting them anywhere."

"Ah! what is so common is hardly worth getting."

Mrs. Matherby here came to the captain's rescue with the information that the major did not expect to return for quite a while. He had been detailed to another court,—"a serious case,—Colonel Schnapps, you know—the old trouble."

Captain Plussmore said he was very sorry to hear it. Strange things, he thought, had already happened in the major's absence, and what other surprises might be in store was a difficult question. Miss Ethel began to inquire about the officers at Carter Barracks, and dialogue became easy as a mere interchange of personal reminiscence. Conversational small change is seldom scrutinized, and counterfeits pass readily. What on these occasions is needed is, in fact, a seaman-

like way of splicing remarks so that the run off the reel is tolerably continuous. If the general effect is something like a crazy quilt, it nevertheless serves for a cover behind which time can be badly peppered if not killed. In the wish to be disagreeable success is never very difficult, but in the wish to please the load is often so heavy that the gun kicks and scatters dreadfully.

By the time the evening was over, notwithstanding scallop and custard, Captain Plussmore was tired and took to his pipe with a zest to which he had long been a stranger. In summing up the day's history it became tolerably certain that so far as Mrs. Matherby was concerned the captain had passed from a belligerent attitude to a state of unstable equilibrium due to the new attractions introduced into the problem by that astute lady. In sudden emergencies she was capable of heroic measures, but it is only the savage who prefers massacre to management. No woman ever loses her fondness for sugar-plums, or escapes entirely from the instinct to please. And caramels belong to a higher stage of civilization than the knout, if the reform rather than the ruin of the criminal is to be sought.

That there may be no anxiety as to Lieutenant Rosebank, we may say he asks nothing at our hands but to be left with his memories and his hopes. But the captain was not quite so susceptible to charming eyes and *charlotte russe.* And when he came over to the office next morning Satan came also. For the sergeant was there to report that Orderly Snell had been absent from drill.

"Very well, sergeant, I will look into the matter," said Plussmore. He really did not feel like committing himself, and the difference between *looking into* and *overlooking* is not great. But while he was slowly adjusting himself to wider views of the usefulness of the orderly, the stableman appeared with the statement that Mrs. Matherby had sent over for the ambulance.

The turning-points in our career are frequently as imperceptible as the Spanish sunshine in club sherry. There is an accidental jostle between two strangers passing one another on the street. The young man bows, the girl smiles, and a word, a glance, and a moment's curiosity complete the incident. Or, perhaps it creates an eddy in the flow of events, where the thoughts circle round and round until finally pursuit follows inquiry and ends in billet-doux and orange-blossoms. "The parting of the ways" could be the title of one of the most interesting speculations that history affords. Had Bucephalus been less of an ox and more of a broncho, or had the bark that carried Cæsar gone down like the Armada that Philip gathered; had the Stuart Prince Henry lived to be king, or had the postmaster Drouet been a trifle near-sighted; had the young Wellington gone into the Customs, a berth in which was refused him on the ground of incompetency; or had Napoleon gathered headway enough from his "History of Corsica"

for a literary life, or, as both deserter and rebel, disappeared under the guillotine; had Byron been longer spared, or Luther sooner taken, our geographies would have worn an altogether different complexion.

Neither would this chronicle have existed but for Mrs. Matherby, nor is she a person to be kept waiting. Captain Plussmore's response to the stableman was prompt and to the purpose,—"Give my compliments to the post-quartermaster, and say that, if the ambulance is not needed for public business, he can place it at the disposal of Mrs. Matherby."

The post-quartermaster, however, was not allowed any share in the transaction. Long before he received this message the madam was well on her way to town, the practical stableman understanding that where that lady was concerned business came first and compliments afterwards.

The lesson taught by this performance, so far as it has any, is that if in the evening you accept your neighbor's cake and champagne you cannot feed him with negatives the next morning. It is not a fair exchange. In acknowledgment of such tangible material comforts you cannot return high moral considerations. Metaphysics and Verzenay may both be dry, but they are not to be equated.

Now Captain Plussmore had not entirely surrendered his original position. He had been educated, lifted into the command of broader horizons, like Mr. Gladstone, who started as a Tory, or like Mr. Calhoun, who once believed in a tariff, that idol of the market-place, which still enjoys its stolen revenue on which the manufacturers grow fat as did the priests on the sacrifices that were offered to the great god Bel. Since steam is abroad it does not make so much difference about the school-master. The locomotive does far better service than even Dr. Keate. And stage-coach beliefs must necessarily be very unlike parlor-car beliefs.

But Captain Plussmore is still leaning on his spear. There is a lull in the combat while he looks about to gain a little time and breath. In most every emergency a military man sooner or later issues an order just as a doctor does a prescription, or just as a bishop quotes the Fathers. It is the outward and visible sign of a responsibility met and discharged. But an order that would secure satisfaction for the past and security for the future in the matters at issue between the captain and Mrs. Matherby was not to be done by a dash of the pen. Plussmore was desirous to so cover the whole ground as to leave no room for evasion or misunderstanding. In other words, he was to be victorious where no apostle succeeded and where all the lawyers have failed. So far most of his hits had been misses, but he proposed to become a marksman on the modern principle of keeping at it until ammunition and possibilities are both exhausted.

The captain worked away at his task, letting things drift for a day

or two. Finally he got the subject into a form to suit him. It had been revised and rewritten as often as one of Tennyson's verses, but if melody be gained by this process, clearness is seldom secured. The first effort holds most of the original intention, and the farther you go from the spring the dirtier the stream.

We have not time to transcribe this order of the captain's. In its preliminary paragraph he withdrew the ambulance from circulation. So much was due to the regulations and to himself. But nothing more efficiently instructs you in the propriety of your neighbor's methods than undertaking to do your neighbor's work. So, in a subsequent paragraph the ambulance was made current again in the form of a market-wagon, just as the coined dollar shut up in the granite vaults of Washington reappears in society as a silver certificate.

The market-wagon was permitted to travel back and forth from post to town as the necessities of the garrison might require. Instead of being a special monopoly, it was to become a general convenience. All this until such time as an actual market-wagon should be obtained on representation to be immediately made to the proper authorities.

All minor details were anticipated and provided for with as much nicety as the classical drama gave to the unities or the prince regent to his bow.

For instance, any requests for transportation outside of the regular trips formally laid down in the schedule were to be submitted to the post-quartermaster, who was to forward them with his recommendation to the post-commander, whose approval, returned through the same channel and ultimately received at the stables, authorized the use of the specified team complete.

This will be recognized as the method so dear to the official mind by which a September requisition for stoves secures their arrival in the course of the following July.

So Captain Plussmore, having completed his work and given it the last finishing touches, walked over to the office one morning with a fair copy to have it duly promulgated to the command and entered on the order-book.

There, as he opened the door, seated at the desk and evidently just arrived, he met face to face MAJOR MATHERBY HIMSELF.

H. W. C.

(To be continued.)

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of "The United Service" are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

We regret to state that Captain Charles King has been for the past two weeks quite ill in New York City. He is now thought to be convalescent, but his illness has prevented his furnishing for this number of The United Service the usual chapter of his delightful "Trials of Staff-Officers" serial. We are quite sure that our readers cordially unite with the editor in wishing Captain King a speedy restoration to health.

The Defense of Canada.

(*From Colburn's United Service Magazine.*)

It would be foreign to the object of this article to discuss the probability of Canada being involved in a war with the United States; a contingency to be earnestly deprecated by the inhabitants of both countries. Still it must be conceded that such a misfortune is at least possible, and that providing against it will render it less, and not more, probable. If war were declared while our empire was free from any hostile complications, the defensive forces of Canada might be largely and quickly reinforced by the imperial army. But if, on the contrary, circumstances led to a war between the two great English-speaking powers while we were engaged in an European war, or had undertaken extensive operations in Asia or Africa, Canada would be almost entirely dependent on her own unaided resources.

The population of Canada is at present a little over five millions, spread over a relatively narrow strip of country three thousand seven hundred miles in length, measuring by the through railway line from Halifax on the east coast to Vancouver on the west coast. Two-thirds of this population live in the eastern third of Canada, which contains nearly all the wealth and the commercial centres. It comprises the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario. Passing westward from this eastern third, after a long stretch of valueless land, north of the great American lakes, we come to the fertile agricultural province of Manitoba, and the wheat-growing prairies to its immediate west. Then, still passing westward, we come to another long stretch of barren or rather pasture land, on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and on the western slopes we come to the maritime and agricultural province of British Columbia.

The four eastern provinces are the great centres of manufacture and commerce, besides being largely agricultural. Montreal is the commercial metropolis, with Toronto next in importance. Ottawa is purely a political capital. Quebec is only a shipping port, and Kingston, at the head of the St. Lawrence, a transshipping port for grain, chiefly coming from the upper end of the lakes. Halifax is a most important naval station,—in fact, of vital importance in case of war.

The populated part of Canada is only a relatively narrow strip contiguous to the frontier, and all the chief towns, except Ottawa, eighty miles north of Kingston, are either on the frontier or within three or four days' march of it. The chief railways accordingly run more or less parallel to the frontier, and quite close to it. They are managed by some of the ablest railway engineers of the day, and perhaps Mr. Van Horne, the manager of the Canadian Pacific Rail-

way, has no superior for ordinary management, or for the transport of troops and material in war, having gained his experience in the American Civil War.

But the long Canadian railway lines are only single lines, and hence have a very limited carrying power.

The Canadian militia consists of some ninety-six battalions of infantry, with about a dozen independent companies, eight regiments of cavalry, with about nine independent troops, twenty-one batteries of field-artillery, a company of mounted infantry, a mountain battery, three companies of engineers, and about forty garrison batteries in the sea and lake coasts and frontier towns.

The city corps of infantry and garrison artillery are undoubtedly the best, and are trained in parts throughout the year. But the country corps, and cavalry and field-artillery, are only trained every second year, when they go into camp for twelve days nominally; but as this period includes the days of joining and breaking up, a Sunday, a day on guard, a day at the butts, and a march round to show themselves off, it leaves but six days for actual drill. Eighteen thousand men are supposed to be trained each year. More than two-thirds of these are raw recruits, and but few ever come out for two years. Consequently the training received by the Canadian militia (or rather volunteers, as the militia ballot is never put in force) is of the most meagre description, though it is wonderful what is done in those few days.

The city corps generally are better than the country corps, and can be compared as a whole with the average of our volunteer corps at home. But they are the minority.

In the Canadian militia we have a mass of men ill-trained at manœuvring or in the use of arms; totally devoid of discipline in an European sense; without any equipment; without transport, commissariat, or other supply departments; armed with the Snider rifle and obsolete artillery. No worse picture can be drawn of the state of the material of the Canadian militia than that described by an anonymous but wonderfully well informed writer, "Linchpin," in the *Canadian Militia Gazette* during 1887–88.

But, with all their defects, Canadian troops have a discipline of their own, based principally on anxiety to do the right thing, *if they only knew what the right thing is.* And herein lies the key to their inefficiency, which was so painfully evident, according to all accounts, in the North-west Rebellion.

That campaign, so admirably designed and rapidly executed that the Germans thought it worth while to send an officer out to Canada to study the details on the spot, was greatly endangered by the ignorance of the officers and troops as to what was expected of them. Lieutenant-General Sir F. Middleton had to manage every detail himself, and was overwhelmed with work; while a multitude of aspiring Napoleons, full of that dangerous thing,—a little knowledge,—were writing to the papers that everything was wrong; that the strategy was bad, etc., and devising counter schemes, and disturbing the public mind. How well the campaign was devised was shown by the rebel collapse after one fight on a relatively large scale.

In judging of the supply arrangements in this campaign we must consider the circumstances. The main field force was a small one (eleven hundred men). The total strength of the three marching columns was two thousand five hundred men, and there were an equal number stationary; but the lines of communication from the three bases on the Canadian Pacific Railway were about two hundred and ten miles each. These lines, however, were never attacked. The half-breeds were not numerous, but a great number of Indians were ready to rise at their first serious success, and two small flying columns, besides General Middleton's, were required to intimidate them. The supply of these columns was carried *by contract* with the Hudson Bay Company The feeding of the troops during their movement along the north shore of Lake Superior was effected by the camps of the Canadian Pacific Railway workmen then employed in constructing the line. Consequently, as the troops engaged were few in number, and were fed by civil contractors, we cannot draw any conclusions as to the capacity of the Canadian military authorities for organizing and

supplying trains for the large force that would be assembled for the defense of Canada against an invasion from the South. We must remember that Canada has no trained staff-officers for the work; and probably there are but one or two men in Canada, besides General Middleton, who realizes the dimensions of the work it would involve,—a work, the parts of which are delicately hung together, and requiring fine and experienced handling for its efficiency.

With regard to the fighting qualities of the Canadian soldiers, there is no reason to doubt that, when properly led by their officers, they would show the magnificent qualities already shown by the Anglo-Saxon and Gallic races on the European and American battle-fields. But in the North-west Rebellion the fine men sent into the field were badly led, except at Batoche, when, with a fine charge with the bayonet, the rebels were put to flight. In all the other fights victory cannot be claimed by the Dominion troops. The results were rather repulses than defeats, although in some cases the bands of discipline were so far relaxed that the men retreated as soldiers should not do. But the real cause was the ignorance of the subordinate officers, and the want of reliance on them felt by their men; an ignorance for which they are not to be blamed, for under the present system there is no way for them to be adequately enlightened. But the fact remains.

The only men who really did anything towards leading men in the fighting in the North-west Rebellion were those who had been in the Imperial service. But to prove that Canadians can do well if well led, the story of the capture of Batoche may be recounted. The rebel position, four thousand yards in length, stretched across a bend of a river, so that the river was in rear of it and formed a *point d'appui* for each flank. The position was well intrenched by rifle-pits, from which the rebels kept up an incessant fire. Their commander asserted that he had only one hundred and forty men in the position, with others on the opposite bank of the river at the end of the position nearest General Middleton's camp. General Middleton, with his ill-trained force of seven hundred men, advanced on Batoche on the 9th of May, 1885, and encamped in front of the enemy's right. He spent the next three days in offensive reconnoissances, or rather offensive outposts (if we can use such a term), ordering the men who made these reconnoissances to carry only thirty rounds to prevent a recurrence of an excessive waste of ammunition as on the first day. On the third day (May 12) General Middleton proceeded with one hundred and fifty men and one gun to reconnoitre the centre of the enemy's position, leaving that gallant old veteran of India and China, Colonel Van Straubenzie, with orders to leave camp with three hundred men when he heard firing, to take up the position of the previous day, and to go even farther if opportunity offered. There was nothing said about taking Batoche, and the men had only the thirty rounds authorized for outpost work, while General Middleton left camp to make a reconnoissance. While carrying out this order, a scout brought Straubenzie a verbal message to stop, which he ordered to be taken down in writing. It seems that this order did not originate from General Middleton, for when he returned to camp he was greatly annoyed at finding that his original orders had not been carried out. Straubenzie offered to carry them out at once, when the men had finished their dinners. This General Middleton assented to, and Colonel Straubenzie left camp with his three hundred men, and extended them. He soon found, however, that he would not be able to reach the position occupied on the previous day without a rush or charge, for the men were getting more and more disinclined to go under fire for apparently no particular purpose. So Colonel Straubenzie walked unconcernedly up and down the line and spoke to the men lying down under cover, or to their officers, saying what he was going to do, after which he gave the command to "charge," which was responded to with a cheer. It was the first charge of the campaign, and it brought a new life into the men; and the next news that General Middleton received in camp was that Batoche was taken, with many rebel prisoners. The

men, when once properly led, responded splendidly. The losses that occurred were not chiefly due to the fire of the rebels actually charged, but from the flank and reverse fire of those on the farther bank of the river. It is not the fault of the Canadian militia that they do not understand the spirit of modern battle; they have no means of learning it; they have no regulars among them to learn it from.

To add to the difficulties of the defense of Canada, the population is formed of two distinct nationalities,—the Anglo-Saxon and the French, the latter intensely Roman Catholic, and bent on keeping up a race feeling and repudiating all connection with their fellow-Canadians of other blood. The general idea is that the French Canadians did not do their best in the North-west Rebellion; and we must remark that the half-breeds had an immense body of sympathizers among the French Canadians simply and purely because of race feeling, the half-breeds being of French and Indian descent.

Again, in the Dominion, there are but too many who favor political connection with America, which cannot but affect the question of the defense of Canada.

Turning now to the American side of the question, we find a nation, numbering at present about sixty millions, who, in the Civil War ending in 1865, put three million men in the field, when their population was smaller, and since those days railways have enormously multiplied.

The Americans maintain a standing army of thirty-seven thousand men, and have, besides these, a militia system somewhat analogous to that of Canada, but far more numerous and complete. They have, besides, large arsenals, gun-, sword-, and rifle-factories, gunpowder manufactories, etc., which Canada does not possess,[1] and by which they can arm an overwhelming force.

Let us for the moment assume that Canada could put in the field one hundred and fifty thousand men, which, with, say, one hundred thousand troops from England, would make a total of two hundred and fifty thousand men. The frontier to be defended is a long one, though it would only include the four eastern provinces. It would be hopeless to attempt the defense of the country west of the great lakes. Unless we gave up the rich Niagara district, it would require at least forty thousand men. Montreal, the most exposed town, would require fifty thousand men. Kingston, the key of the lake defense, is also on the west flank of Montreal, besides covering Ottawa, and must have at least twenty thousand men. Quebec would require ten thousand men; and Prescott, Halifax, and Vancouver the same number each. Kingston and Prescott, it must be remembered, are important points, as they directly cover Ottawa, the seat of government, and Halifax and Vancouver are naval stations of the greatest importance in a war against the United States. Kingston also protects the Rideau canal leading to Ottawa, and is the terminus of a railway line running north towards Ottawa.

We will suppose that these garrisons are taken from the Canadian militia. Then this leaves only the troops that might be sent from England to take the field.

The above numbers are not at all exaggerated, for in the well-known defensive scheme drawn up in 1864 by a well-known and capable English officer, sent out to Canada for the purpose, it was considered that even when the Toronto district was prepared with field defenses, it should have fifty thousand men; and that Kingston, Montreal, and Quebec, with extensive *permanent* fortifications, should have, respectively, twenty thousand, thirty thousand, and seven thousand men, while Ottawa was to have three thousand. Thus, this scheme provides for sixty thousand men for the defense of the Ottawa-Quebec-Montreal-Kingston district, in conjunction with permanent fortifications and a field force of thirty thousand men: total, one hundred and forty thousand men. This was recommended in the days when the communications leading to Canada were very poor to what they now are; when we did not know how the Americans could fight,

[1] Except the Hamilton Powder Company and the Quebec Ammunition Factory.

or what armies they could raise, although it was more than recognized that Canada could scarcely be expected to muster a force at the outbreak of hostilities capable of withstanding in the open field that which the Americans could bring up.

The scheme of 1864 required a defensive force of one hundred and ten thousand men, with fortifications, exclusive of Halifax and Vancouver. The scheme in this paper supposes a defensive force of one hundred and thirty thousand men, with no fortifications to speak of, also exclusive of Halifax and Vancouver, a difference which errs by being too small, so that the numbers given are by no means excessive, while the garrisons assumed for Halifax and Vancouver are far too small. From their importance they should have thirty thousand men each, to stand a long siege.

The distances of the vital points in the United States from the frontier, and the immense difference between the number of troops that could be assembled and maintained on American and Canadian soils, would force the British troops into a strategical defensive attitude. Where would they be posted in Canada for this purpose?

With regard to this point, we must remark that from the railways skirting the frontier the troops will have to be somewhere near that frontier, while the long single railway lines parallel to the frontier are by no means a rapid, or safe, or certain means of transporting troops from point to point. The American troops, it should be remembered, have proved their capacity for rapid and far-reaching raids, destroying railways, etc. The two capitals of the Dominion being Ottawa and Montreal, it is evident that the defense will be mostly limited to the area between Kingston and Quebec,—that is, along the line of the St. Lawrence. There is another reason for this, viz., that England, having presumably the command of the sea, will be able to maintain communication with Quebec, and a line of railway lines along the north shore of the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and is more or less protected by it. Toronto, three hundred and thirty-three miles west of Montreal (or one hundred and sixty miles west of Kingston), and Halifax, six hundred and seventy-five miles to the east of Quebec, are too far away to expect help from the Kingston-Montreal-Quebec district, which alone extends three hundred and forty-five miles from east to west, with Montreal exactly in the centre.

Again, casting a glance at the net-work of American railways we will find that they are admirably adapted for offensive operations against Canada, while offering no important railway parallel to and near the frontier, the destruction of which would affect the concentration of troops. The objectives for America are clearly marked,—Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Prescott, Kingston, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver. Halifax and Vancouver are certain to be most energetically attacked, for they will be the naval bases, besides Bermuda, from which England would carry on her naval attack on the American coasts and commerce. The American railway lines lead admirably for their purpose on to Quebec, Montreal, Prescott, Kingston, and Toronto. Albany and Bellows Falls would be the bases of operations on the first four-named towns, while the resources of the greatest western towns—of Chicago, etc.—can be easily concentrated at Detroit, and those of the eastern towns at Buffalo, for the invasion of the Niagara district and the surrounding of the Toronto force. Under these conditions it would seem preferable not to defend Toronto, but to carry the forty thousand men supposed to be told off to it into the Montreal district for a concentrated defense, where it can receive English assistance. This would raise the active field force to one hundred and forty thousand men at that point.

Here we may ask, Have we an English commander who has had any experience in moving and feeding a force of more than one-sixth of such an one as this? and where are the arrangements to be made for the feeding and movement of such a force? The wheat supplies from the North-west would certainly be cut off, as also all the coal supplies, except those coming under convoy from England. The manufacturing and export trades, on which the prosperity and life of the Dominion depends, would be al-

most annihilated. How long would the struggle last under these conditions? How long would it be before a starving population would cry for peace, even with the alternative of political junction with the United States?

America need not be in any hurry. She can play a waiting game. It would all be in her favor. A wealthy, self-contained country, of vast extent, and prepared for such sacrifices as she made in the four years' Civil War, cannot be easily attacked. The forces she could raise at the prospect of war would be sufficient to prevent the British force attempting a serious invasion to any distance into the country. The longer the United States played a waiting game the easier would the result be for her, for a poor country like Canada could not stand the strain; and further, it must be considered that Canadians would not enter into the struggle with the same energy as the Americans. All that the Canadians would gain would be the continuance of the British connection, as to the value of which they are even now very much divided, while the American pride would be raised with the determination of refusing defeat, and with the prospect, and even, some may say, the certainty, of gaining Canada. With such conditions the result seems almost a foregone conclusion, especially as Americans have shown that they can fight heroically. Besides, the Irish element in America would only embitter the feeling and confirm the American determination to win at all costs.

Then, again, between Kingston and Quebec there is nothing to prevent the American columns from reaching the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, and putting a complete stop to the river traffic by destroying the canals and constructing batteries. The distance is too great between Kingston and Quebec to be absolutely protected by any force such as has been named, however much they may march and countermarch; for as one American column is threatened it can retire, while the others advance and compel the return of the British field force. The British ships might even have to fight their way to Quebec against both land batteries and gunboats passed through the Richelieu canal from Lake Champlain into the St. Lawrence.

Another point is that the want of depth in the inhabited part of the Dominion is a serious disadvantage to the carrying out of a successful strategical defense.

In the above remarks I have supposed the Canadian troops to be fully equipped and supplied, and to have a fair proportion of artillery and cavalry to the infantry. But this is only a supposition. The existing proportion of artillery is only 1.4 guns to one thousand men, instead of the usual proportion of three to four guns per one thousand. The cavalry consists of one sabre to seventeen bayonets, instead of one to six. And of engineers there are only one in four hundred, instead of one in thirty; while transport and supply corps are entirely wanting, and every penny spent on the militia is grudged.

Naval operations on the lakes would not lead to important results to either side. As to the state of the existing fortifications, and their armaments, it is best to say nothing.

Now what is the moral to be learnt from all this?—that the land defense of Canada is impracticable, if the Americans are in earnest, and that the best attack on America is a naval one, blockading her coasts and stopping her vast commerce. We might cause a rising in the south of the States, but it would not only be ignoble but inhuman to raise ill-feeling between two parties whose quarrels led to the shedding of rivers of blood, and whose scars are not healed; and, when the war was over, we might have to leave our temporary friends to bear the brunt of a terrible reprisal.

Such a naval war would be cheaper than a land one, and if such a basis were decided on for the defense of Canada, it would render unnecessary the immense sum now expended on an inefficient militia. I would suggest the complete arming and fortifying of Halifax and Vancouver on a very large scale, and the maintenance within the Dominion of a permanent force of about three thousand men to put down internal troubles; the balance of the militia estimates being spent in maintaining a force

of cruisers to assist England on the seas in *event of any war*, whereas the Canadian militia is useless for this purpose.

But how to carry out such a scheme if considered desirable? The evils of a democracy are as evident in Canada as in the United States. How would the voter like the change, the contractor especially? It would be decidedly unpopular with some classes, for the militia forms an excellent cow to milk to reward butchers, bakers, tailors, etc., who vote for the government that finds them profitable work. Commissions in the permanent infantry, cavalry, and artillery schools are excellent rewards for the sons of voters. Here is an Augean stable for some Hercules in politics to cleanse. Who will do it?

But the most important point of all has not yet been dealt with. It has been assumed that Canada could raise one hundred and fifty thousand men, for the sake of showing that even this number of men is insufficient. Let us now look at the real facts of the case and see if Canada can raise this number on an emergency. Assuming the battalions to consist of one thousand men, cavalry regiments of five hundred men, and artillery batteries of one hundred and fifty men (which, however, is a false assumption), then the total available force provided by the present organization between Toronto and Halifax is about eighty-two thousand men only, exclusive of staff and administrative services. Adding two and a half per cent. for brigade, divisional, and corps staffs, we get about eighty-four thousand men. This number comprises seventy-eight battalions, thirty-seven squadrons, fifty-six guns, and two companies of engineers. At Quebec there are only nine thousand one hundred men instead of ten thousand; at Montreal, thirty-eight thousand seven hundred instead of fifty thousand; at Kingston, seven thousand six hundred and fifty instead of twenty thousand; and for the Toronto district, twenty-six thousand four hundred and fifty instead of forty thousand; and so on. Consequently, from eight to ten divisions would have to be formed to bring the force up to the estimate, and there is no nucleus on which to form them, while for the existing forces there are no administrative services, transport, staff, etc.

These deficiencies alone are almost sufficient to show the unfeasibility of undertaking the land defense of Canada.

Further, the complete work of mobilizing the existing forces, from the raising of the men, through all the stages of arming, equipping, clothing, and combining up to the final concentration at the strategic points, would occupy an interval of time which could only be calculated by months.

Hitherto we have not considered the effect of a surprise. It was written in 1862 by a well-known general, "If our minister at Washington is deceased, if our generals are indolent and supine, a war may be declared, and an invasion take place before even the ministry in England are aware that hostilities are contemplated." This applies more strongly now, when every mile of country is intersected with railways, even though ocean cables have brought England and her colonies into closer union.

The Americans have shown themselves specially ready in making rapid raids and quick improvised attacks. These would be dangerous to Canada, as likely to interfere with the movements of concentration. The railways and canals being near the frontier and parallel to it, are very vulnerable, and any interruption of traffic in the first few days would be highly detrimental.

We can now imagine what would be the effect of a sudden advance on Montreal, and on other places, of well-organized hostile divisions of ten thousand men each. If they were placed on the frontier on the tenth day after the declaration of war, they would, in two or three days after, only meet incompletely organized forces. Simultaneous operations at other parts of the frontier will suffice to keep the troops in those districts in their places, especially as they have no transport to move with. The Americans would certainly be able to cut the railway and water communications, and a complete syncope of trade would soon produce the required result.

Thus, if England ever considers a war with the United States necessary, and is

prepared for the expenditure of blood and money, her best policy would be to concentrate the defense of Canada at Halifax and Vancouver, making at these two points strongly-intrenched camps capable of holding many thousand men each, and complete in every respect to maintain a long and severe land attack. With these two naval bases, and with Bermuda, she could then proceed to harass, even put a stop to, American commerce, and destroy her rich sea-port towns and harbors, a result which would soon bring about a decision of some kind or other.

By maintaining a fleet of cruisers, Canada can help England materially in this respect, in a war against any naval power; while the present inefficient militia is useless for any purpose whatever, except for a wanton sacrifice of life, if a land defense of Canada is attempted against a serious invasion from the United States.

It would be very beneficial to Canada in many respects to station, as of old, a few English battalions in the Dominion. In a military point of view they would form centres of a much-wanted military instruction and spirit, while socially and commercially they would be heartily welcomed, and form a link of the greatest power in binding the colony to the mother country, and so aid in binding the empire together more firmly. Their presence in the Dominion would tend to make people realize their connection with England, for they have nothing that does that now; while they could, in extreme emergencies, assist the permanent colonial force proposed, in their duties. Other reasons could be added, but I would not care to state them publicly here, though they are probably essential for preserving the unity of the Dominion in the future.

"VERAX."

A Racer of the Seas.

HAS the reader ever stood in the engine-room of an ocean steamer when she was plunging through an Atlantic gale at the rate of seventeen or more knots an hour? Even if he has done so, and been awed by the experience, it is not likely that he has been able to fully realize the immensity of the power exerted. He needs some standard of comparison, and for that purpose we may offer him the ancient galley, and repeat a passage from the address made by Sir Frederick Bramwell at the meeting of the British Association last September: "Compare a galley, a vessel propelled by oars, with the modern Atlantic liner. . . . Take her length as some 600 feet, and assume that place be found for as many as 400 oars on each side, each oar worked by three men, or 2400 men; and allow that six men under these conditions could develop work equal to one horse-power; we should have 400 horse-power. Double the number of men, and we should have 800 horse-power, with 4800 men at work, and at least the same number in reserve, if the journey is to be carried on continuously. Contrast the puny result thus obtained with the 19,500 horse-power given forth by a large prime-mover of the present day, such a power requiring on the above mode of calculation 117,000 men at work and 117,000 men in reserve; and those to be carried in a vessel less than 600 feet in length. Even if it was possible to carry this number of men in such a vessel, by no conceivable means could their power be utilized so as to impart to it a speed of twenty knots an hour.—From "The Building of an Ocean Greyhound," by WILLIAM H. RIDEING, in the April *Scribner's*.

Military Duels in France.

THE death of a young soldier of the Sixteenth Dragoons from wounds received in a duel has led to a lively discussion in the French papers on the practice of dueling in the army. On this subject the *Petit Parisien* has an interesting article. In some regiments, it appears, duels are rare, owing to the firmness of the colonels, but in others affairs of honor are a matter of daily occurrence. In the cavalry regiments especially this practice flourishes. When two soldiers have a dispute, so long as they do not come to blows they need not fight unless they wish to; but a box settles the matter, and, whether they like it or not, they must meet, sword in hand,

the next morning in the riding-school. The captain, often without consulting the parties interested, asks permission from the colonel for the rencontre, and the latter nine times out of ten grants it. Nothing then can prevent the duel. The adversaries may be only too glad to be reconciled, but it is all to no purpose; fight they must. The fencing-master is notified. He has the sabres sharpened. Then each unlucky soldier spends the evening in the *salle d'armes*, where he receives counsel and advice from the prévôts, each one of whom has an infallible secret stroke or *botte* to teach him.

It is always in the riding-school that the affair takes place. About eight o'clock in the morning the combatants arrive, accompanied by their seconds. Then comes the fencing-master, followed by a prévôt, who carries the two sabres. This fellow always takes delight in informing the two adversaries that the sabres are sharpened with equal care, so that one will cut just as well as the other. Then comes the lieutenant charged with the duty of conducting the affair. He never fails to make light of the situation, for the purpose of encouraging the heroes. The surgeon then comes upon the scene. He appears with an air of ill humor, as if he was plagued by the thing. He is followed by a hospital steward bearing a lot of bandage and lint, a big dish of water with a sponge in the middle, and a set of surgical instruments, enough altogether to scare the bravest of the brave.

"Can we begin?" asks the officer.

"Begin," replies the doctor.

Then the gladiators take off their tunics and shirts and appear naked to the waist, no matter how cold the weather is. They are placed in position. The officer says, "Go it!" Then the fight begins, superintended by the fencing-master, whose duty it is to parry the dangerous blows. At last one of the men is hit, and the affair is finished.

In the majority of cases the duel ends by the defeated party's treating all hands at the canteen. But when old soldiers are engaged, or non-commissioned officers skilled in fencing, the military duels too often terminate otherwise.

From Dr. Holmes's Poem addressed to James Russell Lowell on his Seventieth Birthday.

(*From the April Atlantic.*)

WHO *is* the poet? He whom Nature chose
In that sweet season when she made the rose.
Though, with the changes of our colder clime,
His birthday will come somewhat out of time,
Through all the shivering winter's frost and chill
The bloom and fragrance cling around it still.
He is the poet who can stoop to read
The secret hidden in a way-side weed;
Whom June's warm breath with child-like rapture fills,
Whose spirit "dances with the daffodils;"
Whom noble deeds with noble thoughts inspire
And lend his verse the true Promethean fire;
Who drinks the waters of enchanted streams
That wind and wander through the land of dreams;
For whom the unreal is the real world,
Its fairer flowers with brighter dews impearled.
He looks a mortal till he spreads his wings,—
He seems an angel when he soars and sings!
Behold the poet! Heaven his days prolong,
Whom Elmwood's nursery cradled into song!

DURING the small-arm target season at one of our large artillery posts, not long ago, considerable rivalry developed among the batteries in regard to the number of "marksmen" each would be able to "qualify" within the allotted time. Battery "G," —— Artillery, is one that, by reason of its efficient captain, worthy subalterns, and carefully-selected enlisted men, had, in former seasons, either led the target record of the post or stood very high on it, and, as a consequence, at the time referred to,

felt the prodding of ambitious spur more keenly, perhaps, than the other batteries. Sergeant K. of the battery, particularly, took the matter of the battery's reputation to heart, and, being a good shot himself, was on hand as an ever-ready coach for recruits, and often, borne on the wings of his anxiety, he would modestly offer suggestions to a poor-shooting subaltern. He had, on one occasion, succeeded in a respectful and judicious way by his advice in so far assisting Lieutenant M. along the road to a marksman's record that, to his immense delight, he found the lieutenant at the last range with two shooting days in which to complete his marksman's score. On the last day, it happened that the lieutenant had but one qualifying score, of five shots, to make at the six-hundred-yards' range, and the sergeant was fairly quivering with anxiety. The lieutenant took the "prone" position for the final score. The sergeant sat down on the ground near him on the right. Corporal Jones sat on the left, with binocular glass in hand, to watch the target signals. The first shot was signaled a "4," the second a "2;" another "2" would ruin the whole record; it was an emergency that seemed to the sergeant to demand manual treatment, so, edging slowly and respectfully up to the lieutenant until his left elbow rested gently against the lieutenant's side, he looked despairingly over to Corporal Jones and called softly to him, "*I say, corporal, brace up the loot'nent on yer side, I'll stiddy 'im here!*"

The persistent zeal of the sergeant culminating in this form, with his excessively anxious manner, and the absurd impropriety of the whole proceeding, so convulsed the *loot'nent* inwardly, that all was lost,—except the reputation of the good old sergeant as a coach.

The above is so characteristic of the faithful, zealous, respectful old non-commissioned officer, who exists as a distinct type in our service, that it seemed worthy of preservation. What officer has not served with him? Erring only occasionally in overzeal, he stands the embodiment of all that is stanch, true, devoted. The affectionate regard that springs up for him is one of the dearest things in official life, possibly the only real sentimental feature it has.

E. M. W.

In an old Welsh ballad, handed down from bard to bard through centuries, sung now with as much zealous and affectionate fervor as it was sung in the days of its origin, the title of the song being "*Harri Ddu*" (in English, *Black Sir Harry Salusbury*), the poet tells us what a good soldier *should be*, when he relates what a good soldier *was*.

"Black was his plume; black was his shield.
Braver ne'er did faulchion wield.
Showers of arrows rattled round him in the battle;
But he knew not how to yield.
When a gallant foeman lay conquered on the plain,
Mercy from Sir Harry he never asked in vain.
Faithful unto death to friends he'd ever prove,
And none than he were e'er more true in love.
In peaceful halls, when he passed by,
The fair for him would often sigh.
Oft, with words of power, he, in lady's bower,
Sang, with kindling eye, of love for many an hour.
Long the bard shall sing the glories of his fame,
And in deathless verses preserve his noble name.
Black Sir Harry, with the dark and sparkling eye,
Like the song we sing, he shall never die."

And another of the dear old heart-stirring Welsh ballads, in words which are doubtless familiar to many of Cambria's sons who are now living under the protection of the "stars and stripes," reminds the soldier what his duty is. It is a famous War Song, this.

"Hark! Afar the bugle sounding!
Comrades, follow, one and all!
We are now the foe surrounding:
He shall fight us, he shall fall.
Every soldier's glorious duty
Is to *conquer*, *or*, to *die*;
To deserve the smiles of beauty,
Or, in sculptured tomb to lie.
Side by side, keep cool and ready!
Firmly grasp the gleaming sword!
Eager, valiant hearts, be steady!
Wait but for the well-known word!
Then the soldier's glorious duty
Is to *conquer*, *or*, to *die*;
To deserve the smiles of beauty,
Or, in sculptured tomb to lie.
Let each man, this day recalling,
Tell how have we fought and bled!
Names of those around us falling
Shall on Honor's scroll be read!
For the soldier's glorious duty
Is to *conquer*, *or*, to *die*;
To deserve the smiles of beauty,
Or, in sculptured tomb to lie."

P. H. B. S.

KING LOUIS VI. of France was one who combined the soldier and the humorist in his own person; and, judging from the story told of him, he must have been extremely practical in his witty moments.

In the uproar of battle, when he was cut off from his own men, one of the enemy seized his bridle, and, thinking he had secured the king as a prisoner, he called out, "The king is taken!"

"No, sir!" said his Majesty, and as he spoke he struck the soldier lifeless to the ground,—"No, sir! the king is never taken,—*not even at chess.*"

MAJOR CHARLES SMART, surgeon United States Army, has compiled and published, through the house of William Wood & Co., New York, a "Hand-book for the Hospital Corps." This little book, which typographically and in style of binding is a gem, is a veritable handy guide, in cases of emergency or illness, not only to the hospital corps but to every officer and soldier in the service, regular and volunteer. It ought to be in every company library.

FROM Belford, Clarke & Co., publishers, of Chicago, we have received a "Blue-Grass Thoroughbred," a sporting novel, by Tom Johnson. This is the story of a gallant, honorable, dashing Kentuckian, whose business in life is the breeding and racing of thoroughbred horses. The book is delightfully written and without a dull page. The writer is well up in racing matters, and knows all about Kentucky men, women, and horses.

AT the battle of Dettingen the French cavalry charged and broke into a Scotch regiment formed in square. When the fight was over King George rode up to the Scotch colonel and said, angrily, "Well, sir! I hear that the French got into your square to-day!" The old Highlander laughed as he replied to his sovereign, "Aye, aye, your Majesty; but they did na *get out* again!"

THE Lippincotts have issued a handsome paper edition of "Dr. Rameau," translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey from the French of Georges Ohnet. This is perhaps the novel of the season. It has made a great sensation abroad and bids fair to become as popular and as much talked about as the wonderful "Robert Elsmere."

FROM Ticknor & Co., of Boston, comes a very charming novel with the pretty title of "Under Green Apple Boughs." It is by Helen Campbell, and is well worthy a place in the popular Ticknor Series of novels.

CHANGING ITS TITLE.—The well-known firm of Oliver Ditson & Co., Music Publishers, will hereafter be known as *Oliver Ditson Company.* Mr. Charles H. Ditson, in the new corporation, represents the name so familiar to every newspaper reader. The firm includes Mr. John C. Haynes and Charles H. Ditson (former partners), and five gentlemen who have hitherto held prominent positions in the Boston, New York, and Philadelphia stores. The successful firm enters on the second half-century of its existence with a large stock and extensive business, and with every probability of large and rapid increase.

IT has recently been demonstrated that some articles of merchandise, which have been before the public of England for the last half-century, are nine times more used there than all other principal patent medicines put together. We refer to BEECHAM'S PILLS, which, in order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America. We believe this shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that they "are worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for but twenty-five cents. These pills are round and will therefore roll. They have already rolled into every English-speaking country in the world, and they are still rolling. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach; but should they find, upon inquiry, that their druggist does not keep BEECHAM'S PILLS, they can send twenty-five cents to the General Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen & Co., 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will promptly mail them to any address.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

HEAD-QUARTERS COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULAR No. 7. Series of 1889. Whole No. 174. } PHILADELPHIA, March 12, 1889.

I. The following extract from the law approved March 8, 1889, by His Excellency James A. Beaver, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, is promulgated for the information of Companions:

"*An Act to prevent persons from unlawfully using or wearing the Insignia or Rosette of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.* . . .

"SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That any person who shall willfully wear the Insignia or Rosette of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States . . . or use the same to obtain aid or assistance within this State, unless he shall be entitled to use or wear the same under the Constitution and By-Laws, Rules and Regulations of such organization, shall be guilty of misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be punished by a fine not to exceed one hundred dollars.

"SECTION 2. This act shall take effect immediately."

By command of

Bvt. Maj.-Gen. D. McM. GREGG, U.S.V., *Commander.*

JOHN P. NICHOLSON, Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.V., *Recorder.*

The following-named gentlemen have been elected Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion:

Massachusetts Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 6, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—Charles Bean Amory, Bvt. Maj. U.S.V.; Edward Franklin Everett, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Col. U.S.V.; William Henry Hurd, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; William Ambrose McGinnis, Lt. U.S.V.; Thomas R. Rodman, Capt. U.S.V.; Nathan Dame Stoodley, Maj. U.S.V.

TO THE SECOND CLASS. — Charles Packard Sawyer (by inheritance).

California Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 13, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—Commander James Duncan Graham, U.S.N.; Maj. James Thomas Ghiselin, late Surg. U.S.A., Bvt. Col. U.S.A.; Capt. Cornelious Stewart Master, Bvt. Maj. U.S.V.; Capt. Henry Samuel Welton, late U.S.A.; Capt. Charles Hall Rockwell, U.S.V.; Capt. Charles Carroll Allen, U.S.V.; Capt. Michael Danison, U.S.V.; Capt. James Kirby Secord, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. Henry George Rollins, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. Alexander Erwin Mintie, U.S.V.; 2d Lt. Eugene Lehe, U.S.V.

Wisconsin Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 6, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS. — George Washington Burchard, Maj. U.S.V.; David Whitney Curtis, Capt. U.S.V.; Milton Ewen, Capt. U.S.V.

TO THE SECOND CLASS. — James Cooper Ayres, Capt. U.S.A.

Illinois Commandery.

Stated Meeting held February 14, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—John William Ross, Acting Ensign U.S.N.

TO THE SECOND CLASS.—Leslie Don Puterbaugh.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 6, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—Capt. Charles Herbert White, U.S.V. (postponed from last meeting); Bvt. Lt.-Col. Walter Simonds Franklin, late U.S.A.;

Bvt. Maj. William Lacy Kenly, U.S.V.; Lt. Joseph Newell Whitney, U.S.V.; Lt.-Col. James Adin Jewell, U.S.V.; Bvt. Capt. Albion Bomboy Jameson, U.S.V.; Maj. Adolph von Haake, U.S.V.; Pay Director Gilbert E. Thornton, U.S.N.; Col. Felix Alexander Reeve, U.S.V.

Ohio Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Thomas McMillan Turner, Bvt. Maj. U.S.V.; William Christie Johnson, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Barnet Neel Lindsey, Capt. U.S.V.; Milton McCoy, Capt. U.S.V.; Caradoc Carlton Jenkins, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Joseph Lewis Hilt, late Capt. U.S.V.; James William Foley, Capt. U.S.V.; Edmund Lewis McCallay, late 1st Lt. U.S.A.; George Maley Bacon, Capt. U.S.V.; John F. Horr, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—Negley Dakin Cochran, Robert Woodbridge.

Michigan Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—William Keith, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Charles E. Foote, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Arthur Marks, Capt. U.S.V.; Benjamin F. Briscoe, Capt. U.S.V.; Darius D. Thorp, 2d Lt. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—August Goeble, Jr.

To THE THIRD CLASS.—Hon. David H. Jerome, Ex-Governor of Michigan.

Minnesota Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—George Lee Baker, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Charles Henry Brush, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; William Edward Hull, U.S.V.; George Horace Morgan, 1st Lt. (by inheritance).

Oregon Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—James Tate Berry, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; John Templeton Newland, Capt. U.S.V.; William Bloomfield Watkins (by inheritance); Winslow S. Myers, 2d Lt. U.S.V.

Nebraska Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Edward Lynch, 2d Lt. U.S.A.; Bvt. Col. John S. Hoover, U.S.V.

Kansas Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Isaac A. Taylor, Capt. U.S.V.; Nathaniel A. Adams, Maj. U.S.V.; Charles Bard Hamilton, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Horace Jeremiah Smith, Capt. U.S.V.; Joel Moody, Capt. U.S.V.; William A. Ogden, Bvt. Capt. U.S.V.; William W. Smith, Maj. U.S.V.; Joseph Kleinfield, Bvt. Capt. U.S.V.

Indiana Commandery.

Stated meeting held February 14, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Maj. Martin L. Bundy, U.S.V.; Col. John G. Clark, U.S.V.; Lt.-Col. J. Marion Dresser, U.S.V.; Lt. Stephen K. Fletcher, U.S.V.; Lt. Abraham H. Landis, U.S.V.; Maj. James L. Thompson, U.S.V.; Lt. John L. Jaryan, U.S.V.

TRANSFERS.

Massachusetts Commandery.

Capt. Josiah A. Osgood, to California Commandery.

California Commandery.

Maj. Daniel Read Larned, U.S.A., to District of Columbia Commandery; Harry Clifford Stuart (second class, etc.), Colorado Commandery.

Illinois Commandery.

Brig.-Gen. Joseph C. Breckinridge, to District of Columbia Commandery.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Bvt. Brig.-Gen. George D. Ruggles, to California Commandery.

Ohio Commandery.

Capt. Daniel W. Comstock, U.S.V., to Indiana Commandery.

New York Commandery.

Bvt. Col. Bernard J. D. Irwin, U.S.A., and 1st Lt. Robt. H. Patterson, U.S.A., to California Commandery.

NECROLOGY.

California Commandery.

Capt. Silas Pettit Ford, U.S.V., February 19, 1889.

Illinois Commandery.

Chaplain Albert Z. Gray, February 27, 1889.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Bvt. Maj.-Gen. Henry J. Hart, February 11, 1889.

Ohio Commandery.

Lt.-Col. Frank Lynch, U.S.V., February 27, 1889. Bvt. Col. James Eli Stewart, U.S.V., March 8, 1889.

New York Commandery.

Capt. William W. Stephenson, U.S.V., March 4, 1889.

LOYAL LEGION NOTES.

THE CALIFORNIA COMMANDERY held a meeting January 18, 1889, at Los Angeles, and at the banquet which followed the meeting several bright and felicitous addresses were delivered. Companion Thomas Mitchell, of the Pennsylvania Commandery, to the toast of "The Kindred Organizations,—The Cincinnati and The Loyal Legion,"—spoke as follows:

"COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS,—It is eminently proper that upon an occasion like this we should link together in our thoughts 'The Society of the Cincinnati' and 'The Loyal Legion.' Both are military orders, but founded not to perpetuate military rank and power, the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, but to cherish the memories of past wars; to inculcate to the latest ages the duty of laying down in peace arms assumed for public defense; to continue the mutual friendships begun under the pressure of common danger; to perpetuate sentiments of patriotism and loyalty, benevolence and fraternal fellowship. Both were instituted by the officers of two great armies and navies, about to disband forever, but whose deeds will live in history, in legend and in song, as long as time shall last, though history should repeat itself and the very names of England and the United States should be blotted from the map of the earth; whose gallant leaders, chief among the few, the immortal few, who were not born to die, will live in the memory of future ages like the heroes of Ilium and Troy, long after the places of their birth and burial have been forgotten, and the tongue which they spoke has become obsolete, the Army of the Revolution, the Grand Army of the Republic.

"The first wrested from the tyrant's hand the magnificent heritage which we enjoy; made this glorious emblem of our liberty famous among the flags of the world; wrote in letters of living light on the pages of history the truths of the Declaration of Independence, and laid the foundations of a great nation where the priceless blessings of civil and religious liberty might be enjoyed by all. The other preserved in its integrity the birthright which they inherited; vindicated the flag, which, when it came into their hands, was known and honored throughout the world; confirmed and enlarged the operation of those self-evident truths which their ancestors had declared, and in their turn declared that the principles which those ancestors had sealed with their blood should not perish from the earth.

"The Society of the Cincinnati had its origin at a meeting of officers held at the cantonment on the Hudson River on May 10, 1783, at which time the form of institution was agreed to. The original rough draft in the handwriting of General Knox is still extant. It was determined that the first general meeting should be held in May, 1784, and in the meanwhile temporary officers were chosen: General Washington as President-General, and General Knox as Treasurer.

"The Society met at Philadelphia on Tuesday, May 4, 1784, and each of the thirteen States were represented by duly elected delegates. The minutes of the meeting, in the handwriting of Winthrop Sargent, are extant and were published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania in 1858. The proceedings were conducted with great dignity, General

Washington presiding. Among other things, it was resolved that the Society should be divided into State meetings to be held on the Anniversary of Independence, and that there should be a meeting of the Society, to consist of the officers and representation from each State Society, at least once in three years, on the first Monday in May, at such places as the President should direct. Membership was to consist of the commissioned and brevet officers of the army and navy of the United States, who had served three years and who left the service with reputation, and such officers who were in actual service at the close of the war, and all the principal staff officers of the Continental Army, the French ministers, all generals and colonels and admirals and captains in the French army and navy who had co-operated with the armies of the United States in their exertions for liberty.

"General Washington was unanimously chosen President; General Gates, Vice-President; and General Knox, Secretary.

"At this meeting, also, the order of badge of the Society and its form of diploma was adopted.

"Incredible as it may seem, the Society approved of and officered by these gallant patriots was bitterly attacked on all sides, and principally for what must strike us as amusing, viz., that it was an attempt to found a military aristocracy, for the Eagle was to descend from the father to the son according to the law of primogeniture, or, on a failure of issue, to his collateral heirs in the due line of inheritance forever. So obnoxious was this feature deemed, that it was made the subject of inquiry by the Legislatures of several of the States, and Rhode Island disfranchised such of its citizens as were members of the Society, while Massachusetts declared it to be 'dangerous to the peace, liberty, and safety of the Union.'

"In the minutes of the meeting at Philadelphia in May, 1784, already referred to, this matter was fully discussed, and it is recorded that 'General Washington, in confidence, introduced a report of a committee of Congress, that no person holding an hereditary title or order of nobility should be eligible to citizenship in the new state they were about to establish, and declared that he knew that this was leveled at our institution, and that our friends had prevented it passing into resolution till the result of this meeting should be known, but that if we did not make it conformable to their sense of republican principles we might expect every discouragement, and even persecution, from them and the States severally.'

"An attempt was made to propitiate the public sentiment, and the Society recommended to the State Societies certain modifications of the institution, but as the assent of all the States was necessary to the change, and that assent was never given, the Society retains to-day the hereditary feature. The opposition seems to have soon died out, and as some indication of the estimation in which the Society was held when the time for its next general meeting came round, it appears that the convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States was convened to meet in Philadelphia in May, 1787, with direct reference to the fact that the Cincinnati would meet there on the first Monday of the same month, and in order to give Washington an opportunity of presiding over both sittings.

"This brief sketch would be incomplete without some reference to the Cincinnati in France. No foreign decoration was permitted to be worn at the French Court, except the Golden Fleece; but Lafayette, kneeling at the throne of his most Christian Majesty, obtained for the French Cincinnati the special privilege of appearing at Court with the new decoration, and the Society acquired a distinction in the gay capital of France which it never possessed at home. Rochambeau, Lafayette, and a number of our distinguished allies, were among its members, and, along with the cross of the ancient and honorable Order of St. Louis, were proud to wear the Eagle of the Cincinnati.

"Time will not permit me to trace the subsequent history of the Society. We all know how groundless were the fears entertained at its foundation.

"Washington, the great American

Cincinnatus, was with difficulty persuaded to leave his beloved farm to assume again public duties, and finally, after eight years of service to the Republic, retired to the private life which was so dear to his heart. He remained President of the Society, however, until his death. The rest of the Cincinnati, with the men whom they commanded, beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and became peaceful and industrious citizens of the great Republic which realized in great measure the vision of the prophet,—'Every man dwelt under his own vine and his own fig-tree, and there was no man to make them afraid.'

"The Society has ceased to exist in at least half of the original thirteen States, and is to-day, to the great mass of the people, scarce the shadow of a name. And it is probable that not one in a thousand of the citizens of that great city of Ohio, which, though it lies far east from us, proudly styles itself the 'Queen of the West,' knows that its name commemorates the military Society which a hundred years ago Mr. Adams thought was 'the first step taken to deface the beauty of our Temple of Liberty.'

"The Loyal Legion originated at Philadelphia in April, 1865. For a week past the North had been wild with rejoicings. The cruel war was over; and the mothers, the old men, and the maidens were looking forward with joy to the return of their boys in blue. Suddenly the eyes that were bright with gladness were dimmed with tears of mingled wrath and passionate grief, for the beloved President, who had borne on his shoulders through the dark days of the war the responsibilities and the sorrows of the whole nation, had been foully stricken down in its hour of triumph. Arrangements were being made on all sides to do honor to his mortal remains, and, among others, the officers of the army in Philadelphia assembled to take measures to attend the funeral in a body. It was at this meeting that the idea of the Legion originated, but only the first three names on our rolls are recorded as founders of the Order. Five or six new members were elected April 20, and seven or eight July 26, 1865. There were no elections then until September, but thereafter new members were elected every month, separate Commanderies were formed in a number of the States, and the Order has continued to grow ever since. I had the honor to be elected July 26, 1865, and was enrolled as Number 16."

The fourth regular toast was "Companions by Inheritance," responded to by Companion Allen T. Bird, as follows:

"COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS,—In speaking to-night in behalf of those to whom the great and heroic events the Loyal Legion was designed to commemorate will soon be but a tradition, it is my fortune to speak not only for them but for you; and not only for them but to them.

"Whilst holding my companionship in the Loyal Legion by virtue of my sire's achievements; whilst in those tremendous events where the part he bore would give him a place at this board to-night, were he on this side of that mysterious curtain we all must penetrate, I held no commission and bore no command. Still, in a portion of that tremendous time, when every hour was big with consequence to the Republic, it was my fortune to obey. Although the sword hanging on my wall at home was not in my hand when drawn in defense of the Republic, I can proudly say I followed where it led.

"With memories such as come thronging to my mind whenever the Loyal Legion is mentioned, I can assure those Companions who, like myself, wear their insignia by inherited right, that the services rendered our common country and humanity, by the heroic men from whose loins they sprang, were of the highest order and most heroic nature. In recounting to them the splendors and glories of the Great Republic, and the terrible sacrifice of lives, blood, and treasure made to maintain its perpetuity, I can assure them that the blessings of free government they enjoy, and their children will enjoy forever, are worth all they cost; and were the sacrifice demanded an hundred-fold greater, it would have been given as cheerfully and unreservedly as was given what was taken.

And I can admonish them that should danger to the Republic come again, it will be their duty to peril everything in her defense; I can admonish them that their fathers made history and wrought it well from the fiery crucible of awful war, beneath the Titanic blows of deadly battle; and I can assure you that in emulation of your lofty spirit, should the imperiled Republic ever demand their services, they will write upon the scroll of American history a page that will be a fitting sequel to the one you wrote with fire and steel.

"Companions, the services you rendered the cause of constitutional liberty and human rights make a magnificent heritage that we accept with gratitude and will transmit to posterity with pride. It will be a proud boast to our children to the remotest generation to say, 'In my veins flows the blood of a soldier of the Republic, and here are the proofs; here is the insignia he wore in the Loyal Legion, and there hangs the sword with which he led heroes to deeds of sublime devotion and lofty daring.'

"Doubtless you all remember one of those little incidents related by Corporal Tanner—of the many incidents he relates so well—about a comrade of the Grand Army, a professional gentleman somewhere in the East, who has hanging on the walls of his library four swords that have seen service. The first, a blade of an ancient and antique pattern, was wielded by his great-grandfather in the revolutionary army, that beneath the immortal Washington's lead conquered independence and liberty; the second, another quaint and curious brand, in the hand of his grandfather played an honorable part in the War of 1812; beneath this a blade, of a more modern date, his father bore on Angostura's bloody plain, and 'where Orizaba's glittering summit pierces a tropic sky,' when that brave band of heroes carried the starry banner in victory through the vale of Anahuac and flung it in triumph from the palace of Montezuma and Iturbide; while underneath all hangs a battered blade of a pattern familiar to us all, with which he led himself one of those gallant regiments with which Sheridan sent Early whirling up the valley and rode down Stewart in dire disaster at Yellow Horse Tavern. As Tanner related this impressive incident the thought flashed across my mind, 'What a magnificent ancestry that man can transmit to posterity.' Better far than that of any plumed knight, coroneted duke, or belted earl. Too frequently are such distinctions the reward of mean and villainous service to royal prerogative or the shameful badge marking the posterity of a regal harlot. But here was the visible record of four successive generations of devotion to the cause of constitutional liberty and human rights. I can recall no more splendid ancestry to transmit to posterity, unless it be that of that gallant gentleman at Indianapolis, our comrade and companion, whose name was first cut upon the tablets of Fame by the sword of a regicide across the water, and whose family in every conflict since has contributed a great and splendid name to that great and glorious cause, his own in its refulgent splendor outshining all.

"It is in contemplation of instances such as these that Companions by inheritance reach a realizing sense of the splendor and value of their glorious birthright, and, realizing it, conceive the determination and duty of preserving untarnished for transmission to those that will follow them the record of a noble name."

REFERRING to the addition of two civilian experts to assist in the publication of the official records of the War of the Rebellion, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says, "There is only one civilian really distinguished in such matters, and that is Colonel John P. Nicholson, who naturally will have a place on the board. If another can be found of equal familiarity with the records of the war, the important work so well begun by Colonel Scott, United States Army, can be carried on with even greater usefulness."—*Army and Navy Journal.*

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NEW SERIES.
VOL. I.—JUNE, 1889.—NO. 6.

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TROPICAL CYCLONES.

HAVING been honored by the publishers of this magazine with a request to write an article upon this subject, which is just now attracting general attention on account of the recent terrible disaster at Samoa, I have agreed to undertake the task if I may be allowed to sacrifice literary effect to the mere statement of plain unvarnished facts. If, by so doing, I can bring home to my readers some realizing sense of a few vitally important rules for action to save lives, vessels, and property of any kind from destruction, I shall feel far better repaid than if I had written a fine meteorological essay that would probably go in one ear and out the other. Moreover, concrete, definite examples seem to me more effective in conveying ideas than broad general statements, and I shall therefore speak particularly of West Indian hurricanes, which are perhaps more frequent, dangerous, and destructive than tropical cyclones in any other part of the world, and are, at the same time, typical of all the rest. The accompanying plate will serve to make my meaning clearer, and the only introduction I need make is to say that a tropical cyclone is a great spirally-ascending whirl in the atmosphere, not unlike the spirally-descending whirl in water that we call an eddy. It forms in the tropics (rarely nearer the equator than the tenth parallel) most frequently during the summer months (July to October in the northern hemisphere, December to March in the southern); rotates in a direction against the hands of a watch in the northern hemisphere, and with in the southern; moves westward in the tropics, poleward into the temperate zone, and eastward again in higher latitudes. Around it, on every side, there are broken patches of light, flying scud, with occasional squalls of fine, misty rain; then a ring of dense, inky clouds, with heavy, driving rain, gales of hurricane strength, and squalls

so terrific that they defy description. At the centre, a dead calm, with a clear sky, hot, scorching sun, and piled-up mountains of snowy clouds on every side. The regions where these storms occur are well defined in the following paragraph, quoted from a recent work of Abercromby: "Taking the world all over, the most violent hurricanes appear to be those of the West Indies and the Mauritius; then would come the October cyclones in the Bay of Bengal, and next to them the typhoons of the China Seas. The May cyclones on the Indian coasts, and the rare hurricanes in the South Pacific, from New Caledonia to Tahiti, might probably be classed together as of a secondary degree of violence. Cyclones in the Arabian Sea and on the west of Mexico are so rare that one cannot generalize upon them; and then the list of hurricane countries is exhausted."

Last summer I was enabled, through the kindness of the hydrographer, Lieutenant G. L. Dyer, U.S.N., and the acting Secretary of the Navy, Commodore (now Rear-Admiral) Harmony, to carry out a long-cherished desire,—namely, to visit Havana during the hurricane season, in order actually to see for myself the conditions overhead and round about one in the West Indies, at a time when there is always that constant and terrible dread of impending danger, taught by long and sad experience and all too intimate acquaintance with these awful visitations. My first duty was to go to Belen College, and our consul-general, Mr. Williams, kindly accompanied me thither and introduced me to Padre Viñes, whose name and reputation, famous as they are among meteorologists generally, are household words among the people of Havana and among navigators of every nationality who frequent that most cosmopolitan port.

It happened that my visit to Havana was most admirably timed: the day I sailed from New York on the fine steamer "City of Alexandria," Captain Deaken (who, by the way, is as good a seaman and navigator as can be found off our coast or any other coast), a cyclone of great violence had just been reported as having struck Cuba at about Sagua la Grande, on its westward march, and shipping was warned against leaving our Gulf and Atlantic ports. Several of our passengers, in fact, declined to sail, and instead took the overland route *via* Tampa, and thence by the Plant line of steamers to Havana. The great September hurricane was therefore the theme on all tongues, and Padre Viñes at once took up the subject with all the energy of speech and gesture so characteristic of the Latin races. Viñes had a two-fold reason for his absorbing interest in this particular cyclone. In the first place, enormous loss of life and property had been caused in Cuba, the centre of the hurricane having swept the entire island between Sagua and San Antonio, passing just south of Havana; and in the second place, his prediction as to its track had been completely "knocked out," and all the chronic growlers in the city were pouring their wrath upon his head, as though he were personally responsible for the whole affair. "Well,"

thought I, "this reminds me of home, where people remember all the poor predictions and immediately forget all the good ones!"

The facts in the case were about as follows: The British steamship "Jamaican" arrived at St. Thomas September 3, and reported having encountered a hurricane on August 31, about one hundred and fifty miles northeast from Sombrero. The vessel had experienced a strong northwesterly wind, had run off her course to try to avoid its full strength, the wind had shifted to westward, blowing with hurricane force, and the centre had passed so near that the glare of the vortex (or central calm and comparatively clear space) had been distinctly noticed. This important news was telegraphed to Santiago, and the English consul, Mr. Ramsden (who has rendered Viñes most valuable assistance), wired it to Havana in a modified form. The captain of the "Jamaican," it seems, had said that he supposed the vortex had passed about one hundred and twenty miles north of the Virgin Islands, on a west-by-north course, or between west and west by north, and it was this that reached Padre Viñes, and not the fact that the vortex was, at such a time and on such a day, in a certain position,—that is, one hundred and fifty miles northeast from Sombrero. No time was to be lost. A statement of the facts was prepared instantly, a prediction made up, and the whole appeared in the principal Havana papers the morning of the 4th. It was predicted that although strong squalls would be experienced from northwest and west during the day, yet the vortex would pass somewhat to the northward of the island, recurving about the peninsula of Florida and following the Gulf Stream northward. Upon what, then, was this prediction based, coming, as it did, with such weight of authority that it was almost implicitly believed, and in nine cases out of ten—oftener, indeed, than that—would have proved correct?

An eminent American geologist, in speaking of a certain dictum of Humboldt's, has called it a "magnificent generalization." The dictum referred to was that earthquakes and volcanoes are the results of the reaction of the earth's interior upon its exterior. Now, I call Viñes's laws regarding the tracks of West Indian hurricanes, derived from his faithful study and long experience, far more magnificent generalizations than this, inasmuch as they have some practical use and meaning, which Humboldt's hasn't, so far as I am able to understand it. The laws referred to are that West Indian hurricanes have certain well-defined tracks depending upon the *latitude* and the *month*. To briefly state a well-known fact, West Indian hurricanes originate anywhere within the belt of latitude from 10° to 25° N., sometimes as far east as the coast of Africa, sometimes as far west as the Gulf of Mexico. They then, as a rule, move westward, northwestward, northward, and finally northeastward,—that is, the entire storm system has a motion of translation along a curved track whose shape is a great parabola, concave to the east.

But the all-important question for the navigator to decide is, when he encounters one of these gigantic tornado-like whirlwinds, in what direction is it moving, and when is its track liable to recurve? To emphasize and make clear the importance of this question, let us imagine the situation in the United States if tornadoes formed and moved under somewhat similar conditions. Suppose, for example, that at any time during the summer months tornadoes of great violence were liable to form somewhere to the southward of North Carolina and Tennessee, and move westward, northwestward, northward, and finally northeastward: if one were suddenly reported to have formed near Savannah, Georgia, what a vitally important question it would be to know whether it were going to move far to the westward and northwestward and recurve as far west as Denver, Colorado, before its track turned towards northeast; or if, instead, it were almost sure to recurve before it reached Alabama, even, and cut a destructive swath through the forests, fields, villages, and cities of the Carolinas, Virginia, and Maryland! In the former case, the entire population east of the Alleghanies need have no fear whatever of any personal danger; in the latter, the people of the great Mississippi Valley, from the Rockies to the Appalachians, and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, could feel the same sense of absolute security. Still more important is such knowledge to the navigator, for it may enable him to save, not only the lives intrusted to his care, but the vessel and cargo as well, by taking timely action to avoid the track of the hurricane. Now, to come to the point of this discussion, the fact that hurricanes recurve in different latitudes, according to the time of the year, has been variously stated by various writers, but I know of no one whose statements on the subject are worth half as much as those of Padre Viñes: his rule is that in June (and October) the tracks recurve in about latitude 20° to 23° N.; in July (and September), 27° to 29° N.; and in August, 30° to 32° N.

The full meaning and practical signification of these laws are not, it seems to me, thoroughly understood, even by navigators, weather predictors, and meteorologists. Suppose a vessel is bound south through the Windward Channel (between Cuba and Hayti) in *August*, and the distant but massive, towering, and threatening cloud-bank of a hurricane is seen to the southward,—shall she go north, east, or west to escape it? She need do none of these three, but merely lie to and wait for it to move along on its majestic and destructive course about west by north, across the Caribbean Sea, through the Yucatan Channel into the Gulf, and farther still, curving gradually to northwest and north, till it reaches the invisible and intangible, but all-powerful, guiding parallel that determines the vertex of its great parabolic orbit. If, however, the hurricane were first sighted to the eastward, say east-southeast, its approach is certain and unerring; its course, as before, is about west by north; the long, feathery cirrus clouds, radiating from

it (towards west-northwest), and covering the sky overhead with their long, delicate plumes, will soon be lost in a thin haze or veil, with halos around the sun and moon, and deepening, glowing tints of fiery red and violet that prolong the twilight and anticipate the dawn; the rotation of the great whirlwind being, in the northern hemisphere, *with the hands of a watch*, the first breath of the approaching storm will come from the north, with freshening squalls of fine misty rain; the low scud that forms overhead will move, not from north, but from about north-northeast; the next upper layer of cloud (the high cumulus) from northeast; the next (the cirrus veil) from east-northeast; then the high cirro-cumulus from east; and, highest of all, the feathery cirrus plumes (now almost lost to sight in the thickening cirrus veil) from east-southeast. What plainer duty than for the vessel to make the best of her way to the southward!—what madness to lie to now and brave its fury, knowing its usual track in August, recognizing the evident signs of its approach, and the marked cyclonic circulation (as indicated by the converging lower currents of wind and clouds, and the diverging upper currents)! As you crowd sail and stand off towards the south or south-southwest, the barometer will continue to fall for some hours,—perhaps all day,—and you will get a touch of the fierce squalls and sudden shifts of wind from north to north by west, to north-northwest, to northwest, to west, to south, and finally to southeast, and the driving rain and dense inky clouds will soon break away, and the distant mass of clouds grow less and less as it sinks below the horizon to the northwest. Here, in rear of the storm, the winds blow from about southeast, almost after it, and woe to the navigator who follows the old eight-point rule, and thinking the centre bears southwest, and hoping to make a quick passage home, squares away before the favoring gale, and runs directly into the dangerous semicircle, where he may get caught by the storm's recurve and thank his lucky stars if the vessel and all on board don't go to Davy Jones's locker, with no better obituary than "missing,—lost at sea."

Suppose, now, it were *October;* the cloud-bank of a hurricane sighted to the southward should warn the navigator (in the Windward Channel, as before) that he is in a dangerous position. October hurricanes are especially dreaded in Cuba. Why? Because during October the island lies right in that dangerous belt of latitude where hurricanes recurve (20° to 23° N.), and a hurricane that forms to the south of the island will not move away on a west-by-north course as in August, but recurve at once and cross the island with all its furious ocean energy, undiminished by its brief transit overland across the long, narrow island. Our friend in the Windward Channel should therefore watch the approaching hurricane as a cat watches a mouse, or, rather, as a mouse should watch a cat. He should lie to for half an hour, an hour, or long enough to study the situation and watch the shifts of

wind, the fall of the barometer, the change of bearing of the highest and densest part of the distant cloud-bank, the cloud movement, and anything else that may give him a clue to the direction and velocity of the cyclone, and its general size and intensity. If the wind shift even slightly to the right, say from east-northeast to east (the barometer being below the normal and falling), the storm is moving about northwest, and he is to the right of its track. It is now liable to recurve, however, at any moment, and he should not venture to the northward or westward under any conditions, but, if bound that way, wait till it has passed. A steamer might stand off to the eastward along the north coast of Hayti and steam into the increasing gale, which would soon veer to the southeast and south as the hurricane moved north. A sailing vessel should run into Port au Prince and anchor in the lee of the island. If the wind remain almost steady as it increases in strength and the barometer falls, the situation is dangerous in the extreme. If possible, run to the westward along the south coast of Cuba before the freshening easterly gale; this coast will be a weather shore as the cyclone moves north, the wind shifting from east to northeast, north, and northwest; the north coast of Cuba would be a lee shore and very dangerous. Thus there are many things to be considered, and the lay of the land is by no means the least; if anything, the voyage itself is the thing to lose sight of, in the face of what may well be called one of the very greatest dangers a sailor has to meet,—namely, a hurricane in the West Indies.

To sum up, then, a hurricane may originate anywhere within a broad belt of latitude in the tropics, during the hurricane season. Having sprung into existence in an instant, as it were, full-fledged and armed with all its terrific power, it moves off on its majestic and resistless course, to recurve in a certain latitude, dependent upon the month,—that is, upon the declination of the sun, that great monarch of weather and climate throughout the globe, and, indeed, throughout the entire solar system.

Upon approaching a continent, or any large land area, a hurricane loses, to a certain extent, that uniformity of motion and intensity of action that mark its course at sea. It is subjected to a new set of influences. Its fuel is warm, moist ocean air that rushes towards and whirls about its axis, or core, rises in a huge whirling column, precipitates its moisture (whose liberated latent heat feeds the cyclonic furnace and keeps up its energy), and finally flies out radially from above, on every side. Thus the most favorable conditions do not exist ashore, and its energy rapidly diminishes. Moreover, areas of high barometer, or anticyclones, move along pretty regular paths across the continents, and their cool dry winds meet the approaching storm and block its progress. Thus the September hurricane that we saw moving westward towards the coast of Cuba was deflected by an anticyclone that

moved from the Great Lakes towards Hatteras; at this time there were heavy rains in the Southern Gulf, and this was the path of least resistance: it therefore moved that way, struck Vera Cruz with furious energy, and died out among the mountains of Mexico. The navigator, however, can have no knowledge of the meteorological conditions a thousand miles away, and under such exceptional circumstances can only watch the shifts of wind and fall of the barometer, and draw his own conclusions as to the hurricane's path. This is exactly what was done aboard the steamer "City of Washington," bound from Vera Cruz to Havana, in this very case: she met the hurricane on its abnormal course from Havana towards Vera Cruz, ran over to the Campeche bank, and gave it the right of way. While on this subject, another good instance of skillful navigation deserves mention, illustrating, as it does, the familiarity of the captains of the Spanish mail steamers with the ways of West Indian hurricanes. The "Cataluña" was about to sail from Puerto Rico on her regular trip to Havana when the well-known signs of an approaching hurricane were observed to the eastward. Her captain knew well enough how it was coming, whither bound, and its probable velocity. He knew, too, his own good ship, and, with true Spanish bravado, hastened his departure and headed for Havana. What a gallant and exciting race that must have been: eight hundred miles along a lee shore, with a hurricane close upon his heels! Along the north coast of Santo Domingo, with its mountains, plains, and dangerous coast-line on his lee; past the Windward Channel, the last chance to evade his pursuer; along the whole length of Cuba, from Cape Maysi to Havana, he held his way, now losing a little, now gaining a little, steadily keeping his course, with the wind abeam, till he rounded the Morro Castle, saluted the Spanish flag in the harbor of Havana, and waited for the hurricane to catch up and go shrieking past. But even this land-locked harbor has some sad tales to tell of the fury of these storms. To mention a single one: It is recorded that during the great hurricane of October 10, 1846, two hundred and sixteen vessels were sunk at their moorings and nearly two thousand houses were demolished, with terrible loss of life. No wonder October hurricanes are dreaded in the island, and no wonder that a *Te Deum* is sung in certain churches in the West Indies at the close of the hurricane season.

I have already referred to the marked character of the atmospheric circulation that is specially indicative of a tropical cyclone, and this is one of the most important things to look out for. The whole thing may be very easily appreciated by remembering that a cyclone of any great intensity is an *ascending spiral whirl*, with a rotary motion (in the northern hemisphere) against the hands of a watch. The surface wind, therefore, blows spirally inward (*not* circularly, excepting very near the centre); the next upper current (carrying the low scud and rain clouds)

moves in almost an exact circle about the centre, the next higher current (the high cumulus) on an outward spiral, and so on, up to the highest cirrus, which radiate directly outward. This series of varying atmospheric currents—varying, not irregularly and at hap-hazard, but according to a fixed, definite, and invariable system—is one of the most invaluable symptoms that the approaching "area of low barometer" (that hackneyed but useful term) has already reached the dignity of a hurricane. The angle of divergence between the successive currents is almost exactly two points of the compass. Ordinarily, with a surface wind from north, for instance, the low clouds will also come from north; on the edge of a hurricane, however, they will come from north-northeast *invariably*. The frequent and rapidly-freshening squalls of fine misty rain are another marked symptom, as is also the noticeable *absence* of thunder and lightning,—a very bad indication; indeed, there is a general feeling of relief if thunder is heard. In rear of the hurricane the wind blows still more nearly inward: with a southeast wind, for instance, the centre will bear due west, the low clouds coming from south-southeast (two points to the right of the wind), etc. Great activity of movement of the upper clouds, while the storm is still distant, indicates that the hurricane is of great violence; just as the rushing currents in the rapids below Niagara mark the tremendous energy of the great cataract that is their source. Another very important fact (established by Meldrum, at Mauritius) may be stated thus: When a hurricane is moving along the equatorial limits of a trade-wind region, there is a belt of intensified trades to windward of its track; not until the barometer has fallen about six-tenths of an inch is it safe to assume that, because the trade-wind increases in force and remains steady in direction, you are on the track of the storm. By attempting too early to cross its track, running free as soon as the wind begins to freshen, you are liable to plunge directly into the vortex of the hurricane.

These things are no longer theory, they are *facts*,—incontrovertible, indisputable facts, founded both on theory and practice. A man like Viñes can diagnose an approaching cyclone, recognize its symptoms, judge of its character, intensity, and path, as a skilled docter in the tropics can distinguish a case of yellow fever from a mild attack of typhoid. Sometimes there are several—many—days' warning. First, barometer above the normal, with cool, dry, fresh winds and very transparent atmosphere; these mark the passage of the attendant *anticyclone*. In a day or two the barometric pressure falls slowly but steadily, its fall superimposed upon the daily *tide* of the barometer, which goes on in its regular rise and fall like the tides of old ocean, but with maxima and minima at the same times every day. Soon the beautiful feathery cirrus clouds appear: if somewhat faint and opalescent in tint, fading gradually behind a slowly thickening haze or veil, the approaching

storm is an old one, of large area; it is coming, perchance, from the Cape Verde Islands, and has crossed the entire ocean on its westward journey. If the cirrus plumes are of snowy whiteness, projected against a clear blue sky, it is a young cyclone just growing into its full strength and fury,—an overgrown tornado. Sometimes the thickening cirrus veil will flood the whole atmosphere, at dawn and sunset, with strange, unnatural light,—a wild, weird glare of crimson, fiery red, or violet that prolongs the brief tropical twilight for an hour or more, whilst all nature is bathed in and reflects its splendor. Every one is uneasy. There is an oppressive sense of danger. The very air loses its pleasant freshness and becomes heavy, hot, and moist. News is eagerly awaited from "Barlovento" ("windward,"—that is, from the Windward Islands). Cautious and prudent people begin to take precautions, pack up their household treasures, watch the barometer, and recall old experiences in great hurricanes of by-gone days. News is suddenly flashed over the wires from St. Thomas: a steamship has arrived, battered and almost disabled. Business is suspended throughout the city till every one has read and re-read every detail of the brief message that may mean hours and even days of horrible, helpless struggles and suffering, or a blessed relief from the threatened danger. What a contrast is such a situation to ours here at home, where we glance at the weather prediction in the morning paper with a view to decide whether or no to take an umbrella with us after breakfast! What a commentary upon the fact that this great nation, with millions of surplus in its treasury, is too poor to pay for regular telegraphic weather reports from the West Indies and Windward Islands, where the facilities for a telegraphic weather service are so perfect, where our commercial interests are so rapidly increasing, and where these terrific tropical cyclones rage every summer with a fury hardly equaled anywhere in the world, be it off Mauritius, in the China Sea, the Bay of Bengal, or the South Pacific! Perhaps we must wait till some of our new naval cruisers are hurled upon the cruel coral reefs of the Bahamas, here at our very doors, before the situation is appreciated. It seems that our merchant marine must fight its battles alone, while Congress is in a deadlock over some little question of parliamentary law, or wasting time in an interminable squabble about party politics.

Here in the United States there seems to be no clear idea of what these tropical cyclones are,—no vivid appreciation of their enormous size and terrific fury, the length of the paths that they traverse with undiminished intensity and increasing size, and the invaluable assistance that we might give to navigators by means of a more extensive and perfected system of telegraphic weather reports and warnings. Let us try to imagine what that brief telegram from St. Thomas last September meant to Cuba, Mexico, and the United States, as well as to the commerce of every nation navigating these waters.

It meant that a gigantic tornado was moving westward with irresistible and relentless fury; its pathway, not a few rods broad, but many hundreds of miles; its probable track, not a few miles long, but several thousands of miles; its duration, not a few brief minutes at one place and a total existence of some hours, but almost an entire day of terror and destruction at every point along its path and a continuous existence of perhaps half a month. It meant the loss of a thousand lives and the destruction of a million dollars' worth of property in fertile Cuba. It meant missing vessels in the Gulf, death and destruction at Progreso and Vera Cruz, floods and gales in Eastern Mexico and Southern Texas. It meant a threat to Galveston and New Orleans from a scourge whose lash they know only too well from sad experience in the past,—a scourge the very rumor of whose approach causes a tremor of alarm at every seaport along our Alantic coast, and casts a dark shadow across the threshold of many an absent fisherman's home at Gloucester, Halifax, and St. Pierre. I know of no more inspiring theme than the recorded and unrecorded history of the countless gallant battles of our brave sailors on this great battle-field; and the lives and ships just now lost at Samoa will not have been lost in vain if it but open our eyes to the fact that greater tragedies are liable to occur any day here at our very doors, and almost before our very eyes.

EVERETT HAYDEN,
Lieutenant U.S.N.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

THE Irish Brigade of the Army of the Potomac grew out of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, which had been organized and maintained as an Irish regiment. It did gallant service at the first battle of Bull Run, and the experiment of appealing to national feeling and maintaining an organization which should attract Irishmen to its ranks was wisely resolved upon.

It was a spasm of good sense in the midst of the political methods that too often misdirected and misapplied the resources which patriotism lavishly poured out.

In the work of recruiting the brigade two men were especially useful,—Archbishop Hughes and General Thomas Francis Meagher. The first was the highest type that we have seen in America of the clerical statesman, the embodiment of the intellectual subtlety, the profound knowledge of mankind, and the wise adaptation of means to ends which have perfected in the Catholic Church the ablest organization that the world has seen. He was thoroughly and widely patriotic, and his eloquence, his wise counsels, and his personal influence were all given freely to the cause of national organization.

General Meagher was at that time the most popular and representative Irishman in America. The traditions of his eloquent words in the cause of Young Ireland, of his sufferings in the ill-fated rising of '48, of the commutation of his sentence, together with Mitchell and Smith O'Brien, to penal servitude, and of his romantic escape were rife at every Irish fireside. His eloquence was simply a marvel, and a marvel that did not diminish by repetition. Without the slightest warning or opportunity for preparation, he would pour out apparently an inexhaustible flood of glowing description, of fervid appeal, of rich and poetic metaphor, lighted up by that peculiarly pungent wit and slyly mischievous humor found in perfection in the Celtic race. And the extraordinary part of it was that he never revised or corrected. His longest sentences would be as deftly rounded, and his most luxuriant imagery as technically accurate, as if he had sat down to write an essay. The original brigade consisted of the Sixty-third, Sixty-ninth, and Eighty-eighth Regiments of the New York Volunteers. The Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth probably took their numbers from the corre-

sponding regiments in the British army,—the Faugh-a-Ballahs and the famous Connaught Rangers. During the Peninsula campaign the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts (Irish), commanded by Colonel Byrne, a lieutenant in the Fifth United States Cavalry, and the One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania were added.

My personal acquaintance with the brigade dated from the latter part of March, 1862. I was then a lieutenant in Captain Hazzard's battery, "A" and "C," Fourth United States Artillery, serving with the First Division (General Israel Richardson) of the Second Corps, General E. V. Sumner. I joined the battery ten weeks after McClellan broke his camp around Washington. After some apparently aimless marching and countermarching about Fairfax and Centreville, Sumner was ordered with two divisions, Richardson's and Blenker's, to the Rappahannock, where the enemy had a small force on this side of the river, to compel them to burn the bridge and withdraw to the other bank.

My first recollection of the brigade was at the crossing of a little stream about knee-deep. There had been considerable hesitation, a good deal of stringing out, and not a little grumbling at what our somewhat raw regiment thought a hardship. After a regiment which had made more than the usual amount of fuss came the head of a new command, and as the first company halted on the bank a striking figure rode up on a beautiful golden chestnut, a stalwart soldier, well knit and admirably proportioned, dressed with unusual care, with the clear blue eyes, ruddy color, and sharp, clean-cut profile of the typical Irish gentleman. He gave an order to the staff officer beside him, and a nondescript band of ten or twelve pieces formed on the bank and struck up the cheering strains of "Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning." Meagher said a few sensible and soldierly words, and the Irishmen, many of them disdaining to take off their shoes and stockings, plunged in in solid sets of fours, and the passage by the brigade was made in the style of veterans. All this time the band was playing away for dear life "Saint Patrick's Day," "Widow Machree," and the "Bould Soger Boy;" then "Saint Patrick's Day" over again, followed by the others. It was at this time apparently the whole of their repertoire, but it did no end of good.

When McClellan was finally ready to move, it was found that the enemy had abandoned their works at Manassas, and we were pushed forward on their retreating tracks. While riding through their abandoned camps, two of us, both youngsters and about equally green, came across a most curious figure, an old man, with long white hair and a patriarchal although sadly unkempt beard. He was dressed in a nondescript coat which looked as if it had begun life blue, then decided to be green, and finally hit upon a dirty drab. He nodded and rode by. We wondered who or what he could be. The more we

thought about him the more suspicious he seemed, and we finally agreed that he must be a sort of rebel Rip Van Winkle, who had waked up to find his friends gone and his foes in possession, and was making the best of his way South. We felt proud of our acuteness, and only regretted that we had let him get such a start that it was impracticable to arrest him, or, at any rate, to satisfy our suspicions. A day or two after we met our old rebel riding along with General Meagher, chatting most amicably, and found that it was Dr. Larry Reynolds, of the Sixty-third, familiarly and fondly known as Old Larry, a poet of no mean performance, steeped to the eyes in Irish lore, honest as a looking-glass, with the heart of a child and the growl of a mastiff,—a Celtic Diogenes. His namesake and antithesis, Dr. Frank Reynolds, of the Eighty-eighth, afterwards medical director of the brigade, was an Irishman with English proclivities, a brilliant surgeon, a capital jockey, and a fascinating companion when a half-veiled insolence of manner could be kept in bounds. He rode a three-quarter-bred chestnut, which he had bullied a timid old citizen into selling to him at his own price, and his trim, sportsman-like figure could be often seen on the march, occasionally cutting off a mile of riding by taking "Bully for You" over a Virginia rail-fence in a manner that surprised and delighted us, although in these days of Anglo-American anise-seed hunts, ça would va without dire-ing.

During the siege of Yorktown we were encamped very near the brigade and began to make many acquaintances. They were one of the first organizations to introduce something akin to the æsthetic in the arrangement of the brush shelters, which most materially assisted the tents in screening from the sun and the wind. Little arches, crosses, and wreaths of evergreen betokened the appreciation of beauty which distinguishes no civilized race more than our honest Saxon one. They were always zealous in work, in sport, in duty. Whatever their hands found to do, they did with true Hibernian good will. Sometimes their zeal was troublesome. I remember one night returning from a visit to the advanced line, and passing, or rather trying to pass, through the camp of the brigade. I was halted by the first sentinel I met, and when I replied "Friend," was told to advance and give the countersign. I replied that I did not have it, and was immediately dismounted and arrested. Considering that there were some three or four miles of camps and troops between the brigade and the enemy's works, that I was in the uniform of a lieutenant of artillery, and that our camp was barely half a mile away, I fondly imagined that a statement of who I was and why I was there would be sufficient. Not a bit of it. The entire machinery for the detection of a stealthy and lurking foe was put in motion for my benefit. I was examined by the corporal of the guard, cross-examined by the sergeant of the guard, re-examined by the officer of the guard, and only acquitted after being solemnly

arraigned before the officer of the day, who was doing something and could not be found for some time. I left fully convinced that guard duty was thoroughly done in the Irish Brigade, and with a firm resolution the next time to ride a mile around rather than brave those sentinels again without the countersign.

While at Yorktown the monotony of camp life was agreeably broken by Captain Hogan's battery, an independent New York organization, unclassified, but attached to the Irish Brigade.

I do not remember what circumstance first called our attention to the eccentricities of Hogan's instruction and drill. As our own captain was an ancient terror to a lot of green youngsters, for there was not a graduate among us, probably we went out to see if all captains knew as much, and all lieutenants as little, as our own.

We found the situation reversed. Hogan happened to have two lieutenants who were probably the most highly educated and accomplished young Irishmen in the Second Corps, Rorty and O'Donohue, who had been captured early in the war, escaped from Libby Prison, and reached the Potomac after thrilling and hair-breadth experiences. They studied hard and vainly tried to open Hogan's mind to a ray of tactical light; but he had one quality of a commander,—belief in himself and personal dignity only equaled by Major-General "Boum." One of the first exercises we witnessed was instruction to drivers and chiefs of pieces in drawing sabres. "Now, thin, min" (he was grandly above the favorite volunteer "boys"), "whin I say dhraw ye don't dhraw" (literally true, the first command being cautionary); "but whin I say soords, ivery mother's son of yez whips out his frog-sticker. Now, thin. Attention! Dhraw soords!" He was a realist in drill, and avoided the use of such vague terms as inches, feet, and yards when he could refer to some salient feature of the landscape. In giving directions for the countermarch, he said, "Now, thin, whin I say countermarch, ye'll go straight ahead till we come foreninst that mud-hole, and thin ye'll make two curly-cues to the right. Now, —— —— yer sowls! do yez understand that?" In countermarching in column of sections (remember, these are the old terms used during the war) he would make two successive wheels with the head of the column and then march past the rear, like the old infantry command, "Countermarch by the right flank, by file right." Rorty went to him one day with the tactics in his hand, and asked him if he would let him read the direction for the countermarch in column. "Certainly, sir," said Hogan; "fire away." Rorty then read the direction, that at the command "March" each section executed the countermarch on its own ground. "Phat do yez mane by bringing me any rigmarole about a section? I'll have yez understand that I command a battery."

But his chief delight was to set his battery in motion at a gallop in column of pieces, give the command, "Dhraw soords," and then, with

a wild whoop and flourish, shout, "By piece from the right front into battery!" By this time the chief of the first section was usually so disgusted that he did nothing, and the movement ended in a hopeless tangle, which it took the rest of the drill-hour to straighten out.

While on the Chickahominy occurred the first steeple-chase. It was Saturday afternoon, and we had been lying in camp something over a week, and some of the restless spirits thought it too bad to have such beautiful weather wasted. So a hastily-gotten-up race was planned. Three or four rather trifling ditches were utilized and four slight hurdles of pine brush constructed. The laying out of the course was a perpetual fight between Major Cavanagh and Captain Jack Gossin. The former was riding a pretty thoroughbred mare captured at the first Bull Run, very speedy and a good water-jumper, as a thoroughbred generally is, but deficient in the matter of loins and quarters, consequently a slovenly and unsafe hurdler. Gossin rode a big bay charger, with no blood and little speed, but strong and well put up, and able in such hands to take any ordinary fence. Consequently, Cavanagh fought for low and weak fences, Gossin for high and strong hurdles. The former carried the day, and the result showed his sharpness. There were some eight or ten starters, representing every grade of animal, from the racing-looking filly of Cavanagh and the noble chestnut "Bully for You" of Frank Reynolds down to the as cold-blooded and sorry hacks as ever graduated from a metropolitan livery stable. The queerest figure was a handsome gray mare, belonging to Lieutenant Evan Thomas, of our battery, ridden by Arthur Morris, a strapping boy of eighteen, the youngest lieutenant at that time in the regular service. His appearance without a saddle and with a watering-bridle among these fox-hunting Irishmen was calculated to raise a doubt of his sanity; but those of us who knew him were well aware that when he curled those long legs of his around a horse the latter might as well try to cast his skin. The course was marked by guidons to be kept on the right hand, and was about three-quarters of a mile in circumference. At the word a fair start was effected. The gray mare bolted at the word, and Morris being unable to control her with a watering-bridle, she ran into the woods. Frank Reynolds, with a jockey's eye for a turn, hugged the second flag so closely that he got into swampy ground and the chestnut sank almost to his shoulders. He made one or two desperate efforts, but was in too far, and ended by rolling on Reynolds, whose accurate get-up was sadly smirched. The filly knocked over the hurdles, took the ditches in her stride, and galloped in an easy winner of the first heat. Morris, although distanced, got permission to start again, for the fun of the thing. Profiting by his mishap, he had exchanged the watering-bridle for a curb, but still clung to his blanket. The heat resulted in a beautiful finish between him and Cavanagh. It was a gallant sight to see this boy, who had

never ridden a race in his life, leading the veteran steeple-chaser a length over all the obstacles to the last ditch. Just as the gray mare gathered, some Irishmen seated on the ground jumped up to cheer. The mare, frightened, balked, and Morris, having no stirrups, was thrown up on her neck. He recovered himself neatly, and made the mare take a standing jump, but it was too late. The Bull Run mare close up came with a rush and won almost on the post. Just as the race was finished, from the belt of woods bordering both banks of the Chickahominy came the faint rattle of musketry, presently punctuated by the deep explosions of artillery, until it swelled into the deep roar of a hard fight.

An aide-de-camp rode up and ordered us all at once to our commands. That was the battle of Seven Pines, and while on one bank of the river we were riding races, on the other Casey's men were vainly trying to stem the fierce rush of Johnston's battalions. All that night Sumner's corps worked like beavers in the mud and water to make a corduroy bridge to replace the one which the rise in the river had swept away, and by daylight the greater part of the First Division were across the river. We were hurried to the front, and about eleven o'clock found ourselves on the field of Fair Oaks. By the time the battery got up, the hottest kind of a fight was going on. I afterwards heard the incessant roll of musketry at the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania, but notwithstanding this was my first serious battle, I still believe that while it lasted the firing at Fair Oaks was unsurpassed in the campaigns of Virginia. The battery was not actively engaged until the close of the fight, and then one section was sent forward to shell the retreating enemy, but was held in readiness about half a mile in rear of the actual scene of conflict, which was hidden from view by a thick but narrow belt of woods. We could follow the fluctuating fortunes of the day by the way the fire advanced and retired, accompanied by the solid cheers of our men and the sharp, continuous yell of the enemy. Presently the fire came nearer, with an increased crash on the other side and a perceptible slackening on ours. In a few minutes stragglers and wounded men began to emerge from the timber. The first brigade of our division was being driven in. General Sumner sent in the next brigade, Howard's, and with this fresh force the fire again resumed its full volume, reaching the climax of this battle. A nearer approach of the fire, another lull in our direction, and wild yells meant a second repulse, and now we saw General Sumner ride up to the Irish Brigade, but a bare quarter of a mile on our right front. We saw his hat off and his gray locks bared as he evidently made a short speech, probably the only one of the old hero's life. We learned afterwards that he told them that they were his last hope; if they failed him all was lost; "but," said he, "I'll go my stars on you," pointing to his shoulder-straps. "I want to see how Irishmen fight,

and when you run I'll run too." A hearty cheer greeted his last words, and the brigade moved into the woods with the air of men who were going to stay. A fresh crash showed when they struck the enemy. For a few minutes the fire was deafening, then it began to retire. The yells gave way to long-continued cheers, an aide galloped up to order a section of artillery to follow our advancing line, and the battle of Fair Oaks was won. It was an inspiring opening of a heroic history, and from that day General Sumner swore by the Irish Brigade.

During the latter part of the action, an officer dashed up to General Sumner, wearing a cap heavily laced with gold, a jacket similarly ornamented, with his long grizzled moustache curled up to his eyes. He saluted and gave a report of the close of the action. General Sumner said, "That was a gallant charge of your brigade, Captain Gossin." "Be gad, sir," said Jack, raising his cap, "we gave them a healthy dash."

While lying in the intrenchments at Fair Oaks an ornamental appendage to the brigade staff faded from view. Major Warrington was an eminently aristocratic gentleman, with a fine haughty profile, a fresh complexion, slightly reddened by good cheer, distinctly suggesting old port, hair and moustache beautifully silvered, manners courtly, with just a shade of arrogance, in keeping with the report which was current and not disbelieved, that he was a son of George the Fourth (General Meagher told me he was inclined to believe it). He was a sort of volunteer aide, belonged to nothing that we knew of, and justified his status by doing nothing. Major Cavanagh (now the gallant veteran commanding the historical Sixty-ninth) was commanding the picket-line, and firing between the opposing pickets suddenly began. General Meagher sent Warrington with an order to Cavanagh, which was not complied with. When asked why he had not obeyed the instructions, Cavanagh replied that he had received none. The general asked Major Warrington if he had delivered them, and the latter seemed inclined to evade the question and to shuffle off on Cavanagh the responsibility. The two men were confronted, the scion of royalty and the bullet-headed Irishman, as rough as a chestnut-burr and as brave as a game-cock. When Cavanagh plainly intimated that Warrington had found the bullets too numerous to fulfill his orders, the latter said, drawing himself up proudly, "I don't believe you know who I am, sir." "Indade," said Cavanagh, "I'm not sure ye know yourself. But I'm towld ye claim to be a bastard of George IV. By all accounts your father was as dirty a blackguard as iver disgraced a throne, and if he ever had a son, I'm thinking he'd be just such a shirk and poltroon as ye've proved yourself this day, Major Warrington." A few days after it was politely intimated to the elderly swell that his services could be dispensed with.

About this time Hogan's immortal battery ceased to exist as an

organization. It was broken up, and one section attached to each of the other three batteries of the division, Pettit's, Frank's, and ours. I am not sure what was done with Hogan. I think he remained with the brigade in some nominal capacity for a while, but finally disappeared from view in a cloud of official disapprobation of his habit of selling government horses and failing to satisfactorily account for them. Lieutenants Rorty and O'Donohue both did gallant service. The former being appointed ordnance officer of the division, filled the post with zeal and marked ability until his death at Gettysburg. The latter was attached for some months to our battery, and fell most gallantly at Chancellorsville. In charge of the detachment assigned to us was an old sergeant, Hennessey, who had been in the British service, as brave a soldier as ever stepped, straight and well set up, with a formal courtesy that nothing could affect. During the hottest part of our artillery duel at White Oak Swamp with three of the enemy's batteries, Hennessey approached me, and, drawing himself up, gave the old British salute in a manner which would have won a recall from any gallery in any American theatre. He reported that his piece was so hot that he hesitated to put in a cartridge. I told him to cease firing and sponge with water. He gave another salute, and, facing about with rigid precision, went back to command his gun in his wonted gallant style.

An interesting episode in the history of the brigade was the encounter at Malvern Hill, in the dusk of the evening, between the Eighty-eighth Regiment and the well-known Louisiana Tigers, as a battalion from New Orleans, commanded by the famous Colonel Wheat, was called. They were the desperadoes of the Southern service, and, meeting the Irishmen unexpectedly at close quarters, fought with their knives and pistols. The Irishmen, ignoring their bayonets, which they had not time to fix, clubbed their muskets, true Donnybrook Fair style, and so in the dark and thick timber the savage grapple went on. In the thickest of the *mêlée*, a gigantic member of the Eighty-eighth espied a mounted officer cheering on the Tigers. Striding up to him, he grasped him by the throat with his enormous hand, and with the exclamation, "Come out of that, ye spalpeen!" fairly dragged him from his horse and captured him.

It was in this battle that a very young man by the name of Donovan, afterwards a captain in the Forty-second Veteran Reserve Infantry, was wounded in such a manner as to involve the loss of an eye, and captured. He was brought before General D. H. Hill, who, finding that he was an Irishman, reproached him for being there at all. "What business," said he, "have you got down here fighting against us? It's no quarrel of yours, and a boy like you had much better be at home. If you'd stayed there you would have both of your eyes, instead of being maimed for life!"

"Well, general," said the youngster, "I'll go the other eye on it, and when that's gone, then I'll go it blind."

The brigade had now been highly tried, and was already famous. Their dashing charge at Fair Oaks, the steadiness with which they met the retreat of Porter's corps at Gaines's Mill, and passing unmoved through all the disheartening sights of a beaten force, opposed an immovable front to Jackson's victorious advance, their soldierly conduct in the trying retreat to the James River, all gave them a prestige, helped, of course, by their gallant nationality, and by the dashing and conspicuous characters among them. They were splendidly led. Robert Nugent and Pat Kelly, colonels of the Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth, were, in their ways, typical soldiers. Nugent might have been painted as the incarnation of the military air. Of good height and gallant bearing, his face was simply ideal: strong aquiline features, with an inexpressible air of command, clear gray eyes, a tawny moustache which fell in sweeping waves over thin, resolute lips, and an imperial which came down to the centre of his breast. I was never tired of looking at him, and when on grand occasions he appeared with his huge moustache and imperial pointed and waxed, you felt ill used at not seeing the crosses and stars and plumes and staff of a field-marshal. He was an excellent tactician,—much better than Meagher, whose chief value was in his fame and eloquence,—and could in a moment assume command, and wield it with a clear eye and sure grasp. Pat Kelly was the most quiet, gentle, kindly soul in existence, loved for his sweet and genial traits. And this modest nature was fired by the most heroic courage and inspired by a single-hearted patriotism and devotion to duty that modestly recalled that noblest Roman, General George H. Thomas.

Lieutenant-Colonel Jim Kelly, of the Sixty-third, belonged to the combative type of Irishmen of which Cavanagh was so good an example; one of the men with so many and such sharply-defined angles that it is not easy to avoid running into some one of them. Rather narrow and obstinate at times, but frank and warm-hearted, with a courage conspicuous among this eminently brave race. At Antietam he was shot through both cheeks, making a ghastly wound; but still, with his speech so choked that he could not articulate, he tried to command, until Meagher positively ordered him off the field. The Sixty-third was a small regiment, but not a whit behind the others save in strength. At the close of the seven days' retreat occurred a little incident which fastened the brigade to General Sumner's heart with hooks of steel. Some muskets were of course lost and thrown away on that prolonged retreat, but astonishingly few, all things considered. Every case that came to General Sumner's notice angered him beyond bounds. When one morning an officer of the Eighty-eighth came to him with a requisition for quite a number of muskets, Sumner broke out violently,

denounced bitterly men who would lose or abandon their arms, and ended by saying, "You shall not have those muskets, sir. I'll take them all away from you and make your men dig trenches. Such men are not fit to carry arms."

The officer listened calmly to this tirade, and then said, "You're mistaken there, general. We've not lost them nor thrown them away."

"Where are they, then?" said Sumner.

"Outside, sir. I thought maybe you'd be wanting to see them."

The general went out, and found a pile of muskets with cracked and splintered stocks, bent barrels, and twisted bayonets.

"How is this?" said he.

"It's the Eighty-eighth, sir," said the officer. "The boys got in a scrimmage with the Tigers, and when the bloody villains took to their knives the boys mostly forgot their bayonets, but went to work in the style they were used to, and licked them well, sir."

As Sumner gazed on these speaking witnesses of desperate pluck his rugged face softened, and, generous as he was hasty, he said a few words which warmed the hearts of every Irishman in the army that heard of them. From that time we used to say that the general thought he could whip Lee's army with the Irish Brigade and Pettit's battery.

At Antietam came the crowning glory of the Irish Brigade. When French's division, containing many new troops, was so roughly handled, the brigade was sent in on the left of Dunker's Church, and slowly forced the enemy back beyond the famous sunken road, which had been filled with corpses by an enfilading fire from one of our batteries, and presented the most ghastly spectacle of the war. Using this lane as a breastwork, they held it to the close of the fight, losing not a prisoner, having not one straggler, but at a loss of life which was appalling. One regiment lost nearly fifty per cent., another over thirty. The rebels seemed to have a special spite against the green flag, and five color-bearers were shot down successively in a short time. As the last man fell, even these Irishmen hesitated a moment to assume a task synonymous with death. Big Gleason, a captain of the Sixty-third, six feet seven, sprang forward and snatched it up. In a few minutes a bullet struck the staff, shattering it to pieces; Gleason tore the flag from the broken staff, wrapped it around his body, putting his sword-belt over it, and went through the rest of that fight untouched. I met him a day or two after. "Well, Gleason," said I, "they didn't hit you." "Divil a welt," said he, "barring what Paddy O'Neale gives me when he kicks me out of bed in the morning." Major O'Neale was his commanding officer and tent-mate, and found it necessary to use strong means to set such a mass in motion. At Fredericksburg the brigade had the honor of leading the attack on their portion of the line across the open plain against the concave line, bristling with artillery, of which Marye's Heights was probably the

very strongest point. Their behavior on that day can be best summed up by saying that when they came to gather the corpses that blotted that ghastly plain, the dead of the Irish Brigade lay in line nearest to the fatal stone wall of all that undertook that hopeless task, from their own charge in the early forenoon to the last attempt of Sykes's regulars after sundown.

It was while Burnside's army was still occupying Fredericksburg after the disastrous battle that the memorable banquet of the Irish Brigade took place. It had been planned weeks before, and the brigade sutler, "Fat Donahue," as much an institution as Jack Gossin himself, had gone to Washington to get the materials, in the belief that there would be no more active operations that year, as the season was so far advanced, and all the usual preparations for a winter camp were well under way. Donahue arrived loaded down with all manner of good things, just in time to see the army on the move to cross the river. There was nothing for him to do but to follow, and, if we were fortunate enough to win a victory, what would be a more fitting time for a banquet? I know it grates harshly upon our modern sense of propriety, the idea of men feasting even in the hour of triumph, when so many of their comrades and friends lie dead and maimed and suffering around them. But war at the best is a barbarism; and while in the interest of humanity all should be done that is possible to alleviate actual suffering, attempts to raise it to the plane of taste and sentiment, as a rule, either belittle it or give a morbid tone which it is especially desirable to avoid. Macaulay speaks with just indignation of the wanton and wicked frivolity of wars when the gentlemen of the English Guard could request the gentlemen of the French Guard to fire first, and our tendency to sentiment gave us, in place of such ringing songs as "Why, Soldiers, Why, should we be Melancholy?" and "Garry Owen," such doleful ditties as "Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die" and "When this Cruel War is Over."

But to return to the banquet. There was Donahue, and there were the eatables and the drinkables. They would not keep, and so it was decided to have the banquet. A large room, which had probably been the town-hall, was fitted up, and there the survivors of the carnage gathered. We were invited, as being brigaded with them. As the wine circulated the high spirits and natural gayety of the most light-hearted race of modern times broke through the atmosphere of death which hung around that strange feast, to which I can think of no parallel except the ghastly banquet of that cholera-stricken battalion,—

> "The cup to the dead already,
> And hurrah for the next that dies."

Every third place was vacant, and, as hand sought hand in the grasp of fellowship, you could almost fancy a shudder at the idea of

touching some hand of ice, and seeing some gory shape take one of the unoccupied places.

When Meagher rose to speak of the dead his eloquence became almost unearthly, and that nothing might be wanting to this weird drama, while his glowing words were thrilling the partakers of such heroism and melting the comrades of the dead, the heavy boom of artillery shook the old building, and the guns which had decimated the gallant brigade opened as if to peal the requiem. It was no funeral pageantry, but the stern reality, reminding us that we were in danger at any moment of an attack which might drive the defeated army into the river, and convert disastrous repulse into absolute ruin. Orders came at once, and the "wake," as it literally was, was over.

The winter that followed in the camp near Falmouth was my first winter really in the field, for the winter of '61, passed in the neighborhood of Washington, presented little of the distinctive character of actual campaigning.

All our amusement was found in the city. We had few acquaintances outside of our own organization and those that we met casually in Washington. But at Falmouth the camp was our home, and a very gay and cheerful one it was. Few persons who saw the little log huts, roofed by wall-tents pitched upon them, with fireplaces of clay and chimneys crowned with flour-barrels, could realize the comfort and the jollity that reigned within. Of course, brigade, division, and corps head-quarters were on a larger and correspondingly better scale, until the climax was probably reached in the engineer tent at army head-quarters. This was a Sibley tent, pitched on a stockade of hewn logs about the height of a man's head.

Those who are only familiar with the dimensions of a Sibley tent when on the ground would scarcely believe the amount of room it inclosed by this arrangement. It reminded one of the old-fashioned circus of our childish days, from which we derived so much more solid and heartfelt enjoyment than from the modern three rings with their bewildering profusion. A gigantic fireplace made the line of an arc almost equal to a quarter of a circle. When this was heaped up to its throat with the fat-pine logs of a Virginia forest, and the scant space in the centre was filled with the varied elements which would be found in such a representative gathering of the bone and brains and heart of the North, our feelings toward our pitying friends and relations who were so kindly doing all in their power to alleviate the horrors of a winter camp, with Valley Forge in their mind's eye, were similar to those which Dibdin ascribes to his jolly tars, who wondered what the poor landlubbers did when it blew. A feature not to be forgotten of these nights was the apparition of several sleek "contrabands," whose singular deftness in the composition of cocktails and toddies

could only be equaled by the urbanity with which they pressed them upon not, as a rule, reluctant recipients. I have no doubt that General William M. Graham, of the Fourth Artillery, can recall that seductive "moke" who used to approach his visitors with the unvarying formula, "Cap'n Graham's compliments, and he desires to know ef you will dash a little tossicatin' fluid on de mucuss membrane." It was in such scenes that we learned to thoroughly know the Irish Brigade, and to form friendships which to-day stretch forth loving hands from the past and from the grave.

And here is the proper place to pay our tribute to Jack Gossin, whose name has occurred more than once in this article, but whom I have not attempted to describe from the feeling that, gallant and dashing soldier as he was, and there was no finer in the army, it was after all his manners, his dress, his speech, his history, in a word, Gossin, the man that justified in his single person all the O'Malleys and Hintons and Lorrequers that Lever has drawn. Born in County Galway, Jack went abroad when quite a youngster, and served in the Austrian cuirassiers. Returning to Ireland in all the bravery of this dashing service, he married, not exactly secretly but certainly against the wishes of her father, the daughter of one of the great landed proprietors, an English baronet. General Meagher's version of the marriage was this: The old gentleman had not regarded with favor the attentions of this dashing Irish-Austrian, and said one morning at breakfast, "My dear, I wish you would discourage any attentions from this Lieutenant Gossin. He is a man whom I only know as a soldier of fortune and a papist." Said the young lady, with perfect nonchalance, "I am so sorry, papa, that you didn't speak of it sooner, for I was married to Lieutenant Gossin this morning before breakfast." Sir William did not cut his daughter off literally with the conventional shilling, but he probably never accepted Jack.

The first time I ever saw him on the march I said, "Who is that curious figure?" He stooped badly. His seat was anything but graceful: stirrups very short, foot thrust in to the instep, knees rather up, and toes turned carelessly out. My companion said, "That is the famous Jack Gossin, the best rider in the Army of the Potomac." I thought he was joking. My idea of horsemanship was the long loose seat that was the fashion in the Middle States,—toe just touching the stirrup-iron, which dangled gracefully upon it, seat maintained almost entirely by balance. Jack was on an old Grimsley saddle, a high-peaked, brass-bound affair, with the artillery driver's big brass stirrup, which intensified the apparent awkwardness of his seat. But Jack slouching in his saddle on the march was one thing, and Jack in battle, galloping over the most impassable ground with a hand as light as a woman's and as strong as steel, was another, and Jack in all the glory of silk jacket and buff tops upon a well-fitting hunting saddle was

still another. Then he became the very beau ideal of the gentleman rider. I have seen a great deal of good rough riding from Dennis Ready and Captain Pepper and Clement Alloway and Captain Elwes to the day of Pat Meany and Donahue, but such a combination of the wildest insanity of courage and judgment that could wait patiently to the last six strides I have never seen. The marvelous part of it was his faculty of inoculating his horses with Gossin. What the professional of to-day does with the highest-bred and best-schooled animal that graduates from the flat (not the best school, however, for the field), he did with some scrub picked up heaven knows where, for poor Jack was always impecunious, and his best charger, old Rasper, was actually a condemned government horse.

I once saw him riding what looked to be an uncommonly neat little black cob, and, being in a hurry, he took him over quite a fence in great style. I gave him no peace until I had effected a trade and got the little brute. He was the veriest cow I ever backed in my whole life. I could not get him to look at a fence, much less take it, and he was so utterly worthless that I actually have forgotten what became of him. I just lost him, and only prayed that he might never turn up again. Old Rasper could not really get higher than three feet six at his very best, but in Jack's hands he negotiated rail fences and stone walls of five by smashing the top rails in one case, and learning to top in true cat fashion in the other.

But it was in crossing water that Jack's superb courage seemed to transform his horse. It was a picture to see old Rasper come rushing at a fourteen-foot stream, and note the hand slightly raised just as his forehoofs reached the last foot of solid taking-off ground, and the exactly applied force with which he was taken up if the landing side was bad or low ground. When Jack had a drop too much—and I regret to say that he sometimes had several drops too much—the things that Rasper did and occasionally declined to do were paralyzing. Once Jack attempted to ride him down a bank about thirty feet high, with a slope considerably steeper than the exterior slope of a parapet. Of course Rasper fell, and rolled from the top to the bottom. Jack, with an air of intense disgust, seized him by the tail, with the remark, "If ye don't like going down, be gad, I'll try how ye'll like going up." And it was with some difficulty that passers-by succeeded in demonstrating to him that he could not improve Rasper's looks by pulling his tail out by the roots. The crowning glory was Jack's appearance on grand occasions in full military figure,—gold-laced cap and jacket, a broad gold-embroidered cross-belt clasped with a lion's head, supporting an enameled leather cartridge-box, a sabre-tasche of the same material hanging by long slings, so as to just clear the top of a neat-fitting and polished Hessian boot. He certainly looked and was the ideal aide-de-camp; and if he had only been as well mounted as such a

horseman deserved to be he would have graced the staff of even such a swell as His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

Then there was John Blake, of the Eighty-eighth, during twenty hours of the twenty-four the most quiet, modest, unobtrusive fellow in existence, with a tenor voice of the purest and sweetest quality I ever heard except Mario and Brignoli. In the mild evenings, when we would adjourn from the tent to sit around the cheerful fire which was always burning in decent weather in front, Blake would, after some coaxing, sing "The Minstrel Knight" as I have never heard it sung since. The tender strain of the closing stanza, "I fought and fell for liberty and fame," remains in my memory almost as fresh as the marvelous voice ringing out from the donjon tower, "Non ti scordar di me." Another of John's favorites was a quaint and dramatic thing called "The Old Musketeer," in which a survivor of the Old Guard is telling a child how the Emperor stood,—

> "His cry, Vive la France!
> Brave comrades, advance."

Then turning suddenly from grave to gay, he would give "Paddy Whack from Balnyhack," with its rollicking chorus of

> "My rub-a-dub-dub,
> My row-de-dow-dow.
> It's then, dear girls, I'll charm ye,
> And down ye'll come when I bate the drum,
> To see me in the army."

Then, as if transformed by the spirit of art and song, he would go on in the most delightful medley,—story, jest, banter, and song, the most pungent hits, the slyest drollery, touches of poetry and pathos, all addressed to no one in particular and ending suddenly as a flickering flame shoots up and expires, and the next minute it was only quiet, simple John Blake, lieutenant in the Eighty-eighth Regiment. We all believed that he had a history, and that, perhaps, he had not been unknown to the stage. Whatever his past might have been, he has now a place in the hearts of his comrades and among those who freely gave their lives to the land of their adoption. He fell in the Wilderness. Rollicking Gossin, gentle Blake, and true-hearted, kindly Pat Kelly represented the genial side of the Irish nature, but there was plenty of salt and pepper, too, in that brigade. Frank Reynolds, with his caustic, sneering wit and his splendid scholarship, was infinitely amusing, but the amusement was generally at some one's expense, and there was a vein of insolence running through his humor which was almost intangible, but nevertheless perceptible and felt keenly. He loved to assume a tone of banter towards General Meagher's visitors, especially if they happened to be plain men of limited education, which

put them at an awkward disadvantage. All this, together with English tastes and sympathies, did not endear him to the brigade, and finally a sarcastic criticism of the Eighty-eighth, instantly and pluckily taken up by Major Cavanagh, one of the most gallant men and one of the quickest to resent a slight I ever knew, led to a challenge from the entire regiment. It is due to Frank to say that his courage was quite up to his tongue. He reasonably declined to fight the whole regiment, but did fight Pat Kelly, the dead-shot of the brigade, who only missed him by a hair's-breadth, putting a bullet through his hat. Amid such scenes and with such companions the winter of '62 passed quickly, and with enjoyment as real and heart-felt as any I ever experienced.

The 17th of March, dear to all true Irish hearts, was kept in real old-country style. Two steeple-chases, a mule-race, sack-races, climbing the greased pole, and, most delightful of all, catching the soaped pig. General Meagher came out as the typical Irish squireen,—green cut-away, tall white hat with a deep band, Bedford cords, and white hunting-tops. A heavy-handled, long-lashed hunting-whip completed his costume. Gossin was determined there should be no repetition of the Chickahominy race, with its brush hurdles and shallow ditches. The hurdles were of green pine logs spiked together from top to bottom, and the ditches about nine feet wide, clean cut and newly dug, five honest feet in depth. He rode a gray of the general's, probably the slowest horse on the ground. He was immense in a silk jacket and imported saddle, sent from New York expressly for the day. Twenty-one started. Three came in. Six went down in a heap at the first hurdle. Two or three partially filled the first ditch, and the others were gradually distributed along the course, which, with the slippery mud and ordinary horse-flesh, was really a stiff one. Jack, riding with superb judgment, and waiting for the catalogue of casualties to be filled, won hands down, and came to the ladies' stand (for there were quite a number visiting in the army) to be petted as he deserved. The next race was won with absurd ease by Count von Blucher, grandson of the old hero, on an imported steeple-chaser presented by Lloyd Aspinwall to Baron von Schaick, colonel of the Seventh New York Volunteers.

It was farcical to see this trained and high-bred animal cantering over the obstacles that were formidable to the army horse. I got a place in the first heat on a chestnut horse belonging to General Hancock, but in the second he calmly declined to take a ditch, and, as the race was finished before our argument, I told him, "Never mind; we'll settle it some other time."

The mule-race was enormously funny, being also a steeple-chase over the same course, and I imagine the only one that ever took place. A mule properly persuaded jumps a moderate fence like a goat, and Colonel Jim Kolby with his sabre-point was the "perwailin' argument,"

as Petroleum V. Nasby has it. The brigade newsboys and strikers rode the long-eared steeds, stimulated by the assurance of a substantial greenback. But neither Colonel Jim's sabre nor the prospective shekels could get those mules to face the ditches. They were forced into them at the sword's point, and I saw one ditch perfectly full of mules, protesting with the eloquence of their race against the idea of coming out; but, finally, superhuman applications of Colonel Jim's moral persuader caused two of the most amenable to shin up the opposite bank, and amid the wildest enthusiasm one, Neddy, ambled in shaking his head and braying vigorously. That greenback was fairly earned.

I despair of giving any idea of the chase of the soaped pig; but try to imagine a large lunatic asylum grasping at the thread of one of Mr. Evarts's shortest sentences, and you can form a faint conception. Even when the pig was finally caught a claim of foul was made on the ground that the winner had ashes on his hands. I did not hear the referee's decision, but it was probably that he would eat the pig himself.

With the battle of Chancellorsville my personal intercourse with the brigade almost ceased. I was promoted to a horse battery, and from that time only met them at long intervals.

But wherever I met them and whenever I heard of them it was always the same, fighting gallantly, marching uncomplainingly, dying willingly for a country which was to most only a foster-mother. Their losses at the Wilderness were such that Major Byron commanded the brigade, captains and lieutenants commanded regiments, and sergeants companies. There was a story current in the Second Corps that at one Sunday inspection, at the command, "To the rear, open order, march," the first sergeant said, "Why the divil don't yez step back?" immediately adding, "Stand fast; bedad there's only one of yez."

I have endeavored to give a sketch of the brigade, not to write its history. That has been written in imperishable characters by innumerable deeds of heroism. I would only say that in absolute pluck and cheerful endurance this organization had no superior. They were not, as a rule, good shots, nor was their temperament favorable to the development of skirmishing or sharp-shooting. They were utterly deficient in a knowledge of woodcraft, in which the Western regiments were so strong. Recognizing these traits, the authorities in the earlier part of the war wisely armed them with the old smooth-bore musket, carrying what was known as buck and ball, being one bullet and three buckshot done up together. In the hands of men not especially good shots, but who never thought they were close enough to the enemy, this was a terrible weapon, scattering like a shot-gun, and wounding probably three times the number that rifles would have done at such close quarters. One of their distinctive features was the total absence of stragglers after they got under fire. They would straggle outra-

geously on the march, never being able to resist the temptation to sit down and take a "dhraw at the dudeen;" and if you found some sturdy beggar trudging along cheerily miles behind the command, ten to one it was one of the brigade. But after the first shot was fired no Irishman ever came to the rear who was able to raise his musket. A coward simply could not live in the brigade, and lost no time in getting out of it. Another trait which they possessed in common with an immense majority of their countrymen in America, was their intense patriotism in the sense of loving a country which was not their own. Much of this is due to the rigor of life in their native land, and the comparative kindness of their reception here. The contrast with any other nationality is great. The German is an excellent citizen in every way, but the first generation is German before all else, while the Irishman, even in the first generation, seems to have opened his whole big kindly heart to the foster-mother who found him an outcast and gave him a home where he at least has the right to own his lot of ground and raise his pigs and praties, looking serenely forward to the time when he can keep a grocery and attain to the dignity of an alderman.

EDWARD FIELD,
Captain Fourth Artillery.

THE CORTINAS WAR.

WHAT is known in the history of Texas as the Cortinas War took place in the years 1859 and 1860. There had been a great deal of hard feeling for years along the Rio Grande frontier between the Americans and Mexicans, which culminated at that time. For some unknown reason, General Twiggs, commanding the Department of Texas, had removed the garrisons from Fort Brown, Ringgold Barracks, and Fort McIntosh, and trouble ensued, as every thinking man knew it would. The Mexicans were largely in the majority at Brownsville, and a man named Juan N. Cortinas, at the head of a party of unscrupulous men, set himself up as a leader. His followers were not very respectable, and committed several acts against the peace and well-being of the people of Brownsville. Cattle and sheep belonging to Americans were taken across the river to Matamoras and there sold; the jail was broken open, and some criminals, friends of Cortinas, set at liberty; and it was claimed that some of his followers had attempted to burn the city. Matters assumed a very bad shape indeed, and it was time that something should be done to restore the supremacy of the law and give protection to good citizens.

On the 1st of October, 1859, Cortinas took possession of Brownsville. The Americans were very much incensed, and appealed to the governor of the State and the federal military commander for aid and assistance. Some Americans were killed and a number of farm-houses belonging to them near Brownsville burned.

As soon as General Twiggs could be made to understand that he had committed a great error he immediately set about repairing the wrong he had done. He assembled a force and sent it with all dispatch to Brownsville, placing Major Heintzelman in command. There was but one cavalry company available, which could readily be detached, and it was under command of Captain George Stoneman, of the Second (now Fifth) regiment of cavalry, stationed at Fort Clark. Three companies of artillery serving as infantry, commanded by Captains Dawson and Ricketts and Lieutenant Graham, were also sent at once to Brownsville, where some Texas Rangers, under Major John S. Ford, had already arrived. There was wide-spread alarm on the lower Rio Grande, and prompt measures were necessary to quell the panic.

General Sam Houston was inaugurated as Governor of Texas on the 25th of December, 1859, and at once commenced preparing State troops to protect the citizens. Five days after his inauguration he ordered Captain W. C. Dalrymple to raise a company for frontier protection. This was followed in a few days by similar orders to Captains Ed. Burleson and John G. Conner. In February three other companies of twenty-five men each were called out, under Lieutenants White, Salmon, and Walker.

After sending two commissioners to the Rio Grande to obtain accurate information, Governor Houston dispatched Major Forbes Britton to Washington to secure protection on that border.

In the mean time Major Heintzelman prepared his forces to attack the outlaws under Cortinas, who were near Brownsville, vowing they never would be driven from the soil of Texas. Cortinas had as his second in command a man named Zamora, who was capable and determined. The outlaws were well supplied with arms and ammunition, well mounted, and full of confidence in their commander, who had shown a great deal of capacity and cunning in keeping together his followers. His men entertained a deep hatred towards the people of Texas, some of them having lost cattle and stock, which had been stolen from them, while others had been unjustly incarcerated in the jail at Brownsville, and they were burning for revenge.

Everything being in readiness, Heintzelman moved against the enemy, and encountered him at the Ebonal, near Brownsville, on the 14th of December, 1859. The artillery was serving as infantry, but had with them two 24-pounder howitzers, which did much execution. After a vigorous attack the Mexicans gave way and commenced retreating up the river. They were followed and overtaken on the 27th of December at Rio Grande City, near Ringgold Barracks, where a hot fight commenced, our soldiers driving the outlaws a distance of ten miles, when they abandoned their arms, ammunition, and supplies, and sought safety in a hasty retreat across the Rio Grande into Mexico. They suffered a known loss in these engagements of sixty-six killed and as many wounded, while our troops lost seventeen in killed and wounded. Some of Cortinas's men fought desperately, believing themselves in the right, while others had taken part in the outbreak from a spirit of adventure, and because they bore no good will to the Americans. There is always a class on the frontier ready for any change which brings excitement with it, and this class, as may be imagined, is not always animated by the purest patriotism. A great many adventurers were in the ranks of the enemy, who sought excitement in these scenes.

From the Mexican side of the river the bandits continued to annoy our people, crossing over at night and committing depredations, seeking safety in flight before the rising of the sun. The difficulties had

now assumed a serious aspect. The result of the application of Governor Houston to the authorities at Washington for assistance was an order from the War Department to Brevet General Robert E. Lee, lieutenant-colonel of the Second (now Fifth) Cavalry, then in command of the Department of Texas, to cross the river, if necessary, and break up Cortinas's band. Colonel Lee had served for nearly four years in Texas, mainly on the Brazos River, and was well acquainted with the wants of the people. He was prompt in forming his plans, and determined to bring about a peaceful condition of affairs if it took the whole of the troops in the department to do it. He had ample men and means at his command to do it, receiving frequent and reliable information at his head-quarters, in San Antonio, of the condition of affairs. He knew what resources Cortinas had, as well as the number of men under his command, but could not tell exactly where he was staying, as he changed frequently from place to place. The Mexican authorities themselves did not know where he was, and disclaimed all connection with him in every way whatever.

When the bandits were retreating up the river they committed many depredations by killing and wounding peaceful American citizens, shooting cattle, sheep, goats, horses, and hogs, and burning farm-houses. A man residing a short distance below Edinburgh was shot and severely wounded, and found his only chance of escape was to hide himself in a dense growth of prickly-pears. He kept as close to the ground as possible, and while lying down pushed dirt in his wound, which was through the upper part of his chest, and thus stopped the bleeding. His sufferings were very severe, but he bore up well and seemed delighted to think he had outwitted the robbers. He had resided on the Rio Grande for many years and was well acquainted with a number of Cortinas's men, some of them, in fact, having been his neighbors before the difficulties began. He was a harmless old man, though there were stories of his having been identified with Lafitte a long time before, it being a well-known fact that Matamoras contained among its earlier settlers several men who had shared the fortunes of that remarkable person, who was at one time known as the "Pirate of the Gulf." Whatever his antecedents might have been, he was at that time an industrious and hard-working man, and had the reputation of being a good citizen.

Company "G" of the Second Cavalry proceeded to Brownsville in March, 1860, under command of Lieutenant Kimmel, and established a camp above Captain Stoneman, on the Rio Grande. Captain Stoneman, with two companies of cavalry and seventy-five Texas Rangers, crossed the Rio Grande on the 15th of March and about daybreak assaulted the town of La Mesa, three miles from the river, killing and wounding several Mexicans and capturing about a hundred men. Our people were greatly elated, as they supposed they had captured

Cortinas, but soon learned they had taken a garrison of Mexican soldiers. The situation was peculiar, to say the least of it, and our officers at once adopted measures to get out of the difficulty as best they could. The prisoners were released, and many apologies offered for the unintentional mistake. They were soon confronted by four hundred Mexican infantry soldiers and ordered to return to the United States. Captain Stoneman said he wished to make a further search, and, after considerable talk, the Mexican colonel commanding withdrew with his troops, saying he would report the invasion to the department commander. A few days thereafter Captain Stoneman, with his command, was ordered to return at once to his camp, which he did after he had searched the country thoroughly for twenty miles around.

In this state of affairs Colonel Lee, commanding the department, was ordered to put a stop to the disturbances. In March, 1860, he started from San Antonio, taking as his escort Captain Brackett's company of the Second Cavalry, from Camp Verde. As he approached Seco River a messenger came galloping up to him and reported that the Indians were just ahead and robbing the settlement on and near that stream. Of course, it took but a moment to pass the word to Captain Brackett, who dashed off with his troopers, and was soon in the midst of the savages, who, totally unaware of the proximity of the soldiers, were pursuing their plundering schemes with the utmost freedom and satisfaction. A wild yell burst from the savages when they saw the soldiers dash in upon them, and then were seen some wondrous feats of horsemanship as they endeavored to get out of the way. They had killed several cattle and were about to rob a house occupied by women —who had huddled together there—when the cavalrymen plunged in among them and in an instant destroyed all of their hopes. Away they went in every direction, though generally up the river towards the mountains, the cattle lowing from fright and the big bay horses of the troopers bounding after the red men over rocks, stones, and bushes in a way to gladden the heart of every true horseman. For a time the din was great as the troopers tore through the bushes. It was a race for life, and a most exciting one, as all must admit. How many were hurt was never accurately known to the whites, as an Indian can conceal himself in a place which would almost seem impossible. The chase was kept up for a couple of miles, and in the broken ground all further efforts were useless. The men returned to the house when recall was sounded, their horses blown and their clothing in strings from the bushes and briers having given them a good raking. The women were dreadfully frightened, as well they might be, their husbands and brothers being away from home at the time of the foray; but as the soldiers returned they came in, and were profuse in their thanks to Colonel Lee for his timely arrival and the handsome performance in

beating off the red rascals. He unquestionably saved that settlement from being sacked, and the females from a fate worse than death. After the horses had been allowed half an hour to overcome their fatigue, the column was again put in motion.

Colonel Lee proceeded to Eagle Pass, and taking Company "H," Second Cavalry, under First Lieutenant R. N. Eagle, which was stationed at Fort Duncan, proceeded on to Laredo, which he reached on the 25th of March, the weather being delightful. During the night the wind changed and a fearful norther came on, and the next day, while on the march, two men belonging to Captain Brackett's company were chilled to death. They were privates Thomas Gaskin and Richard Keegan.

Colonel Lee reached Edinburgh, opposite Reynosa, on the 2d of April, 1860, and his arrival was most opportune, as the Mexican soldiers in Reynosa had on that day fired into Major Ford's Texas Rangers from across the Rio Grande. This fire was returned, and two Mexicans were wounded. This state of things, amounting almost to actual war between the two nations, Colonel Lee took immediate measures to suppress by sending Captain Brackett, with a white flag, as a bearer of dispatches to the authorities of Reynosa, inquiring into the cause of the firing across the river, and demanding that some of Cortinas's men, who were known to be in Reynosa, be delivered up to our government. Mr. J. H. Phelps, of New Orleans, accompanied the captain, having kindly offered his services as interpreter. All of the streets of Reynosa were barricaded and loaded cannon planted in front of the house of justice. Four companies of Mexican soldiers were under arms in the plaza, and they expected a reinforcement that day of one hundred cavalry from Camargo and two hundred infantry from Matamoras. To Colonel Lee's letter they replied that none of Cortinas's men were in town, and that they had fled into the interior. Colonel Lee's presence, with the additional troops he brought with him, seemed to have a quieting effect upon the people on both sides of the river.

Leaving the troops, consisting of the Texas Rangers and cavalry, at Edinburgh, Colonel Lee pushed on to Brownsville to confer with General Garcia, the Mexican commander.

A few days after his departure a spy came in and told the Americans he knew where Cortinas was, and preparations were made for his capture. Captains Stoneman and Brackett, with their companies, together with those of Lieutenants Eagle and Kimmel, were made ready for a night-march, and shortly after nightfall crossed the river. It was quite dark, and they forded some distance below any settlement. Upon reaching the other side a guide in front led the way in the utmost silence for several miles, until a house was seen in a kind of a clearing, which was surrounded without noise.

When the troops had completely surrounded the house, a small party went forward to search. It was found that the party wanted had made his escape a short time before, and with a feeling of disappointment the soldiers returned to their camp, arriving about daybreak. This was good training for the men, but not specially gratifying to the officers, who had taken great pains to find out where the leading outlaw was, and tried their best to capture him; but he was always on his guard, having plenty of friends keeping him well advised of the movements of his enemies.

The desolation along the river was very great, the charred remains of many farm-houses showing how bitter was the enmity between the two races, and large fields once filled with corn and sugar-cane contained nothing but weeds. No crops were put in on the American side, and consequently many poor people suffered for the necessaries of life.

Colonel Lee went to Brownsville, and, crossing over to Matamoras, had a consultation with General Garcia, the Mexican commander. With him he arranged plans for the capture of Cortinas. General Garcia sent out a body of regular Mexican soldiers, who fell in with the main body of the outlaws near the Rancho de Santa Cruz, in the Mexican State of Tamaulipas, on the 30th of May. A fierce battle ensued, and Florencio Fernandez, one of Cortinas's leaders, was wounded and afterwards hanged. Francisco Cisneros was taken prisoner and carried to Matamoras, and the band of outlaws which had given so much trouble to the two nations was effectually broken up. They had terrorized that section for a long time, and every one breathed more freely when it was known that the hated organization existed no longer, and that honest men could pursue their avocations peacefully.

Juan Napomucino Cortinas was born at Camargo, Mexico, being a man of great natural ability, although very restless. He did not avail himself of the chances he had for acquiring an education, but became, through his own strong will, the leader of the roving spirits along the frontier, especially those of Mexican extraction. He had real or fancied wrongs, and tried to rectify them, going about it in a wrong way. After his band was broken up he retired to the interior, where he remained quiet but a limited period, making his appearance again shortly after the civil war broke out. When Maximilian became emperor of Mexico, Cortinas remained true to the republican President, Juarez, and after the empire was overthrown was appointed a general in the republican service, and placed in command of the Rio Grande frontier, with his head-quarters at Matamoras. For a time he did quite well, but, becoming unmanageable and troublesome, he was ordered, as a kind of an honorable prisoner, to the City of Mexico, where he remained for several years. Eventually he was released from arrest, but before this occurred it is said he hypothecated all

of his property, which was considerable, to the Mexican government, and a colonel of the army was sent to Matamoras in 1889 to take possession of it. This summarily settled a number of suits pending against him, and started him anew in the world. He has many strong friends and bitter enemies. In 1871 he was acting governor of Tamaulipas.

Colonel Lee says in his journal, under date of April 10, "Resumed journey; nearly all the ranches on the road have been burned—those spared by Cortinas have been burned by the Rangers."

The cavalry and Texas Rangers were ordered to make camps along the river at different places and guard the stream as well as it could be done. They were kept until October, 1860, when most of them were sent to posts in the interior. In 1861, after the Civil War commenced, Cortinas returned from Mexico with several hundred men and burned the town of Roma, above Rio Grande City, and again crossed into Mexico. This was the last of his outrages on the soil of Texas. At that time the minds of the people were occupied with greater events than those connected with this outlaw, and he escaped punishment. The regular troops were no longer in Texas, and the citizens were obliged to protect themselves as best they could.

These are the main features of a grave disturbance, and one which, for a time, threatened the peace of the nation.

ALBERT G. BRACKETT,
Colonel U.S.A.

THE ARMING OF FIELD ARTILLERY.[1]

FIELD artillery includes field batteries, horse batteries, mountain batteries, and, according to some, batteries of position.

It might at first appear that the most powerful gun must be the best; but, however powerful a gun may be, it will be of no use if it is not on the spot when required. The question of armament, therefore, becomes one of the relative importance of mobility and shell-power.

As applied to field artillery, mobility signifies the quality that renders it constantly available for action. For it to be considered perfect, batteries must, of course, be able to move rapidly where required; but, in addition to this, they must arrive complete in all their elements, and with the means of making good the effects of wear and tear.

Now, the elements of field artillery are guns, gunners, ammunition, teams, and stores. Guns are of no use without gunners, so the requisite number of men must be carried with the guns. Guns and gunners may be carried rapidly into action, but if they are to continue of use for any time, the supply of ammunition must be ample and at hand. Guns and ammunition will be useless if the gunners become too exhausted to use them; so the labor of fighting, then, must not be too severe. A battery loses its mobility when its teams are over-fatigued or destroyed, and, consequently, the loads should be limited, and the size of the teams should be restricted, so that the replacing of casualties may be facilitated.

The power of a shell can only be measured by its effect. Experience tends to prove that the effect of shrapnel shell varies inversely as the angle of descent (*i.e.*, *cæteris paribus*, directly as the velocity) and directly as the weight of its contents in balls; and that the effect of common shell against masonry or earthworks, etc., varies directly as the striking energy, and as the weight of the bursting charge, but in a higher ratio than the latter.

"Shell-power," which means "efficacy of fire," affects "mobility," because it depends on the weight of the contents of the projectiles, and on the velocity imparted to them, which latter affects the weights of the gun, its carriage, and its charge.

Accepting the above definitions, to decide what is the best armament

[1] Reprinted from Colburn's *United Service Magazine*.

for field artillery, we must determine what are the desirable conditions of mobility, and what conditions are wanted to constitute the necessary efficacy of fire; but as both vary with the theatre of operations and the quality of the enemy, the subject has to be divided. At the same time, as many equipments are disadvantageous, the divisions should be as few as possible.

The requirements of normal warfare (*i.e.*, in countries where ordinary facilities for transport exist, and against disciplined troops) will be considered first, and afterwards the modifications necessary and desirable under other conditions, under the sub-heads: (A) With wheeled transport (*a*) against disciplined troops, (*b*) against uncivilized or semi-civilized people; (B) mountain warfare; (C) Asiatic warfare.

I. NORMAL WARFARE.

What are the duties of artillery in the field, and what duration and pace of movement are required to perform them?

The first duty of artillery when acting on the offensive is to cover the deployment of the infantry, and to prepare the way for its attack; it must, therefore, be in action early. The guns, however, on the march must be preceded by some troops, and they want a certain amount of flank support, especially at the commencement of an engagement, when present in small numbers. Moreover, the batteries of an infantry division are an integral portion of it, and must march with it. Consequently artillery, though it marches in the general columns, must be able, in order to fulfill its principal *rôle*, to move for a time at a much faster pace than infantry.

Prince Hohenlohe, with probably the largest personal experience of artillery of any one living, writes:[2] "In order to come into action, when moving from Rettendorf by Koniginhof and Chotieborek to a point south of Jericek, I had to trot fourteen (English) miles in a hilly country. And even this, as far as one can see, will not always be enough in the future. Even when the artillery had been given a position in the order of march nearer to the head of the column, the corps artillery was yet over four (English)[3] miles from the front of the advanced guard; when, therefore, the latter encountered the enemy, and the general determined to bring his artillery into action, the corps artillery had to be brought forward with a good long trot, if it were desired to be certain that they would be on the ground in less than an hour, including the dispatch of the order and the advance of the guns. When the force is in bivouac, the artillery masses cannot be brought nearer to the enemy in future than in times past, since in bivouac,

[2] "Letters on Artillery" (sixth letter).

[3] Including all the ammunition column and half the bearer company, but excluding all baggage, the leading division of a British corps would occupy four miles of road, if one-third were allowed for loss of distance.

especially at night, artillery is defenseless, and must be left in rear. It was thus foreseen that forced marches, such as that from Rettendorf to Jericek, would become the rule; and, indeed, this was the case in 1870; for example, the corps artillery of the Third and Ninth Corps at Vionville and the Guard Corps at Sedan,[4] etc. But even greater demands than these must be made upon the artillery, when it is a question of moving artillery from one flank of the theatre of war to the other, or of sending them quickly to bodies of troops which have been detached to a distance; for example, the First Heavy Artillery battery of the guard marched on the 13th of August thirty-two (English) miles, from Bermering by Oron to Dieulouard, where it encamped on the same evening, and the Third Heavy Artillery battery of the guard marched in one day from St. Mihiel to St. Privat, where it took part in the battle. This will also be the case when the artillery of corps which have been held back in reserve is pushed forward quickly into the foremost line of battle, in order to strengthen the masses of artillery; for example, the corps artillery of the Third Corps at Verneville."[5]

The war of 1870 was rich in such examples; and they cannot be classed as exceptional. But Prince Hohenlohe's writings are so well known, it is not necessary to quote further instances. He sums up in his sixteenth letter thus: "In war, as I have already said, many miles must be passed over in column of route. Wherefore we must in time of peace practice trotting at least four and one-half miles without exhausting the horses. We also ought to practice forced marches of at least thirty miles in the day, so that all may learn how this is to be done without injuring the horses. We shall then be able in war to get over sixty miles, when we are ordered to do so at whatever cost."

It will be safe, then, to require that all batteries should be able to march thirty miles over fairly hilly roads in seven hours, field batteries to trot nine miles in one and a half hours, and horse batteries eight miles in one hour, without unduly distressing the teams.[6]

It may be objected that the trotting test is higher than that of Prince Hohenlohe, but his appears, when considered with the examples

[4] This marched nine English miles at a gentle trot in one spell.

[5] At the commencement of operations, when the gain of first success is so important, unavoidable causes will often lead to the artillery being left far in rear. Thus the corps artillery of the Third German Corps, after a previous march of thirteen miles on the same day, had to cover fifteen miles to reach the field of Speicheren; and we had only two heavy artillery guns at the affair of Tel-el-Mahuta.

[6] Our regulation trot is eight miles an hour, a pace many field-battery horses cannot keep up for long, even on the level. Every hunting man knows the advantage of a steady jog-trot of six miles an hour for getting over the ground.

This is a great advance, for I find a note in the "Manual of Artillery Exercises," 1860, p. 40, to the effect that a 9-pounder (load behind team thirty-eight hundredweight, twenty-five pounds) could march about four miles in one and a half hours, eight miles in four hours, and sixteen miles in ten hours.

he gives, very low; and it is necessary to have a wide margin because speed and the state of the ground[7] make a great difference in draught, and, with us, the horses at the commencement of a campaign will very often, if not always, have been weakened by a sea voyage.

Under fire all movements should be as rapid as possible; "not only is artillery so moving out of action a shorter time, but it suffers far less when moving rapidly than when moving slowly."[8] These rapid spurts will nearly always be off roads, and the chances are in favor of the ground being soft rather than hard.

The longest distance to be crossed by the guns belonging to infantry divisions will generally occur at the end of the artillery duel, when they rejoin their divisions to assist in their attacks. They will then, being at ranges of about twenty-four hundred yards, endeavor to advance at once to within sixteen hundred yards, and they may have to move somewhat to a flank. Although the whole movement may not have to be made at the highest speed, still these batteries should be able to get over eight hundred yards of softish ground in three minutes.

With the corps artillery rapidity of movement in action is more important than with the divisional batteries, because the former, although not kept in reserve as formerly, still has to perform the duties of a reserve. The main justification for using all the guns in the front line and keeping none in reserve is that, when engaged at the ordinary ranges of the artillery duel, batteries can be withdrawn and placed elsewhere, if required. This is a point very apt to be overlooked. Prince Hohenlohe says an ideal corps artillery would consist entirely of horse batteries, and it appears quite clear that any field batteries with it should at least be equal in mobility to those with the infantry divisions.

The horse batteries of the corps artillery have to fight alongside the rest of the artillery of the army corps, and are especially valuable when reinforcing the guns of the advanced guard. They therefore require pieces of equal range to those they act with, and there seems no reason why they should not have equal shell-power to the lighter field batteries. They very seldom have to act with cavalry, they carry from three to four and a half hundred-weight less in the shape of gunners, have superior teams, and a large reserve of marching power in the possibility of using the riding horses in draught; and so, with the same weights of material, they will always have greater mobility

[7] From experiments made on behalf of the Society of Arts in 1872, it appears that the resistance to draught, exclusive of gravity, on good macadamized roads varies between forty-four and sixty-seven pounds per ton of load, but on a soft sandy or gravelly road it rises to two hundred and ten pounds. On a gravelly road a speed of 8.45 miles per hour produced a resistance of .0197 of the load, but one of 6.945 miles raised it to .0219 of the load.

[8] Home's "Precis of Modern Tactics."

than field batteries, and quite sufficient for their *rôle* of an extra mobile reserve.

Horse batteries attached to cavalry, of which there are very few, want exceptional mobility, because, although the distances to be covered at a gallop will never be very long (if they are properly handled), the previous marches will generally have been longer and more rapid than those of other batteries. An Aldershot cavalry field day is not a fair criterion, as it often entails more galloping in a couple of hours than an active campaign in a fortnight; and most decidedly "'tis the pace that kills."

What is desirable, then, is that the gun and carriage with its limber, loaded with some ammunition (for use when the wagons get left behind) and the necessary stores and gunners, shall be of such a weight as will enable the teams to fulfill the above-mentioned requirements. What the strength of the teams, and the amount of the weight behind them should be, has always been a matter of controversy.

For the exceptional case of horse batteries attached to cavalry some distinguished officers maintain that 40 cwt.[9] is not too great, while others, probably influenced by the requirements of Aldershot cavalry field days, would like to see an equipment for all horse batteries giving a load of not more than 30 cwt. There is a general agreement of opinion that the 13-pounder R. M. L. (42 cwt., 2 qrs., 2 lbs.) is too heavy, but, on the other hand, no complaints have ever been made of the 9-pounder R. M. L. of 6 cwt. (39 cwt., 1 qr.). The weights behind horse artillery teams in France and Germany are 37 cwt., 3 qrs., 23 lbs. and 35 cwt., 1 qr., 23 lbs., respectively, which are approximate to that laid down by Major-General Stirling[10] in 1871 or 1872, viz., 36 cwt., or 6 cwt. per horse. This seems the best weight for these batteries.

The same officer assigned 41 cwt., or a little under 7 cwt. per horse, as the limit for other batteries, horse or field, but it seems a low one for the latter. In France and Germany the weights are 46 cwt., 3 qrs., 12 lbs. and 46 cwt., 2 qrs., 20 lbs., respectively, and their horses are generally of an inferior stamp to ours.[11] A gun giving about 40 cwt. for horse artillery equipment, and 45 cwt. with the extra gunners of field batteries, appears quite admissible, though it should not be exceeded.

The above weights are for six-horse teams, and although all will allow that no larger ones are suitable for horse artillery, still it may be questioned by many whether field battery requirements may not necessitate and admit of eight-horse teams.

[9] A 12-pounder B. L. gun as at present equipped, with two limber gunners, weighs 40 cwt., 17 lbs.

[10] Lecture by Lieutenant Sladen. Proceedings R. A. Institution, vol. vii.

[11] The French and also the Russian artillery of the line average, I believe, under fifteen hands.

Our 16-pounder batteries afford the only example in existence, and, although they answered fairly well in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, they have not been tested in modern European warfare. The following objections, inherent and relative, are strong,—so strong, in fact, that absolute necessity appears the only justification for their use.

1. The largest loss and most difficult to replace suffered by artillery is invariably in horses.

2. There is a waste of power, as an eight-horse team cannot draw as much per horse as a six-horse one.

3. If six horses can draw from forty-two to forty-five hundred-weight, it is not worth while creating a load for eight of less than from fifty to fifty-two hundred-weight. With such a load there appears to be little or no reserve of mobility, for on the march to and from Dartmoor, in 1887, with 20-pounder experimental equipment, it was found that on hilly parts of the road the field battery teams could outmarch those supplied by horse artillery, showing that the limit of draught power was so nearly reached that the difference of weight between the two classes of horses turned the scale.

4. The increased teams have an appreciable effect on the length of the columns.[12]

5. Major-General Stirling assigned the weight of the Armstrong 12-pounder (forty-one hundred-weight) as the limit for batteries, either horse or field, other than those acting with cavalry, not only on account of the load behind the team, but because he considered the gunners could not for any length of time work a heavier piece;[13] and his opinion appears to be confirmed by the experience gained with our 13-pounder and 16-pounder guns. This last objection, it is true, is only relative and not an argument against eight-horse teams themselves, but it is a very strong one against adopting a gun that would necessitate them.

Taking, then, forty-five hundred-weight as the load for gun teams in field batteries, we have also the limit of weight for the wagons of the battery, because, as Prince Hohenlohe very clearly demonstrates, it is absolutely necessary for them to accompany the guns to the field of battle.[14] Really they should be lighter, although they will not have to move so rapidly during the action provided the gun limber ammunition is kept in reserve, for their teams will always be inferior, and there is great probability of their being loaded with spare forage and other odds and ends.

With horse batteries the same weight of wagon appears admissible

[12] About fourteen per cent.

[13] Gun and carriage weighed twenty-one hundred-weight.

[14] This principle was lost sight of in the 9-pounder and 13-pounder equipment, and consequently in one instance at least the wagons of the former were left behind and much risk incurred, and at a critical time the horse artillery at Kassassin had to go to the rear to seek ammunition.

with teams of eight horses, as it only gives a load of five and five-eighths hundred-weight per horse, and when under fire the wagon can be drawn by six, while for simply marching purposes, and for only a few batteries, the objections to eight-horse teams are not insurmountable.

The ammunition columns of the first line, those belonging to infantry divisions, are an essential part of the fighting force, and cannot be placed in the position of baggage. Consequently they must march as fast as the infantry, or they will be an incumbrance. Their marches are often very long, and their horses by no means the best, being probably after the first battle any that can be obtained on the spot. It follows that our present loads cannot be exceeded.

As the army corps ammunition columns will often have to make extremely long marches to fill up at the depots, the same holds good for them.

The number of rounds per gun that should be carried with the battery is a moot point. From tables in vol. vii. of the R. A. Institution Proceedings it appears that the average expenditure in fourteen battles of 1870, at which the Germans had over a hundred guns engaged, was 59.69 for their light guns and 52.9 for the heavy, the difference seeming mostly due to the lighter batteries getting into action earlier. Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, in an interesting discussion[15] which followed a lecture[16] given by Lieutenant-Colonel Sladen at the R. A. Institution in 1872, quoted a number of statistics which had led him to the conclusion that one hundred and twenty rounds was the least that should be carried, allowing twenty rounds per hour[17] for a day's action of five hours, and a margin of twenty in case the ammunition columns were not at hand. This is a very moderate estimate when compared to Continental equipments;[18] but I am a believer in averages on such a question, and do not think our small army can ever be so manœuvred as to be far away from its ammunition columns (as occurred to some German corps in their marches to Sedan and Paris) for many days at a time; and, therefore, I am inclined to accept one hundred and twenty rounds per gun as a desirable number, and one hundred rounds as a minimum.

As to the total number to be carried for each gun with an army corps, Prince Hohenlohe's proposition,[19] that the more valuable artillery

[15] Major-General (now General Sir Henry) Lefroy stated that a committee in 1819 calculated that, for an action of some duration, each 9-pounder should have one hundred and sixty-six rounds, each 24-pounder howitzer one hundred and forty-four rounds, each 6-pounder H. A. gun two hundred and twenty-three rounds, and each 12-pounder H. A. howitzer two hundred and thirty-six rounds.

[16] Proceedings R. A. Institution, vol. vii.

[17] The rate of twenty rounds per hour was questioned, but does not appear excessive. According to Kinglake, vol. v. p. 373, the two 18-pounders at Inkerman fired three hundred and seventy-five rounds between 9.30 A.M. and 3 P.M., which gives an average per gun of thirty-four per hour.

[18] *Cf.* Table I. p. 612.

[19] Twelfth Letter.

becomes the more ammunition it will require, will scarcely be challenged, so it will be safe to adopt the number fixed for our 12-pounder B. L. equipment, viz., two hundred and sixty-five[20] as a minimum, that would have to be raised if a mixed armament were introduced.

It will be seen that the weight of ammunition has far more effect on the mobility of the arm, viewed as a whole, than anything else. For instance, a 20-pounder only requires two more horses to draw it than a 12-pounder, but taking as the carrying power 20 rounds per limber, 60 rounds per limber ammunition wagon, and 94 rounds per A. and S. wagon, we find that, with the same number of vehicles, giving eight horses per carriage in the battery, only 9972 20-pounder rounds[21] can be taken for the divisional batteries with 1272 horses against 14,148 12-pounder rounds with 1056 horses, or per gun 185 rounds with 23.5 horses against 262 rounds with 19.5 horses. To carry the same number of rounds (262 per gun) for 20-pounders, 1452 horses would be required, even if the first reserve in limber ammunition wagons were not made equal; and so a 20-pounder requires 7.3 horses more than a 12-pounder. Is such an increase of transport—396 horses per army corps—for an arm which is not the principal constituent of an army, admissible?

The essentials of efficacy of fire are (1) a shell with sufficient contents to effect its purpose, and (2) accuracy of shooting at ordinary ranges.

It would be very difficult to lay down exactly what is a sufficient number of balls for a shrapnel shell, or the best weight for each of them. In our recent wars, our 7-pounder shrapnel[22] do not appear to have had much effect, but the fault may not have been in the shell itself. In Germany the 12-pounder has 160, and the 18-pounder 270 bullets; in France, the 12-pounder 93, and 17-pounder 92; in Russia, the 15-pounder 165, and 27-pounder 340;[23] our 12-pounder has 177, weighing 35 to the pound. Heavier balls will retain their velocity longer after the burst, but, the weights being equal, the larger the

[20] Field Army Establishments, 1888, 22,284 rounds divided by 84 guns. 9072 with the batteries, 6300 first reserve, 6912 second reserve.

[21] Calculation of number of 20-pounder rounds in a limber wagon:

	Cwt.	qrs.	lbs.
Weight of 12-pounder wagon with 72 rounds .	37	3	3
Additional weight of 60 rounds, 20-pounder .	3	0	0
Two additional boxes	2	1	17
Four gunners	6	0	0
Additional strength of boxes	0	3	8
	50	0	0

Number of rounds in A. and S. wagon, $\frac{17}{25}$ of 144 = roughly 94.

[22] For a 200-pound gun it has 21 bullets of 18 to the pound, and 21 bullets of 34 to the pound. For a 400-pound jointed gun it has 48 bullets of 40 to the pound, and 40 bullets of 55 to the pound.

[23] About 42 to the pound.

number the greater the probable effect when the burst is properly regulated.

If common shell be used against earthworks, the effect increases in a higher ratio than the bursting charge, provided the burst take place inside the parapet, and not too near the surface; but from experience gained in China,[24] it would appear that one pound of powder is sufficient to set fire to houses, boat-bridges, etc., and it is doubtful if the amount of the charge has much to do with the destruction of ordinary walls, palisades, and military obstacles, because the burst will generally take place on the far side of them. On the Continent the bursting charges are between seven and ten ounces, except for the Russian 27-pounder, which has 14.44 ounces. Our 12-pounder holds one pound, eight ounces, but it is a steel magazine designed for use against material only, whereas the others are intended to act as man-killing projectiles also.

There certainly is an advantage in a large bursting charge, because it gives a large volume of smoke, and one of the principal uses of common shell will ever be finding the range, for no "range-finder" can make allowances for variations (caused by atmosphere, defective manufacture, etc., etc.) in the effects of the cartridge.[25]

A high velocity increases the probability of hitting; and therefore it would seem that velocity is of greater importance than the size of the shell, after the latter has reached a certain point. This is especially so with shrapnel shell, because the depth of the dangerous zone depends on the flatness of the trajectory. It may be objected that high velocities increase the difficulty of bursting shrapnel properly, but even if the accuracy of burst is impaired, which cannot be entirely admitted with our latest fuses,[26] it is not so necessary with deep zones of action; in fact, as I say, the probability of hitting is increased, and that kind of accuracy is more desirable in war than mathematically correct practice.

High velocities have one disadvantage as regards common shell fired at earthworks, in consequence of the shells ricocheting and not burying themselves;[27] but against this defect there is a certain advantage in firing common shell against houses and ordinary inclosure walls, etc., and an immense increase in the value of shrapnel shell with percussion fuses at ranges where rapidity of fire may be necessary, viz., short ones.[28]

[24] "Text-Book of Gunnery," 1887, p. 31.

[25] *Cf.* Extracts of Proceedings of the Department of the Director of A. and S., vol. xxiii. pp. 855, 886.

[26] They can be set with certainty to eighths of a second.

[27] *Cf.* Table II. p. 618.

[28] Shells with high velocities have a greater probability of being effective at all ranges, for they are less liable to being smothered by the ground, of which instances have been noted at Königgrätz, Vionville, and Tel-el-Mahuta.

Now, shrapnel shell is the principal projectile[29] of (at any rate our) field artillery; the requirements of common shell scarcely affect the question at all. To kill men is the only road to real victory in a pitched battle. Shrapnel is the man-killing projectile, common shell is only an auxiliary. "How about the German common shell in 1870?" That was a man-killing projectile certainly; a double-walled iron shell breaking into many pieces, not a thin steel magazine breaking into five or six; but, good as its effects were, shrapnel with a good fuse skillfully used would have beaten them.[30]

"But," says a large party, "this is an age of intrenchments; look at Plevna! We want a searching fire of shrapnel, and high-velocity guns cannot be used for that." I grant that high-velocity guns cannot be used, but deny that, because the chronic deficiencies in mobility of two armies, and the (in the first instance) bad leading of the attacking one, created the exceptional position of Plevna, we are to have the warfare of the early part of the last century reintroduced. Marlborough taught us how to meet the difficulty of intrenched lines; our soldiers were not long checked by the parapets of Tel-el-Kebir.

"You admit, however, that high velocities lessen the effect of common shell on earthworks." Quite so; but my reading of experiments is that, with the explosives now available, no shell of a weight practicable for field artillery has any serious effect on earth-works (except at very short ranges) without too costly an expenditure of ammunition, because the charges are not large enough to blow the *débris* to a distance, and the crater of one shot is partly filled by the next.[31]

Before commencing this paper my ideal of "shell-power" was large shells, and I thought that a howitzer was a desirable piece for, at any rate, a portion of the field batteries; but I have relinquished that idea in the face of three difficulties.[32]

1. *Tactical.*—The chief, in fact the only, road to success is to gain the superiority in the artillery duel, and, consequently, all available guns should be employed from the very commencement of an action. If

[29] Ordnance Committee Report, No. 244, Extracts D. of A. and S., vol. xxi. p. 84.

[30] A Bulgarian officer pointed out on the ground to one of our regiments the position held by his battery at the battle of Slivnitza against two Servian batteries. The Servians were in position and knew the range, but only used common shell. The Bulgarians used only shrapnel, and, with no more than thirty-four rounds, drove their opponents from the ground with much loss, while their own loss was one horse.

[31] I have been told that at Okehampton, in the summer of 1887, a 20-pounder shell penetrated a stockade composed of two rows of one-foot timber with seven feet of beaten earth between them, and blew some of the rear timber to a great distance. This certainly proves that the form of a parapet was a bad one, but not that it is worth while to take guns into the field capable of demolishing it. If the earth had not been confined and beaten, and had sloped to the front, the shot would have made a trough in it, which the next hit near it would have filled again.

[32] I am now speaking of normal warfare only, and apart from the view that curved fire is not required, and the difficulties entailed by the weight of ammunition.

you have low-velocity pieces, you can only use them after the enemy's guns have been so far silenced that you can take them up to their effective ranges. You are weak in artillery at the very period of the battle when you should be strongest.

2. *Administrative.*—To have a thoroughly-searching fire, such pieces would require two, if not three, different charges, and confusion would inevitably ensue.

3. *Fundamental.*—Nothing is so important in everything connected with war as simplicity. Strict observance of this principle will always bring its reward, its neglect will ever be punished. Simplicity does not admit of specialities only suited for exceptions. One all-round man will do better than two specialists; one gun capable of taking part in all stages of the battle, and of co-operating in all the duties of the field, will be of more use than any mixed assortment.

On those rare occasions when intrenchments can neither be turned nor approached under cover of darkness, the *rôle* of the artillery will be to prevent the defenders aiming their fire by sweeping the crest of the parapets with a storm of shrapnel bullets.

These views force the conclusion that high velocities are essential to efficacy of fire with field guns; but, as the velocity imparted to the projectile has a large influence on the weight of the gun and its carriage, there must be a limit. The limit appears to be the amount of velocity requisite to make shrapnel fire effective at ordinary ranges.

Formerly the ranges of field artillery were limited by the power of its guns, later on by the power of the layer's eyesight. At the present day high velocities and telescopic sights have so far extended them, that, when accidents of ground or atmosphere do not decide the limit, tactical considerations will. The guns of the attack have to cover the deployment of the infantry, and practically, whatever theory may say, they cannot do this from behind it. Too distant a deployment is inadmissible, while a near approach to the enemy's line is impossible. The infantry must not be delayed after its deployment has been made, so the fire must be effective in the first position of the artillery duel, which will not be much less, as a rule, than three thousand yards, and should not be much more. On the side of the defense a greater ranging power is desirable in order to prevent the attacking guns getting up to that distance; but it seems safe to anticipate that ground or atmosphere will nearly always put an end to accuracy at four thousand yards.

Four thousand yards, therefore, may be taken as the extreme range at which really efficacious fire is a necessity. In fixing it, Prince Hohenlohe's opinion, that engagements will often commence with artillery fire at between five thousand five hundred and four thousand five hundred yards, has not been forgotten; but at ranges over four thousand yards the action will always be of a merely delaying charac-

ter, and it is decidedly not worth while to sacrifice any mobility to obtain accuracy during that stage of the combat, in which mobility may play so important a part.

The necessary amount of muzzle velocity varies with the diameter and weight of the shell, and the necessary remaining velocity varies with the weights of the bullets; but the higher the velocity at burst the longer the bullets remain effective[33] and the flatter the trajectory the greater the probability of hitting. With bullets weighing thirty-five to the pound a velocity at burst of seven hundred and twenty-five f.s. will make them effective for one hundred and fifty yards.

On the grounds set forth above, I consider that our new 12-pounder B. L. gun is a piece which, in itself, its ammunition, and its equipment, fulfills all the desirable conditions of mobility, and gives an efficacious fire; and I do not think it is worth while to accept less mobility in order to obtain an increased efficacy of fire.

My reasons are:

1. It is sufficiently powerful.
2. It can be so equipped as to satisfy the requirements of mobility for horse batteries attached to cavalry, and it is a better gun than any other proposed.
3. It amply satisfies the requirements of mobility for the rest of the artillery.
4. A gun more powerful within the limits at present possible would not give a sufficient increase of efficacy to balance the loss of mobility.
5. The advantages to be obtained by uniformity of armament.

1. It is sufficiently powerful, because it is superior to any of the light guns it may be called on to meet, and practically equal in efficacy of fire to the heavier ones. (Table I., "Modern Field Guns,"[34] compiled from various sources, is believed to be quite correct enough for purposes of comparison.) Its efficacy of fire may be judged from the following particulars:

	Remaining Velocity.	Bullets effective (500 f.s.) for about	Angle of Descent.	Dangerous Zone for centre of Cone about	½ sec. of Fuse gives difference of about
	f.s.	*yds.*	° ′	*yds.*	*yds.*
At 4000 yards' range. The commencement of the artillery duel.	750	160	12 55	8	31
At 3000 yards' range. The critical stage of the artillery duel.....	856	200	7 55	15	36
At 2200 yards' range. The last range of the artillery duel.....	963	240	4 45	28	40
At 1600 yards' range. For the commencement of the infantry combat.....	1072	270	2 54	40	45

[33] 500 f.s. striking velocity is required. "Text-Book of Service Ordnance," 1886.

[34] Page 612.

TABLE I.

Modern Field Guns.

Country.	Approximate Weight of Projectile.	Muzzle Velocity.	Remaining Velocity, 3000 yards.	No. of Bullets in Shrapnel Shell.	Bursting Charge of Common Shell.	No. of Rounds in a Gun Limber.	Weight behind Gun Team with Detachment.			No. of Rounds in a Limber Wagon.	Weight behind Wagon Team with Detachment.			No. of Wagons with a Battery.
		f.s.	*f.s.*		*oz.*		*cwt.*	*qrs.*	*lbs.*		*cwt.*	*qrs.*	*lbs.*	
German	12-pr.	1525	770	160	6.88	39	35	1	20	86	49	2	0 [35]	8
"	18 "	1456	775	270	9.88	33	46	2	20	77	52	1	23	8
French	12 "	1608	794	93	8.46	29	37	3	23	77	40	0	18	9
"	17 "	1492	811	92	9.73	27	46	3	12	77	49	0	2	...
Russian	15 "	1350	751	165	7.25	20	32	1	23 [36]	55	31	2	15 [36]	12
"	15 "	1450	775	165	7.25	30	45	1	4	80	46	1	27	12
"	27 "	1225	795	340	14.44	18	50	1	15	45	45	3	17	16
Italian	9 "	1312	691	.....	4.93	48	28	3	0 [35]	112	32	0	0 [35]	...
"	15 "	1489	779	.....	7.04	34	46	2	20 [35]	.....	...	...	.....	...
Austrian	10 "	1395	732	105	.45	40	34	0	0 [35]	112	43	2	0 [35]	...
British	13 "	1595	862	116	.10	36	42	2	2 [37]	108	55	0	0 [38]	6
"	12 "	1720	856	177	.24	36	40 / 45 (R. H. A.)	2 / 0 (R. H. A.)	0 / 0	72	43	3	0 [38]	6
"	20 "	1667 [35]	920 [35]	320 [35]	.33 [35]	20 [35]	50 (R. A.)	0	0 [35]	60 [35]	50	0	0 [35 39]	...

[35] Approximate only. [36] Carry no detachment. [37] With two gunners. [38] With four gunners. [39] See Note, p. 607.

At six hundred yards the "dangerous distance" for cavalry extends over the whole range.

A shell from it will travel faster than the sound of its discharge up to two thousand five hundred yards. This is important because, with low-velocity guns, as was observed at Plevna, working parties have time to get under cover between the report of the discharge and the arrival of the projectile.[40]

2. For the horse batteries attached to cavalry the loads require reducing to six hundred-weight per horse. A new carriage and limber now designed will save at least two hundred-weight, and the remainder can be made up by removing two valises (thirty-one pounds, eight ounces), two carbines (fourteen pounds, fourteen ounces), two pairs breast-harness traces (nine pounds, twelve ounces), one camp-kettle (eight pounds, ten ounces), and twelve rounds of ammunition (one hundred-weight, three-quarters, eight pounds), leaving twenty-four rounds in the limber. The wagons can have eight horses on the march, taking six under fire; and three spare limbers, with four horses apiece, could be added to carry the articles taken off the gun limbers.[41] This would give the guns six rounds apiece more than the present equipment, and greatly facilitate the supply of ammunition in action.

There have been rumors of a proposal to give horse batteries a lighter gun, throwing the twelve-and-a-half-pound projectiles at a lower velocity. This can be done by either (*a*) shortening the gun and using the same charge, or (*b*) having a special cartridge. With the second plan there would be more liability to confusion than if the gun had entirely different ammunition, and both seem wrong, because horse batteries should have as powerful and long-ranging a gun as field batteries: first, on account of their liability to get engaged singly when the power of each piece is far more important than in the contests of masses; and, secondly, because, with our small force of cavalry, we shall not be able to afford many cavalry combats, and the chief *rôle* of the combined arms will be reconnoitring, in which it is important to be able to test the enemy's strength from a distance, in order to retain the power of disengaging, if it prove too great to be dealt with. It has been said[42] that the loss of velocity is unimportant, because, at high velocities, the resistance of the air is so great that the remaining velocity of the lighter gun is at long ranges nearly equal to that of the other. If this be so, then the present 12-pounder is a mistake, and should be replaced by the other.

[40] *Cf.* "Text-Book of Gunnery," 1887, p. 114.

[41] This arrangement is one using existing carriages. A greater number of rounds could be carried with the same number of horses in special four-horse limbers. *Vide* Extracts D. of A., vol. xxv. p. 109.

[42] Silver Medal Essay, R. A. Institution, 1888.

Some officers consider that the horse artillery should take part in the infantry combat, and a light howitzer[43] has been suggested as a suitable weapon. But its use for this purpose would be very costly; and the divisional batteries being integral portions of the infantry divisions their co-operation must be easier and more satisfactory.

The claims of a quick-firing 8-pounder gun have recently been advanced, and are worthy of notice. Apart, however, from the weights behind the teams being probably no lighter,[44] and the weight of a round of fixed ammunition being comparatively very great considered in relation to the effectiveness of the shell, there is the objection that, at the only ranges at which rapidity of fire can be desirable or necessary, the machine-guns (now given to cavalry), with their capability of being traversed during firing, will be far more effective than any piece of artillery dependent on the action of a fuse.

With regard to quick-firing guns for field artillery, I would remark that the weight of the ammunition is the real governing factor of mobility; and if an 8-pounder quick-firing gun requires to fire two rounds to produce the same effect as a 12-pounder breech-loading gun with one round, it is not so mobile, although the gun itself may be lighter. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred, an ordinary 12-pounder gun can fire rapidly enough; but if we can get a 12-pounder quick-firing gun with the same mobility, by all means let us have it, and so be prepared for the hundredth case.

3. The only alteration in the present equipment necessary to satisfy the requirements of mobility for the rest of the field artillery is an addition of two horses for each ammunition wagon of the horse batteries belonging to the corps artillery.

4. It will probably be admitted that there would be no advantage in introducing a gun throwing a shell of a weight intermediate between twelve and a half and twenty pounds.

At present a 20-pounder means a load of fifty hundred-weight, and that requires an eight-horse team.

The weight of the gun and carriage will be at least twenty-four hundred-weight against the twenty hundred-weight of the Armstrong 12-pounder, which has been assigned as a limit. This, perhaps, is the most serious objection of all.

If a 20-pounder were adopted it would have to be given to all the batteries of the divisional artillery, for to arm the batteries of a

[43] Silver Medal Essay, R. A. Institution, 1879.

[44] I gather from his lecture at the Royal United Service Institution in January, 1888, that Mr. Nordenfelt's 6-pounder, with eighty rounds, and the necessary equipment and men, would weigh thirty-five and a half hundred-weight at least, as without men, personal equipment, etc., it weighs thirty-one and a half hundred-weight; as, too, eighty rounds weigh seven hundred-weight, one quarter, he only allows eight hundred-weight, one quarter for limber with boxes and wheels, and it is doubtful if that weight would admit of sufficient endurance.

division with different guns is about the same as to give some companies of a battalion a different rifle from the others. As before shown, to carry as many rounds for 20-pounders as are now carried for 12-pounders it would require an increase of no less than three hundred and ninety-six horses, with which increase of transport two additional batteries, either horse or field, could be given to an army corps; or the two field batteries of the corps artillery could be replaced by horse batteries, and fifty-four rounds more per gun could be carried, making the total three hundred and nineteen instead of two hundred and sixty-five.

It may be said that it would not cost much transport to give 20-pounders to the two field batteries of the corps artillery, but such a proposition would show an entirely mistaken idea of the *rôle* of corps artillery. It cannot too often be recalled to mind that the corps artillery is a reserve, and that the only justification for using it at the commencement of a battle is that its mobility enables a commander to take it out of action and transfer it rapidly elsewhere if occasion arises. Batteries of the corps artillery armed with 20-pounders would have to be treated as a reserve, and would consequently not be available at the commencement of a battle, when their value is incalculable.

A single battery of 20-pounders would, I admit, beat one of 12-pounders, if both were handled with equal skill; but I believe that six batteries of 12-pounders would be more than a match for six batteries of 20-pounders during the course of a battle, in consequence of their concentrating more quickly in the first position and their extra mobility during the course of the combat.

The 20-pounder will doubtless be an excellent gun of reserve on the lines of communication; and will be very suitable for batteries manned by auxiliary forces employed in defensive battles, as the number of men to guns may be large, and with their want of continuous practice it is impossible for them to attain more mobility than it allows. But for the present the opinion of the 16-pounder Committee in 1870 holds good, viz., that a 20-pound shell is too heavy for field service.

5. The advantages of uniformity of armament, which we have at last obtained, at any rate for the moment, are so patent as hardly to need recital; but among them the possibility of lessening the amount of spare stores and the number of rounds per gun is especially noticeable. Our own equipments afford a good example, as with 9-pounders and 16-pounders we carried for the former one hundred and forty-eight rounds with the battery, and three hundred in all, while with the 12-pounders the numbers are one hundred and eight and two hundred and sixty-five.

It will probably be said that uniformity has often been attempted without success, and that all other artilleries have at least two calibres.

It has never succeeded because, until now, the heavier guns alone

had efficacious fire at the extreme practical ranges; but in future they will never be out of reach of the lighter ones, and so the conditions have entirely changed.

It is true that other artilleries have two calibres, but, as with them many corps act together, they can always count on a large number of light H. A. guns for the commencement of battles; and their masses are so large and evenly balanced that their armies cannot, as a whole, have great mobility, and small differences in equipment may tell. Their forces, too, are solely equipped for European warfare, and, although I am advocating a 12-pounder armament for that purpose, I do so partly because it also can be made available for the peculiar warfare that our army has so often to undertake.

With us the only hope of being able to measure our strength with even the lesser European armies lies in the possession of greatly superior mobility; while in case of invasion the number of our field guns is so small that all our regular batteries will have to serve as corps artillery, and probably some of the field batteries will have to attempt, what to them is almost an impossibility, even with 12-pounders, the *rôle* of horse artillery.[45]

"Having got your 12-pounder, then, you would rest and be thankful?" Not at all! Advance in science will, perhaps soon, enable us to produce a more powerful gun with more effective ammunition, without increasing the weights of either, or it may increase our powers of transport. Augmentation of weight is at the best a clumsy expedient. In the mean time there is plenty of room for improvement in our present equipment, in our knowledge of explosives, and in, what is most important of all, the training of ourselves; for a 12-pounder well placed and well served would be more than a match for a 100-pounder in unskillful hands.

Uniformity of armament is now possible, and our adoption of it has placed us far in advance of any other artillery. Any change will be a retrograde step.

Space will only admit of a short consideration of the requirements of—

II. ABNORMAL WARFARE.

A.—*With wheeled transport.*

(*a*) Against disciplined troops, in such countries as Egypt or Southern Russia.

The 12-pounder B. L. gun has as much mobility as any it would be opposed to, and, taking into consideration the retardation affecting all arms, the field batteries would be sufficiently mobile. The changes of equipment proposed for batteries attached to cavalry could be extended to all the horse artillery, and, if that did not sufficiently lighten the loads, the example of Russia could be followed, and the whole

[45] Tonnage for sea transport also affects the question with us.

detachment could be mounted, which would be a gain of at least three hundred-weight with each gun carriage.

(*b*) Against uncivilized or semi-civilized people.

The difficulties of transport are nearly always very great, but, as artillery plays quite a secondary *rôle*, and the engagements are of short duration, both the number of guns and the amount of ammunition necessary to carry are small.

For the greater part of the artillery, a light howitzer (which would throw a large common shell for moral effect and the firing of villages, and would give a powerful case-fire at short ranges) would seem a good weapon. At the same time a few long-ranging pieces would be advisable, and they might be 12-pounder B. L. guns, or the 9-pounder R. M. L. guns, which have been already tried and found suitable in South Africa.[46]

B.—*Mountain Warfare.*

In this the tactical conditions are quite different from those obtaining on the plains. Positions frequently cannot be turned; neither side can use masses of artillery, and every boulder affords shelter.

Therefore, in spite of difficulties of transport, the advantages to be gained by the presence with a force of a few howitzers, giving a searching fire, are too great to be neglected; but the greater number of guns must be fairly long-ranging pieces, in consequence of the ranging power of modern rifles.

A 3-pounder quick-firing gun has been suggested, but it cannot compete with machine-guns at its useful ranges.

Under this heading may be included the cases of countries where camels, or coolies, are the only means of transport.

C.—*Asiatic Warfare.*

In Asia, villages and forts built of mud or sun-dried bricks are frequently met with, and, as ordinary field pieces have little effect on them, a few heavy guns of position and howitzers are necessary. Elephants render their transport fairly easy, and accordingly the objections to such pieces for European warfare do not apply. But if ever we have to meet a European foe in Asia, the heavy batteries will in no way be able to supply the deficiency in mobile field artillery.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hime, in his brilliant papers on the "Mobility of Field Artillery," in volumes vi. and vii. of the R. A. Institution Proceedings, has proved beyond question that every advance in mobility has immediately increased the usefulness and importance of artillery, while successive augmentations of shell-power have sometimes had an opposite effect. It therefore behooves us to be quite sure of our ground before sacrificing a particle of mobility for the sake of shell-power, especially when we have, as has never been the case before,

[46] Extracts D. of A. and S., vol. xviii. p. 284.

a gun fulfilling all the requirements of mobility, and giving an efficacious fire at all ranges tactically possible.

Marshal Marmont's dictum holds true, perhaps more for our own than for any other army: "Le premier mérite de l'artillerie, après la bravoure des canonniers et la justesse du tir, c'est la mobilité."

TABLE II.

Comparative size of Craters made in Earth-works.

Range. Yards.		Nature of Soil.			
		Clay.		Light.	
		12-pr.	20-pr.	12-pr.	20-pr.
1200.....	Length, feet.....	5.75	5.01	5	5.02
	Breadth, "	4.5	4.14	3.6	4.12
	Depth, "	2.12	2.28	1.45	1.75
2500.....	Length, "	5	6.28	4.28	5.43
	Breadth, "	5.5	4.85	3.85	4.37
	Depth, "	2	2.5	1.07	1.62

R. F. JOHNSON,
Captain R.A.

A LITTLE SPECK OF WAR.

A NAVAL REMINISCENCE.

It is a good many years, now, since the Rocktown people fell out with the Grébos,—or, rather, with that particular clan or tribe of Grébos which dwelt within the precincts of the town-land of Harper. Harper is on Cape Palmas, a prominent headland of the Guinea coast, near the southern extremity of the territory claimed by Liberia, settled for the most part by colored emigrants from the United States, together with some white missionaries and teachers,—on the very point of the rocky promontory, against which dash the waves of the Atlantic, with a clean sweep towards the west, to the embouchure of the Amazon.

The Grébo people were an inoffensive race; rather light-colored and comely, for Africans; much given to lounging and sleep during the day, and to drinking "trade-rum" and drumming and dancing by night. These regular occupations they varied by a little fishing and the cultivation of some rice and cassava, the latter work being done mostly by the women. The latter were unusually comely, light-colored, and stalwart; but their habitual want of clothing, as they carried the heavy water-jars up the hill, or dove for shell-fish, or worked their plantations, was in curious contrast with their neighbors, the settlers' wives and daughters, in their cotton gowns and sun-bonnets.

Just under the northern declivity of the ridge which formed the cape a little river flowed into the Atlantic, the bottom-land of which the Grébos had used for rice-fields from time immemorial,—and the crowded but picturesque native town, with its high, conical thatched roofs, overhung by graceful palms, lay all along the only road which led from the settlement on the cape itself to the town of Harper, a little inland.

The native town, thus sandwiched in between two settlements of whitewashed, clapboarded, shingle-roofed American habitations, seemed in odd contrast with them; especially as the savage native life, in all its squalor, with "high custom" on occasion, went on just as it had done in that same place ages before the strangers had come and built about them. Why not? There was no such desirable place for leagues round, or one where fish were more abundant, while the

palms, which gave the name to the cape, afforded oil for "chop," and the rich bottom-land grew rice and cassava with a minimum of work. Driftwood for fires came down by the river, and was brought up by the women, to be used not only for cooking, but for the lighting of the dances and, occasionally, for the smoking of the bodies of dead "kings," or headmen. Trade-rum was not dear, and the sun shone hot every day. What more could a true Grébo desire?

But while the Grébos, amiable by nature, were only lazily and passively savage, the Rocktown people (as they were called by the American settlers), only a few miles up the coast, were of an entirely different breed: a pestilent set, indeed, aggressively savage, and much feared by their milder neighbors, upon whom, it was said, they had intruded—coming from the interior—not many generations before. This may or may not have been. Startling tribal differences and characteristics occur within trifling geographical distances on that coast; but, under the leadership of their chief (a huge black fellow with an unpronounceable name, but always called "Rocktown Jack" by the settlers), they had set up a claim to some of the very desirable rice-land of the Grébos, which claim was entirely unfounded, according to the testimony not only of the defendant tribe, but also that of the oldest settlers.

Nevertheless, the truculent Jack—after the fashion of some other great men whose names he had never heard—proceeded to make his unjust claim good by invading the Grébo town by night with fire and sword, killing two or three people, wounding others, and carrying off three young men, to be held until his enemies submitted to his claims. Several houses were also burned by these raiders,—the wonder being that they had not burned the whole town, so inflammable were the thatched habitations. The captives who were taken to Rocktown were secured there by splitting open palm-trunks, cutting notches in the sides for the ankles of the unfortunates, and then lashing together the ends of the split portions, out of reach of the prisoners, who could do nothing but lie upon their backs in these original stocks, exposed to the sun by day and the chilly dews by night. They were reported to be dependent for food upon the charity of the Rocktown women,—a very precarious means of living, from all accounts.

Here was a state of things! Not only was there inhumanity and blood-thirstiness which required rebuke, but there was imminent danger hanging over the American colored settlers and their homes whenever the truculent Jack should, by dwelling upon his victory, and by drumming, dancing, and "trade-rum," become sufficiently excited to repeat his midnight raid.

Just then, to the joy of all Cape Palmas, there came in, from a cruise to the southward, the United States brig "Dolphin," on board which the writer was then serving. The "Dolphin" was of a type now

gone out; a taut, saucy, and rather piratical-looking craft, which, although carrying six thirty-twos and eighty men and officers, was of so small a tonnage that she could be rowed, in calm time and smooth water, by the six long "sweeps" with which she was fitted, each one operated by five or six men. In this respect she was a survival of the galleys, and more than once during the cruise did the "white-ash breeze" of her long sweeps serve her in good stead.

The "Dolphin" had hardly dropped her anchor when a deputation of settlers arrived on board to represent the unpleasant condition of things (as well as the apprehension of worse to come) under which the colony was laboring.

They were listened to with due courtesy and patience, for at that time the United States cruisers were still enjoined to exercise a fostering care over Liberian interests; and it was evident, at any rate, that Rocktown Jack's conduct was without a shadow of excuse, and that his proceedings must be checked and a proper lesson administered in the interests of humanity.

Our captain, therefore, dispatched a formal message to Rocktown to inform the redoubtable Jack that he must come on board the "Dolphin" at once and hold "palaver," which, in the coast lingo, means a solemn official talk. In the course of three or four hours the canoe returned with the message, bearing the reply that Jack "wanted no palaver, and that the man-o'-war captain might——" well, that something permanently unpleasant might happen to him.

Of course, such an answer was not to be tolerated; for, in addition to the insult, as well as the danger of loss of prestige, so necessary to be kept up, there was imminent and constant peril for the people living on shore if Jack were to be allowed to "bluff" the "war-ship," as they called the little "Dolphin."

Another message was at once dispatched to the chief, to say that unless he appeared on board before noon on the following day, direful things might be expected to happen to him and his.

Now, Jack's very snug, well-built town was situated upon a beach of sand, but its name was derived from a reef of rocks several miles long, which extended parallel with the beach and about a mile seaward from it. When there was any swell the surf broke in thunder on this reef; but inside of it there was plenty of water for the brig. The trouble was, that the infrequent passages by which she might approach the town were unsurveyed and, indeed, unknown. As for landing the small force of men we could send, either above or below, and marching to attack the place by land, it would, indeed, have been a forlorn hope,—what with the deadly sun, the night damps, the swamps to be crossed, the thickets of tropical "bush," and the active resistance of the savage chief, who was supplied with plenty of muskets and ammunition. So the upshot of the afternoon's exchange of messages was, that

Jack, relying upon his natural defenses and the fighting qualities of his people, laughed in the face of the great United States, as represented by the brig-of-war "Dolphin."

But the chief was to be rudely awakened from his dream of security. Our captain, a quiet, determined little man and a good officer, seeing that there was an unusually smooth sea and a full moon, sent in a boat that same night and sounded and buoyed out a passage through the reef nearly opposite to the town. The buoys were the ordinary pine "shot-plugs," then carried by all men-of-war, and the anchors for them were 32-pound shot; but the shot-plugs bobbed up serenely as the swell came in the passage, and answered their temporary purpose as well as if they had cost five hundred dollars apiece and had been laid down by the Treasury Department.

Then, when the appointed hour came next day, without any sign of the approach of Jack, or of any message from him, the brig's chain was quietly hove in, the anchor catted, the sweeps manned, and the little vessel was soon gliding over the rounded swell of the ocean straight for the marked passage. It was touch and go. A slight breeze from seaward or a sudden increase in the swell—so common an occurrence on that coast—would have upset all our plans, and perhaps have ended by leaving the brig's bones there upon the coral. But neither of these things occurred, and, after a few anxious moments, we floated into the lagoon all right. Basking in the mid-day sun lay the town; and, apparently in defiance, a flag was hoisted upon a tall staff in the midst of a cluster of the largest houses. Overhanging all were fine palms, towering aloft, with a background of the dark African "bush," while the dazzling white beach in front was divided from the blue water by a little silver line where the slight swell broke.

Glasses were leveled upon the town, where a preternatural quiet seemed to reign; but upon the beach there scudded about two or three naked black forms, whose movements evinced excitement and surprise at our success in passing the barrier reef. On we came until about a third of a mile from the place, when the sweeps were taken in, a kedge let go, with a spring upon the hawser, and the broadside promptly warped round to bear upon the flag-staff. The black figures upon the beach had disappeared, and the whole place seemed to sleep in the quietude of the tropical noontide, the colors upon the flag-staff drooping so heavily in the calm that the strongest glass could not make out the device (if any existed) of the royal house of Rocktown.

"Point at the flag-staff! Ready! Fire!" and a round shot from No. 1 gun raked up the sand and ricochetted through a roof close to the mark. "No. 2! Fire!" and a shell went into the same roof, which presently sprang into a light flame. No. 3 brought down staff, flag, and all.

The whole three shots were fired in less than a minute, and the

change wrought was marvelous. Pouring out, like ants from their disturbed nest, a mass of black human forms, goats, fowls, and every other living thing in the place took to the "bush" in a twinkling, leaving the group of houses immediately about the flag-staff on fire and burning merrily. "Cease firing!" was the next order from the brig's quarter-deck, and then we quietly waited results, which were not long in becoming apparent, for in a very few minutes, from a point lower down the beach and out of the line of fire, a native was seen industriously waving a dingy white cloth in one hand and a green branch in the other, which universal sign of parley was answered by a weft from our fore-truck. Then a small "dug-out" was hauled across the sand and launched into the water, and the paddle plied vigorously by an individual whose sole clothing was a straw hat and a waist-cloth. He stopped paddling occasionally to wave his green branch, but at last came alongside, and gave us to understand that Jack had changed his mind and was willing to hold "palaver."

"Very well!" replied our skipper, "let him be on board to-morrow at Cape Palmas anchorage when the sun is three hours high," at the same time pointing to the place in the eastern sky.

The ambassador, who was evidently not very sure of his own personal safety, paddled off with his message, and we at once began to warp the vessel out of her unsafe position. While we were doing this the inhabitants of the bombarded town returned and employed themselves in fighting the flames, which they did by pulling down all the fragile houses surrounding those on fire, by which means they saved the materials for rebuilding. When the brig was once more in the usual anchorage word was sent to the Cape Palmas people to have the leading colonists and the Grébo chiefs on board next day at the appointed hour, and then our men slept well after their exertions and "speck of war" in the tropical sun.

The morning brought the usual cloudless sky and early heat. Decks were holy-stoned, bright work burnished, ropes flemished down, awnings spread, and everything put in apple-pie order for the diplomatic interview.

Before nine the Cape Palmas people and the Grébo chiefs came off; and soon after, from the other direction, appeared three huge canoes, with about twenty paddlers to each one, bearing Jack and his suite. Jack was heralded, as became a great man, by constant salvos of musketry, beating of drums, and braying of long horns from performers in the leading canoe.

Although under the *ægis* of the star-spangled banner, and with our full force of marines (five privates and a corporal) under arms upon the quarter-deck, it was very evident that the Grébos, and even the settlers themselves, were a little uneasy at the close approach of the redoubtable Jack; and they rather huddled together as the big chief

came over the gangway and glared upon his enemies upon the other side of the deck with a sardonic smile at their perturbation, which enabled one to see that his huge front teeth were filed to a point like a shark's.

His equipment was peculiar, to say the least of it. Upon his head was a huge, fuzzy, white, bell-crowned hat, like that we see in some portraits of General Jackson; his body was partly clothed in an old swallow-tailed uniform coat, ridiculously small for his stalwart frame, as the front did not meet by nearly a foot and the sleeves only came half-way from the elbows to the wrists, while his only other article of clothing was a breech-cloth of ordinary blue dungaree. But the most remarkable article about his person was a piece of plaited leather, polished by long use, which encircled his neck and then hung down almost to his ankles. At the end of this hung a silver bell, of the shape and size of a small cow-bell, which he kicked at every step, and which thereupon gave out a resonant clang.

As this figure stalked aft and met our commander—a small, well-built man, extremely precise in dress, and wearing a well-starched shirt-collar and trim little leg-of-mutton whiskers—the contrast was most striking. One was a type of brute force, and the other the "centurion" of civilization.

For a moment the savage warrior faltered before the glance of the civilized man of war, but only for a moment, and then he burst out, in the coast lingo,—

"My name Jack! My properee war-man! My no lib for bush! My no wanchee palaver! Wanchee *war!*" at the same time striking his chest a sounding blow with his open hand, and sounding his bell with a grotesque kick.

There was a shudder among the Grébos and Cape Palmas men; but it was evident to us that Jack was rehearsing a part he had previously resolved upon, for his loss in property, as well as in prestige, on the previous day, had been very severe, and he was too sharp a fellow to have come on board and put himself in our power, unless he had felt that he had to come down and make a peace. But, even after the lesson he had had, he was anxious to make an impression upon the Cape Palmas people, probably in the hope that they might abate their demands.

But our small skipper was too old a hand on the coast to take any "nonsense" from any chief, and he was not at all overcome by Jack's size, or his barbaric splendor of costume; so, raising himself upon tiptoe, and shaking his forefinger under the huge savage's nose, he said, in a low, determined tone, "Be quiet, sir! Stand here!" and Jack's jaw dropped at once, as he sulkily but quietly ranged himself, with his followers, upon the opposite side of the deck from the Palmas people. He could understand a good deal of English,—that is, "coast"

English,—but it was more in accordance with native etiquette for each chief to speak through a "mouth" or interpreter, while one of our officers, with pen and ink, reduced the proceedings to writing.

Amid perfect quiet our commander then opened the proceedings, saying that "Jack and the Rocktown people must cease all war and encroachment upon the Grébos, and keep the peace in the future, or it would be the worse for him."

Upon hearing this remarkably short verbal protocol, so unfavorable to his own views, the negro chief, evidently boiling with rage, showed his teeth, filed to the shape of a shark's, scowled, and glanced furtively round, as if to see whether there was any way of escape to his canoes; but his native shrewdness showed him at once that he must "face the music," and, forgetting his "mouth," he began some justification of his conduct in coast lingo, made up of English, Portuguese, and native words. But his oration was speedily stopped; the commander quietly telling him that he had sent for him to "set" a palaver, and nothing else; and that if he did not do so the rest of the American squadron would come, land their men, and drive him out of his country altogether.

To say that Jack was in a rage at this address would be a very mild term indeed; but he was no fool, if he was a ruffian, and quickly realized that he could not help himself; so, after some rapid interchange of words, in an undertone, with his headmen, he intimated that he was willing to have the palaver concluded or "sot," as they say in that part of the world. The whole negotiation had lasted less than ten minutes,—a curious contrast with the time taken by treaty-making commissions in some other parts of the world. The whole proceedings, including the gunpowder part, had occupied less than twenty-four hours.

Usually, on such occasions, the principals sit down and their subordinates squat about their rear, in a semicircle, but our skipper would have none of that, and so all parties stood.

By the suggestion of an old settler, experienced in such matters, and knowing what the natives considered solemn and binding, a great wash hand-basin of fresh water was brought up and placed upon the "trunk" of the little brig, with a plate of hard bread, while the Grébo men produced a large snuff-box, containing a brown powder, said to be made from dried human heart, and "big fetich for make man speak true."

Jack and the Palmas chief then advanced towards each other, put out and touched right hands, and then snapped fingers. The Rocktown man fixed his late enemy with his eye, while the glance of the other fell upon the deck in a sheepish sort of way, as if he was still under cow, even among his protectors. Then each stooped and sucked up a mouthful of water from the bowl and gently *squirted* it out

again over each other. Next they took a piece of "hard-tack" and broke it between them, each eating a fragment at the same time; after which came the solemn moment when the great "gree-gree" powder, which was to make "strong palaver," was brought forth in the big snuff-box. Each high contracting party wet the tip of his forefinger, dipped it into the powder, and put it upon the tip of his tongue.

The instant this was done the strain under which both sides seemed to have been laboring gave way to smiles and ejaculations of satisfaction. The "palaver was sot!"—or, in other words, the treaty of peace was concluded.

Although the result of compulsion, as far as the Rocktown people were concerned, no sooner was the fact communicated to the canoes lying off on our beam than they began a firing of blank charges from their muskets, and a braying of horns and beating of drums and yells from the paddlers which might have been heard for miles away.

Snatching a deck-trumpet and mounting the "horse-block" our little skipper sang out, in stentorian tones, singularly in contrast with the size of his body, "Stop that infernal noise!" and, when quiet was once more restored (as much through the effect of his gestures as of what he said), he caused Jack to at once fulfill an implied part of the treaty by dispatching a canoe for the Grébo prisoners who were in his possession.

All diplomacy, and especially all treaty-making diplomacy, seems to turn to feasting, and our treaty was not without that feature. While the canoe was gone the ship's cook served to the plenipotentiaries and their suites a banquet of boiled salt pork, hard-tack, plum-duff, and ship's whisky, duly watered.

In spite of the recently-concluded peace, the contracting parties showed no disposition to fraternize, but kept scrupulously to their own sides of the deck. This exclusiveness did not, however, interfere with huge feeding and the absorption of as much "half-water grog" as the commander would permit, for this was before the days of the abolition of the spirit ration in the navy. Then pipes and strong navy tobacco were produced, and all sat and smoked solemnly until, in about two hours, the canoe returned with *one* unfortunate, emaciated Grébo, half dead from starvation and exposure, and with great ulcers upon his ankles, where the rough stocks had galled them, and upon his back, where he had laid so long upon the bare ground.

"Where were the other two prisoners they had taken?"

"Lib for die!" (Coast lingo for dead.)

"Who kill 'em?"

"Nobody! Lib for die."

Turning to the Cape Palmas men, the commander asked them if they thought the other two had been murdered, but they seemed to take the void in the list of prisoners as a little incident of that kind of

warfare,—a natural thing, in fact, under the circumstances. As they yielded so readily to the fortune of war it did not seem to behoove us to make much ado about it, and so we turned our attention to the rescued Grébo. His wounds were dressed, his stomach partially filled, and he was soon dispatched on shore with his friends. When they were well off and out of the way, the Rocktown chief and his adherents were allowed to depart in their many-paddle canoes. They proceeded in grim and solemn silence until half a mile away from the vessel, when the necessity for making a noise, which possesses every African, once more asserted itself, and the firing of muskets, drumming, yelling, and braying of horns began again, to be kept up long after they landed and far into the night.

Thus ended an eventful day in the annals of Cape Palmas. We must add, to Jack's credit, that, so long as we remained upon the coast, he kept the treaty faithfully.

Times have changed everywhere except in that part of the world; and it is only a few weeks since we read in the public prints of the "regulation" of a native "war" by an English cruiser in precisely the same manner that we did it in the "Dolphin;" the only difference being that the Englishmen killed a few natives, while our bombardment of Rocktown only caused the death of one black pig and the burning of a dozen thatched houses.

E. Shippen,
Medical Director U.S.N.

OPERATIONS AGAINST HOSTILE INDIANS WITH GENERAL GEORGE CROOK, 1867–'68.

THE EXPEDITION IN MARCH.

(Continued from page 498.)

OUR experience during the month of February, while crossing the great plains in the southern and eastern portions of the State of Oregon, which were covered with snow, without a vestige of shrub or tree to relieve the eye as the blazing mid-day sun shone like a mirror on its level surface, cautioned us to make special precautions against snow-blindness.

On the last expedition a few of the men became snow-blind and suffered intense pain; the eyes became very much inflamed, some being so much swelled up as to be entirely closed, and the men's horses had to be led on the march. As many as could procured goggles. All had campaign hats issued to them, and instructions were given for every man to keep his face blackened with burnt cork, which will relieve the eyes from the terrible glare of the sun and snow. The troops consisted of Company "H," First Cavalry, fifty-two men, with twelve men of Company "I," Twenty-third Infantry, attached and mounted; twenty-seven men of Company "D," Twenty-third Infantry, mounted, (Lieutenant Eschenburg); and fourteen Indian scouts,—all under command of General Crook, Lieutenant A. H. Nickerson, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, and Acting Assistant Surgeon Dickson as medical officer. Lieutenant Duncan Sherman was my second lieutenant and acted as aide-de-camp to the general. We started from Warner on the 9th of March, 1868, with a month's rations and a limited quantity of grain, taking the trail for Stein's Mountain again.

The men presented a very comical appearance as they formed line preparatory to moving out: all had heavy black marks around their eyes, just as if they had been in the prize-ring for half a dozen rounds. Some had gone in for artistic work and smeared their faces all over, while others had blue or green goggles on; but while they made good use of the burnt cork they need have no fear of snow-blindness.

At the head of Warner Lake we were joined by Company "C," Eighth Cavalry, from Camp Harney, Captain Kelley commanding.

We struck our old trail leading towards Stein's Mountain, and reached the bluffs overlooking "Dunder and Blitzen" Valley on the 13th. Our scouts had been out two days in advance, and returned to our camp at the bluffs, reporting fires in the valley. Next morning we moved down, and about ten o'clock came across a band of Indians camped in a rocky canyon near the "Dunder and Blitzen" Creek. After the first few shots from our carbines a portion of the command made an effort to charge with revolvers on the stampeded Indians, but the canyon was narrow and the sides very steep and rocky. We therefore deployed the men dismounted and advanced up the canyon, the line extending from one bluff to the other; those on the slopes finding it very difficult to get along owing not only to the steepness of the sides, but also to large boulders and loose sliding rock. We soon came upon some of the Indians hiding behind the rocks, but they kept so close that it was almost an impossibility to get a shot at any of them. Very soon, however, the arrows began to fly thick and fast, and as the location of the shooters was thus established, the troops who were on the side-hill near the top advanced quickly and manœuvred so as to get above the Indians and shoot down on them. Two or three men got within fifteen or twenty yards of the redskins before they could see them plainly enough to shoot with any accuracy; their clothes were literally riddled with arrows. One man received a steel-headed poisoned arrow through the left arm, the arrow passing half its length through the arm. Several other men were wounded more or less severely. One arrow struck me in the hip, penetrating about a couple of inches, but did not prove serious. When the arrows discontinued we found but one dead Indian, a great big savage-looking fellow, who was riddled with bullets before he was killed; both legs and both his arms were broken, and he had half a dozen or more shots through his body, one or two in the face, and one—that sent him to the happy hunting-ground—through the right eye; but farther on more "good" Indians were found who had succumbed to the fire of our men. The skirmish lasted about three or four hours. We scoured the country thoroughly, and then made camp on the creek in the valley, where we could obtain water and dry willows for fire-wood. It was not very pleasant camping; the winter was breaking up and the snow in the valleys was melting, so that we had to pack sage-brush on the ground to lay our blankets on in order to keep out of the mud and slush. The next few days we continued our march, through the spurs and ranges above the valley, in a north-easterly direction, sometimes struggling through miles of snow-drifts, and at other times wading through mud and slush up to our saddle-girths, with frequent blizzards of snow, sleet, or rain beating in our faces. In the low, flat country and on the side-hills where the snow had melted off, the horses' feet would sink down into the soggy mire, and in their struggles to drag their feet up

again the sharp, jagged rocks that covered the ground would tear and lacerate their legs until the blood would come; then the poor animals would have to stand all night exposed to frost and snow in a small space controlled by the length of their lariat. Many a man deprived himself of his shirt-sleeves to make bandages to protect his horse's legs; the poor dumb animals would indicate their appreciation of the kindness shown them by their riders by every sign known and readily recognized by the true cavalryman. Among cavalrymen generally there is (everywhere) a peculiar bond of affection that is not understood by the ordinary mortal. When a cavalryman loses his horse he loses his best friend, and his usefulness is gone for the time being. More especially is this the case with United States cavalry on a scout, with perhaps two or three hundred miles between them and the nearest military station or settlement of any kind, with the intervening country beset with roving bands of hostile Indians; it therefore behooves a man to even sacrifice his own comforts to benefit his horse, under such conditions as surrounded us on this occasion, even if the man's own nature did not prompt him to it. Many a time have I seen men of my company take their own blankets to cover their horses on those cold, clear, frosty nights in the Stein's Mountain country during that unusually cold winter of 1867–'68. I have seen them, too, take their hard-tack and share it with their horses when ordinary grazing, or even the white sage, was covered with snow. As for grain, we had none after being out a week or so. When it is remembered that the allowance of hard bread (hard-tack) is one pound per day per man, it will be seen that the man and horse had not very much to make a square meal on. The horses would eat the hard biscuit with much relish, but salt pork or bacon they respectfully declined.

On the 17th of March we camped about 1 o'clock P.M. on a knoll in a valley overlooking the Malheur country; the entire valley was almost a lake, caused by the melting snow. We found bunch-grass for our animals about a mile distant on a side-hill, which was the first grazing of any account since we left our garrison. Late that afternoon we discovered a long column of mounted men passing across the valley about five miles off; our first thought was "Indians," but very soon after our field-glasses brought into view a pack-train in rear of the column, and we knew that it was some organized command, and our chief of scouts rode out to obtain particulars. The command was Company "F," First Cavalry (Captain Perry), returning to Camp Harney after a month's scouting through the country we were heading for; he had not seen any Indian signs during the month's expedition; it was therefore useless for us to proceed farther, and the general decided to return to Warner. We were not more than two days' march from Harney, so Captain Kelley's company of the Eighth Cavalry was ordered to return to its proper station, and one or two of our own

badly wounded men were sent there, rather than have them suffer several days' hard marching back to Warner. Next day we commenced our return march. The whole country was one mass of water, except on the ridges, of course; the warm noonday sun sent the melting snow down into the flat country in great streams, and men were soaking wet to their waists, for horses could not travel with men on their backs. Every man had to dismount and lead his horse, sometimes for several miles, across the flats. Early in the morning a sheet of ice would cover the ground, through which men and horses would break, making our progress still more difficult and exceedingly uncomfortable. On the night of the 20th we camped at the mouth of the canyon where we had the fight on the 14th; before daylight next morning, Mr. Corliss, our chief packer, came to me and said, "There are some Indian signs here." I jumped from my blankets (I was already dressed, having slept in my clothes all night) and found Mr. Corliss holding his favorite saddle-mule, with three arrows buried in the poor animal's body. It was still dark, but I ordered the herd in at once. Our horses had been hobbled and lariated on a plateau above our camp about two or three hundred yards, and sufficiently far apart to avoid getting tangled up, as well as to give them a chance to graze. We had nine men and a non-commissioned officer guarding them. When the herd came in we found several animals wounded with arrows and seven horses and fourteen mules missing, General Crook's horse ("Old Buckskin") being among the number. The night was very dark, and rain fell heavily nearly all night; the Indians had taken advantage of this, and had crawled in through the sage-brush between the line of sentinels and had cut the leather hobbles and lariats and then quietly worked the animals out of the herd, the darkness preventing the men on guard from seeing what was going on; but three men were on "post" at a time, and the large herd being so scattered necessarily involved the distance between the men being unusually great. Lieutenant Sherman and seventeen men were immediately sent out to follow the trail; they returned in a short time and reported having come on to the missing animals about two and a half miles from camp, on the bank of the "Dunder and Blitzen" Creek,—all dead. The Indians had driven them as far as the condition of the swampy valley would allow, and then killed them, hoping to get enough meat off of them to last a long time; but we took means to upset their fondest hopes.

After breakfast we dismounted our spare apparajoes, as our pack-train was light, mounted our dismounted men on mules, and moved back four miles and camped. In the afternoon the general gave me permission to take half a dozen men and return to where the dead animals were, as I was certain the Indians would be busy cutting them up, preparatory to manufacturing "jerked beef." So, with Dr. Dick-

son, Donald McCay, chief of scouts, and six men, we started for our horse-flesh. After passing our old camp of the morning, and within about a mile of the dead animals, we rounded a point and came in full view of five or six Indians busy enough cutting up our war-horses; so far, they had not seen us. We dropped back well out of sight and dismounted; leaving one man in charge of the horses, we commenced a cautious advance on the would-be butchers; the melting snow left about a foot of water all over the low, flat country, and the creek itself was above its banks; so wading through the water, and stooping low, we were able to keep ourselves concealed through the tall rye-grass until we got to within about three hundred yards of them; here was a stretch of rising ground that must be passed over to reach them. Cautiously we crept along, hoping to get near enough to make no mistake about our shooting; we got over seventy-five or eighty yards in this fashion, when one of the Indians, tired from stooping evidently, raised up and stretched his arms above his head and then took a survey all round; just as he did so I knew we were seen and gave the order to fire. This fellow and another dropped, and all hands ran for the others, but they ran too; they swam the swollen creek and got into the tullu on the other side; we soon reached the bank, and one of the men dropped down to a kneeling position and took a shot at an Indian, apparently wounded, struggling along through the tullu; he dropped, but was up again in a minute; the Spencer pill was again sent on its mission of death, and again he fell; again he got up and moved a few steps, and again another shot, which terminated his career of deviltry. Of the number engaged in preparing the fresh beef for the "Indian market" but one escaped, and he was seen soon after off on the side-hill making for the mountains. Determined that none of the tribe should profit by their plunder and our misfortune, we sprinkled every carcass liberally with flour; in this condition the Indians would not dare to touch it, supposing it to be poison. We then returned to camp very well satisfied with the result of our trip.

We started next morning for Warner. When we reached the head of Warner Lake again the ice was breaking up; during the night, when the heavy frost commenced to act on the great field of ice (the lake is about sixty miles long and ten wide), the noise resembled heavy peals of thunder or distant cannonading; the contraction would cause great fissures in the nearly two-feet-thick ice, and it would separate for miles, down or across, with loud explosions. On the 26th of March we reached the post and found a great scarcity of provisions and no forage. The greatest deprivation we had to endure was want of vegetables. We had to resort to sending out details into the side-hills and sage-brush flats to hunt for wild onions and a weed commonly known as "lamb's quarter," which, when cooked, was very palatable and helped to keep off scorbutic attacks.

Peace rested on our isolated garrison for a few weeks; the cavalry horses were all sent down into the valley to pick up a little flesh,—grazing was now fair down along the lake shore and side-hills,—and it was while our horses were away from the post that a small band of Indians attacked the herd of quartermaster's animals and succeeded in running off a dozen mules. The cavalry horses were ordered back from their grazing-ground, about twenty-six miles down the valley, and a strong detachment sent after the renegades. The country over which the Indians had driven the stock was a mass of loose slate rock, over which it was impossible to follow a trail, for the simple reason that no trail, or footprints, were made; but a general direction was followed for several days without any result. The Indians had forty-eight hours' good start and drove the animals day and night, as they always do with stolen stock as long as the animals will stand it. We never learned in what direction they had driven the stolen mules; but it was supposed that they had driven them down into Northern California by way of Goose Lake Valley and the Madeline Plains.

On the 29th of April a detachment of Company "D," Twenty-third Infantry, came across a small band of hostiles under Chief "Oitz-oi-ou." Lieutenant Eschenberg was in command of the detachment, and thoroughly conversant with Indian warfare, but Lieutenant A. H. Nickerson being his senior, and acting assistant adjutant-general of the district, arrogated to himself the honor of making the attack and the disposition of the troops for this purpose. So completely ignorant of the presence of soldiers were the Indians, that during the night the men got so close to them in the thick sage-brush and rye-grass that they could distinctly hear the Indians gambling and enjoying the discomfort of the losers, and yet at daylight, when the camp should have been completely surrounded, every one of them escaped. The troops lost one man, mortally wounded.

In the mean time our neighbors at Harney were not idle. Captain Perry, with his own company, and Captain Kelley, with Company "C," Eighth Cavalry, had been scouting in the Malheur country, and early in April attacked a large band of Indians commanded by "Wee-ah-wah," "Eh-gau," and "Oytez," and almost annihilated the entire outfit.

The constant harassing, winter and summer, day and night, by the regular troops, since their arrival from scenes of war in the East, had so demoralized the Indians, by destroying their provisions and lodges, capturing their women and children, and killing many of their chiefs and braves, that nothing was left them but to surrender and beg for clemency. They were completely subdued and very near starvation's gate. Some time in the latter part of June a courier arrived from Harney, notifying General Crook that the whole tribe of Pi-ute Indians were either at Harney or *en route* there, ready to surrender

unconditionally. Runners had been sent out by the Indian chiefs all through the Blue Mountain and Stein's Mountain country to notify scattered bands to come in and surrender according to the decree of their council. One band of about twenty-five or thirty came in to Warner and surrendered.

On the 26th of June, General Crook started for Harney to make final arrangements with the Indians, Lieutenant Nickerson and myself, with a small escort, accompanying him. We reached the post on the evening of the 29th. As we entered the canyon where the post was established, the creek bank for a mile or more was lined with Indian "wickeeups," called by some tribes "tepees;" they were simply long poles set up in tripod fashion and covered over with robes, matting, old blankets, or anything else they could get. Each family had its own "lodge," or where a buck had two wives then there was a lodge for each wife, just as in Mormondom, where each wife has a separate house or an addition to one.

The next day a grand council was held at the garrison; the United States government was represented by General Crook, and the Indians by "Wee-ah-wah," "E-ah-gant," "Big-Head," and a lot of small fry. The chiefs made long speeches, expressing sorrow at having done so much deviltry; that now they felt assured that they could depend on the soldiers as their friends, and they had buried the rope (not the hatchet) and would not steal horses any more, nor do any bad act, etc. One of them made quite a graphic speech, gesticulating with both hands, and marking on the ground with a stick. Among other things, he said, "Your great white people are like the grass; the more you cut it down the more it grows and the more numerous its blades. We kill your white soldiers, and ten more come for every one that is killed; but when you kill one of our warriors, or one of our people, no more come to replace them. We are very weak and cannot recuperate."

The general informed them that the soldiers were there to fight when it was necessary; they did not ask the Indians to make peace; the soldiers would follow them day and night, winter and summer, until the last one of them was killed, as long as they (the Indians) remained hostile and continued to kill people and to rob and steal; but if they were sincere in their pledges, and continued to be good Indians, the soldiers and the government would be their friend, etc. The pow-wow lasted about three or four hours; immediately after its conclusion the general called upon the chief "Wee-ah-wah" for ten of his men to go with him as scouts on an expedition into the Goose Lake country after the Pitt River Indians; in an instant ten fine strapping young bucks stepped out as volunteers, only too anxious to get a chance at another tribe, or even some of their own, for that matter, as long as it was the excitement of war. I think nothing could have more fully illustrated the character and ambition of the Indian. Just from the field

of defeat and subjection by their historic foe, the white man, they were ready in a moment to join with him in any enterprise of a warlike nature that would give them an opportunity to heal their wounded spirit by wreaking vengeance on a weaker foe, backed up as they were by the soldiers whom they had so recently been fighting. Wild by nature, nursed and fed on the traditions of their race, they heard nothing in their nomadic homes but stories and legends of their warlike ancestors and the prowess of the young warriors of their people. No wonder, then, that they were ready again to take the field with the troops whom they had good reason to know were a brave and a generous foe. It took but a short time to clothe them in Uncle Sam's uniform, and arm and equip them as soldiers; they were then prepared for a business in which they took a delight.

Next morning we were on our way back to Camp Warner with our volunteer Indian detachment.

A few days after our arrival at Warner an expedition started for the Pitt River country. The command consisted of Companies "A," "H," and "I," First Cavalry, and Company "G," Eighth Cavalry, from Camp Bidwell; Company "A," of the First, coming from Klamath, and Company "I" from Camp Watson. On the 6th of August our Indian scouts came across a party of twenty-five hostiles and had a short brush with them, but they came in and surrendered and were sent under escort to the reservation. We continued our scout as far as Madeline Plains, but found no sign of Indians anywhere; the roving bands had followed the example of those at Harney and had sought shelter and protection on some of the reservations either at Harney, Klamath, or the Pyramid Lake, Nevada. Thus was concluded one of the most determined and successful campaigns ever organized against the bands of hostile Indians that kept Northern California, Oregon, Washington Territory, Idaho, and Nevada in perpetual commotion, retarding the prosperity of the country and a constant menace to life and property.

W. R. PARNELL,
Brevet Lt.-Colonel U.S.A. (retired).

OUR NATIONAL COAT OF ARMS, AND PROBABLE ORIGIN OF THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.

"She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from the mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen band."

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

ALTHOUGH the national flag and armorial bearings of the United States are symbols little more than a century old, it is curious that the author of their origin is unknown; and full of equal interest is the fact, while the banner represents the newest of any of the great nations, that it is itself one of the most venerable among national standards. It dates from 1777, and therefore is older than the present flag of Great Britain, which dates from 1801; France, 1794; the German Empire, 1870; Italy, 1848; Spain, 1785; Portugal, 1830; and the present—quite recently adopted—distinguishing ensigns of the ancient empires of Japan and China.

It is claimed that the armorial bearings of America, which date from 1782, had origin in the coat of arms borne by General George Washington, the first President of the United States. The idea is not beyond possibility, although, viewed in the strict light of heraldry, there is more than a weak point in the argument. One thing, however, will be clear,—accepting the undoubted testimony of long-hidden evidence,—that republican America is indebted to a north-of-England man of aristocratic lineage for the suggestion of a design which was adopted as the national coat of arms. The question of such design having its origin in the Washington heraldry will remain untouched, beyond a glance at the possibilities likely to influence the author of the

device. Thomas Barritt, of Manchester, England, a famous antiquary of his time, writing in the early part of the century to his son settled in America, says, "There is one thing I wish to inform you, that my friend, Sir John Prestwich, Baronet, told me he was the person who suggested the idea of a coat of arms for the American States to an ambassador from thence, which the States have put upon some of their moneys. It is this, as he told me,—party per pale of thirteen stripes, white and red, the chief of the escutcheon blue, signifying the protection of Heaven over the States, which so pleased the Americans that it was soon after adopted as the arms of the States, and to give it more consequence placed it upon the breast of a displayed Eagle." That passage, from the worn and faded letter of the old English antiquary, is important and decisive, and at once directs attention to the origin of the armorial bearings of the United States; a circumstance perhaps trifling in itself, but assuredly of interest to Americans and Lancastrians alike. Sir John Prestwich—the author of a curious work, entitled, "Respublica; or, a Display of the Honors, Ceremonies, and Ensigns of the Commonwealth under the Protectorship of Oliver Cromwell," published in 1787—was a Lancashire man and an antiquary of some note. Moreover, he was a strong sympathizer with the American colonists in their struggle for independence, and was personally acquainted with John Adams, the "ambassador" from the United States mentioned in Thomas Barritt's letter to his son. Sir John Prestwich was in London during 1780, as is proved by a letter of Ritson, the antiquary, and he was there again in 1781; and on either of those occasions he would have opportunities of suggesting the device which met with the approval of the United States minister at the English Court. That John Adams lost no time in having the design perfected and forwarded to his government is very apparent, for it was adopted by the American Congress on June 20, 1782.

In by-gone times, Warton, in North-west Lancashire, on the shore of beautiful Morecambe Bay, contained the homestead of the Washingtons; and there, in 1823, died the last member of the ancient family, the Rev. Thomas Washington, who had been for a quarter of a century the vicar of the old parish church standing at the foot of Warton Crag. From this family of Lancashire Washingtons was descended George Washington, the first President of the United States. John Washington, of Warton, was the father of Laurence Washington, a lawyer, of Gray's Inn, London, who possessed a residence at Northampton, an adherent of Henry VIII.; and when that monarch threw off the allegiance to the Pope, proclaimed himself "head of the Church," and divided the lands of the monasteries among his friends and useful partisans, the Gray's Inn lawyer was rewarded in 1538 with a "parcel of the dissolved priory of St. Andrew's, Northampton," under the name and title of the manor of Sulgrave. The manor de-

scended to his son Robert, who sold the estate in 1610, with the consent of his son and heir, another Laurence. Of the seventeen children of this Laurence Washington, the second eldest, John, was knighted at Newmarket in 1622; and when evil fortunes overtook the royal house of Stuart, culminating in the great civil war, he unsheathed his sword on the side of the Cavaliers. Other members of the family adhered loyally and generously to the cause of Charles; and Sir Henry Washington for a time gallantly held Worcester for the king against the Parliament troops. When the unhappy Charles was executed, and the Royalists secreted themselves or fled for their own safety, John Washington retired to South Cave, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, where he owned part of the estate of Cave Castle; but, like many of those who had fought for the king, he found his retreat an insecure one. Lord Protector Cromwell and the Parliament unearthed many of the hiding Royalists, showing them few indulgences; and from South Cave, about the year 1657, John Washington emigrated to America, and settled at Bridge's Creek, Virginia. There, soon afterwards, he married "Mistress Anne Pope." His second son, a third Laurence Washington, was the father of Augustine, whose eldest son by a second marriage was George Washington, born February 22, 1732; he who became in after-years, in the words of General Henry Lee, the "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens." The almost peerless consistency of character which marked the noble life of the beloved republican President was evidently an inheritance from his Cavalier ancestors. "Hereditary rank may be an illusion; but hereditary virtue gives a patent of innate nobleness beyond all the blazonry of the Herald's College."

Such, in brief, is the outline story of the descent of the first President of the United States from John Washington, of Warton, Lancashire, England. Of course, it is not here traced without a perfect knowledge of the doubts which have been expressed—and may yet exist—as to the particular locality whence John Washington emigrated to the American colonies. But the want of that precise knowledge cannot disturb the evidence of family names and armorial bearings. Washington Irving tells us that John Washington, previous to his embarkation for America, was living for a time in the East Riding of Yorkshire. Surely the locality of his final severance from a country that had harassed him with reverses of fortune for loyalty to a fallen monarch is not supremely important; and the fact of his belonging to Northamptonshire has not been disturbed. All genealogists are familiar with the gaps in English church records of the troubled time that John Washington emigrated to Virginia. Cromwell's Ironsides, it has been averred, frequently destroyed church registers, as well as family papers, when opportunity presented and there was plausible excuse for so doing; and, wherever registers were permitted to remain intact in

those towns occupied by the Parliament troops, fragmentary entries are rather the rule than the exception, and the brief records are occasionally prefaced with quaint remarks on the uncertainty of the times and the pastor's fear for the safety of his books. And, again, it must be remembered that George Washington himself—fond of genealogies and heraldry—claimed the Sulgrave Washingtons as the progenitors of the Virginia emigrant.

The armorial device of John Washington, of Warton, was borne by the Washingtons of Sulgrave. Laurence Washington, the father of John Washington, who settled in America, is buried in Great Brington parish church, Northamptonshire; and on his tomb-slab may be traced the same story of armorial belongings, telling the certain tale of ancestors, composed of two bars, gules—that is, red—on white, below the fesse, or lower part of the shield, with three mullets—the small star-shaped rowels of spurs—in chief, or upper part, which was azure (blue). This device, at times quartered with the armorial bearings of other families, was used by the Washingtons from the time of Richard the Third; and the same heraldic insignia, with a raven rising out of a ducal coronet for a crest, was borne by General George Washington, of Virginia, seventh in descent from John Washington, of Warton, Lancashire.

It can readily be understood that these matters of descent and heraldry were well known to Sir John Prestwich, not only as a Lancashire antiquary and genealogist, but as a friend of the Rev. Thomas Washington, of Warton,—the last of the Lancashire Washingtons,—who died in 1823. When Sir John set himself to formulate a design for the American coat of arms the circumstances would be uppermost in his mind; and conjecture is strongly reasonable, viewed in many ways, that he would wish to connect the armorial bearings of the new nation with the heraldry of the Lancashire Washingtons, as a compliment to the first American President descended from that family. It was an ingenious compliment that most men essaying the armorial design would strive to accomplish. Let us, for a moment, turn to the American coat of arms, and note that the shield consists of "thirteen pieces paleways,"—stripes,—alternate red and white; the chief, or upper part of the shield, blue; and this is placed on the breast of the American eagle, holding in its right talon an olive branch, a symbol of Peace, and in its left a bunch of thirteen arrows, a symbol of the United States and of War, a scroll in its beak, inscribed with the motto *E Pluribus Unum* (a motto evidently taken from the title-page of the early volumes of the London *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which Sir John Prestwich was an occasional contributor). For the crest, over the head of the eagle which appears above the shield, is a glory breaking through a cloud, and surrounding a cluster of stars that form a constellation. Of course, this design is more elaborate than that of the Washington

device, but, placed by the side of it, the similitude of the two is remarkable; and equally noteworthy is the fact that in both cases the stars are five-rayed, just as the star appeared on the coinage of the first Presidential term, but removed from subsequent coins and substituted by the six-pointed star. But, while similar in many ways, or, rather, presenting transformations permitting of certain explanations, there exists a strong negative fact to the idea of the national coat of arms originating from the Washington heraldry. It must be understood that the flag of the United States—the banner of stars and stripes—was in existence four years before Sir John Prestwich suggested to John Adams the device which is used on the great seal of the Union, and the symbols of that pre-existing banner appear on the arms which he designed. That fact would appear to be fatal to the idea of origin of the national arms so frequently advanced, however remarkable may be the similarity of one device to the other.

One eminent authority, the veteran historian, Dr. Benson J. Lossing, emphatically declined to believe that the arms or the flag of the Union were suggested by the Washington arms. In a letter to the writer of these lines, Dr. Lossing continued: "If they were suggested by anything then existing, I think it may have been by the flag of the East India Company, with which the colonists, in seaports especially, were familiar. The flag, so early as 1704, was composed of thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, with the red cross of St. George on a white canton in the corner. The colonists used this number and kind of stripes to denote Union several months—yes, nearly two years—before the stars appeared on the flag. The Union flag hoisted over the American camp at Cambridge on the 1st of January, 1776, was composed of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with the British Union in one corner, for the colonies, though united, had not yet declared their independence. While opposing the ministerial measures, they professed and felt loyalty to the sovereign. It was not until June, 1777, that the Continental Congress resolved 'That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars (white) on a blue field, representing a new constellation.' It may be that this flag, with which Sir John Prestwich must have been familiar in 1782, suggested to the mind of the antiquary the device for our seal which he proposed to John Adams." So, then, the flag adopted in 1777 by the American Congress was composed of thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, with the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew conjoined, on a blue field in the corner, denoting the union of the colonies while acknowledging their allegiance to Great Britain. This flag, excepting the addition of the white cross of St. Andrew, on a blue field, was identical with the standard of the East India Company, and the thirteen horizontal stripes in the company's ensign, coinciding with the thirteen united colonies,

would have a favorable impression on the mind of the person devising the national standard. The removal of the crosses from the blue field would obtain the design of the standard of the present day, without the stars; and, viewed through these transformations, the thought is strengthened, as suggested by Dr. Lossing, that the flag of the East India Company was the basis of the American national banner.

But, whatever might have been the genesis of the standard of the United States, the one fact remains,—that a Lancashire antiquary (according to good testimony) proposed the design for the armorial bearings of the American Republic, which are welcomed with proud distinction to a foremost place among the great national emblems of the world.

> "Ye Stars of States! forever shine,
> As up ye climb in lengthening line.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Wide o'er the sea and land afar
> Display undimmed each sparkling star,
> While Tropic palm and Arctic crag
> Reflect the splendors of the flag,
> America yet holds unfurled,
> The hope of man throughout the world!"

Little need is there to extend the subject. "The stars and stripes shall guarantee liberty forever;" so spake Wendell Phillips. For more than a century the "stars and stripes" have been symbolic of everything that is patriotic, humane, and progressive. May they so remain to the end of time!

THOMAS GIBBONS,
U.S.N.

THE TRIALS OF STAFF-OFFICERS.

TWO YEARS OF COLLEGE DUTY.

(Continued from page 440.)

HOWEVER unsatisfactory might have been the result, chronicled in the April number, of the action of the board of regents on his claim, Mr. X. had "enlisted for the war," so to speak, and his pugnacity was aroused. As plainly as actions could put it the majority of the board and of the Faculty had given the officer to understand that for a long time past they had looked upon the "Department of Military Science and Tactics" only as a necessary evil,—something to be borne only because of the large slice of their income which they would doubtless have to forfeit if the general government became aware of the fact that the 'varsity was not living up to the conditions. One member of the board frankly said to Mr. X., "The government compels us to keep up the system of drill. We hold, therefore, that the government should bear all the expenses." And the president of the university fairly beamed with gratification when he unearthed and exhibited to Mr. X. an old catalogue in which appeared an extract from the laws passed by the Legislature, soon after the close of the Civil War, setting forth the magnanimous appropriation to the institution of such "obsolete" arms and equipments as might be lying around loose in the dust-bins at the capitol, and furthermore providing that every student "might" (not should) receive instruction in tactics. Mr. X.'s view of the case as an officer of the general government was that the university was in honor bound to require every able-bodied male student to be instructed in at least the school of the soldier, company and battalion; and up to January, 1881, after four months' work, he had not been able to convince the authorities that he was right. Now, however, he had been made a member of the Faculty, was entitled to appear at the meetings thereof every Monday afternoon, and, while he did not mean to be at all precipitate, the new professor fully intended that, before the opening term came to a close, his department should receive proper recognition. Oddly enough his first backing and support came from some of the members of the Faculty, and came in this wise:

The first thing that had attracted the attention of Mr. X., on his

arrival at the 'varsity in the previous September, was the decidedly free-and-easy style in which the undergraduates spoke of or to—and generally behaved towards—their professors and instructors. "The boys," as they were universally spoken of, practically owned the town as well as the institution itself, and in a most good-natured and patronizing manner comported themselves towards the community. Every boarding-house within a radius of two miles of the dome of the main building was conducted principally in their interest,—and most of the houses *were* boarding-houses. Everybody, by tacit consent, seemed to give way to the students, both in and out of the grounds. They traveled, as a rule, in squads of six or eight; bright-eyed, glowing-cheeked, athletic young fellows, full of high health and exuberant spirits, and as utterly free and uncontrolled as so many colts. Vigorous disciples were they of just such doctrines as were preached by Danton, Marat, and Desmoulins,—"Red" republicans to a boy, holding firmly to free speech, free press, free everything, and the entire equality of man. No reverence had they for anybody in authority. The governor and the State officers, the regents and the Faculty, were only so many respectable old Turveydrops or Dogberrys, hired by the sovereign people to guard the public money or give them—the people's actual representatives—such instruction as they saw fit to receive. The elective system prevailed at the 'varsity, not only in the matter of courses or studies pursued, but in matters of courtesy and daily intercourse with preceptors. Mr. X. observed with some little surprise that neither on the grounds nor on the streets of the town did the students, as a rule, raise or touch the hat to the Faculty. The young man might, and often did, so honor the head of the college and some favorite professor under whom he might be studying, but, except in rare cases, no recognition whatever was accorded the others; my young sovereign strolled past the bulk of the Faculty with hands in pockets and pipe in mouth, and there was no one to teach him any better.

Mr. X. at first supposed that the evident hostility to his department shown by many of the Faculty had infected the students, and that their passing him without recognition of any kind was due to this fact, but the observation of a day or two convinced him that he was not being discriminated against: the other professors were noticed no more than he was, except by those students who happened to be in their own classes, and not by any means was it the rule even then.

X. called upon the president on various matters and, among other things, notified him that he had observed this state of affairs and that, mindful of the presidential injunctions to try to explain to "the boys" the justice and propriety of every order he gave them, Mr. X. had pointed out to the battalion that courtesy, and a proper regard for the fact that the students were here the recipients of a free education from the State, should prompt them to tender a gentlemanly salute to every

member of the Faculty wheresoever he might meet him, and that the State officers and the regents, too, should be similarly recognized. When in uniform the members of the battalion were therefore directed to give the "officer's salute" similar to that tendered by the cadets at West Point, and when in civilian dress they were instructed to raise the hat. One or two students, true to the long-standing adherence to the views advocated by the honored parent of Mr. Midshipman Easy, had proceeded to "argue the point,"—one young gentleman falling out of ranks and inquiring, "Suppos'n' I haven't been introduced. Do you expect me to make a bow to a man I don't know?" and appearing to be greatly surprised when told that that was just what was expected. Mr. X. certainly expected the president to approve of his action in the matter, and was not a little perturbed when the good old gentleman laid down his pen and remarked,—

"I'm afraid you're going too fast. It is never safe to order what you cannot enforce, and therefore we've never required it here. When I want a student to recognize me on the street I take off my hat to him —don't you see?—and then he has to."

"From a Christian point of view," replied Mr. X., "that is undeniably effective, but I have always been taught that the junior should invariably offer the first salutation to the senior, the inferior to the superior, the pupil to the teacher——"

"That's all very well at West Point or in a military despotism," replied "Prex," "but you must remember this is a civil institution."

"I do, sir, and would like to see the students as civil as the institution. As to the custom I speak of, I was taught it long before I went to West Point,—taught it at a college that had been in successful and useful existence a hundred years before this one was dreamed of. More than that, Mr. President, it was the first lesson I learned at that college, and the whole freshman class with me learned it in the chapel from the lips of our president before we attended a single recitation."

Still the head of the 'varsity was unconvinced; but Mr. X. decided to go it alone. Of the one hundred and fifty students who ought to be attending the military instruction, over ninety were daily on hand, and of this ninety all but a dozen seemed interested in the work and at least forty were enthusiasts. Those forty were the leaven that should leaven the whole lump. They accepted Mr. X.'s admonition with cordial spirit. The whole battalion presently fell into "swing;" the professors were at first astonished and in some cases embarrassed by being respectfully saluted by the nattily-uniformed students as they took their evening stroll down to the post-office and back; then they began to look for and appreciate it. The State officers, too, speedily noted the change. The next governor—an old war-horse—stopped Mr. X. in the capitol park one day, soon after his inauguration.

"Captain," said he, "for many a year I've been accustomed when

in this town to being hustled off the sidewalk or flattened up against the fence by these boys at the university, and now when I meet them they 'break sections' and salute like soldiers and gentlemen, and I want to tell you, sir, how an old soldier appreciates the work you are doing. Those boys will soon see how much their own self-respect is increased by being taught these things, instead of being allowed to run wild as they have been. They are first-rate boys, and all they need is to be shown the way."

They *were* first-rate boys; full of fun and mischief, as boys were born to be, but, with no one to curb or guide them, pretty sure to be carried away through sheer exuberance of spirits at times. Just as the governor said, it used to be a regular thing for them to come charging down the north side of State Street twice a day, and there was no breaking their array. The sidewalk, where in repair, was just wide enough for four boys, shoulder to shoulder and with locked arms, and, after sessions, morning and afternoon, phalanx after phalanx of the laughing, devil-may-care crowds would plunge along that narrow path, and no man, woman, or child could make headway against them,—the wall or the gutter were the presented alternatives. Beginning with the battalion, Mr. X. speedily broke up that system by simply pointing out that it was ungentlemanly and boorish. The battalion quit it, and as the uniformed boys soon began to give the tone to university matters, the others dropped it. Only sophomores, freshmen, and "special students" were required to join the battalion, and some of the seniors and juniors, of course, did a good deal of harm by ridiculing the salute and chaffing the youngsters on their being required to "testify to their own subserviency and thraldom." Fortunately, however, the majority of these upper classmen were men of ability and character, proud of their university and quick to see how the whole mass of lower classmen was learning lessons of respect and courtesy to their superiors, and of manliness and self-respect in their bearing towards all men. There was something more than the manual of arms, then, in this daily grind in the gymnasium.

Then Mr. X. required his soldier students to "stand attention" in addressing him. They saw him do the same when he spoke to the president, and were told by him that while he could give them no orders on the subject, it was something they *should* do in speaking to all their instructors, and that they should carry what they learned in the squad drill to their section-rooms. Many of them did, and that was how it came about that before he had been in the Faculty a fortnight three professors who were on duty over the "sophs and fresh" took occasion to introduce themselves to Mr. X. and say to him that never before had they had such courteous and well-behaved classes as was now the case, the example being set by the young men who wore the uniform.

This was encouraging, but Mr. X. well knew he had a fight ahead, and presently the ball was opened by two professors who dealt mainly with the upper classes and the "special students." It all came about from the fact that the January catalogue convinced Mr. X. that his suspicions were correct. There were some forty students who had successfully evaded military duty all through the term. Armed with this list of names he arose in meeting and stated that justice to the young men who did attend drill day after day, as well as justice to the government, demanded that these shirkers should be required to report to him forthwith. Professor A—— was on his feet in a minute to protest in the name of three or four who were seeking for "honors" in his course. It was a shame to compel them to go to drill when they never would be soldiers in the world and didn't want to learn how.

Mr. X. replied that not a quarter of a century back the nation had called for soldiers from this State and this very institution, and found nothing but green, uninstructed men after the first rush of volunteers. The intention was to impart to all young men (who entered the colleges which had accepted the valuable land grants of the government) a knowledge of elementary tactics and military discipline. The language of the act was plain, and he would be recreant to his duty if he did not do his best to carry it out.

But Professor A—— was truculent and even high-tempered, and his response was in an angry tone, whereas Mr. X., who had expected just such a development, was scrupulously courteous in the debate and kept his temper in his boots. The president interposed and Professor A—— sat down only to be succeeded by Professor D——, who proceeded to take issue with Mr. X. as to the duty of the university in the case. He didn't at all believe that the government expected anything of the kind. He knew of two universities, both of which had accepted the grant and one of which had an officer detailed by the War Department, "and at neither of them did they ever have drills at all." This was simply blissful music to Mr. X.'s ears. He got the floor again (a very difficult matter, for it was a characteristic of the male members of this Faculty to talk all at once, to burst in on one another's remarks; and one of the professors—a brilliant man and a pillar of strength—rarely let go of a subject until he had exhausted all arguments on *both* sides), and, having got the floor, he thanked the professor with all the suavity of which he was master for this most valuable information. The War Department had long suspected that some colleges were not acting in good faith in the matter, and would be prompt to act, he doubted not, on receipt of evidence coming from so high a source. "Would the professor kindly name the institutions to which he referred?" and Mr. X. produced his note-book.

But this was "carrying the war into Africa." The professor found that he had only heard so with regard to one and conjectured so with

regard to the other, with which he had at one time been connected. During that time, it was true, they had no drills; but, finding their fund in danger, the authorities had applied for and got an army officer as instructor shortly after Professor D—— had severed his connection with them, and no sooner did the officer arrive than military instruction began and has been continued to this day.

Despite the vehement opposition of these two gentlemen and the apathy of others, Mr. X.'s point was carried and the forty recalcitrants were ordered to report for duty forthwith. There was rejoicing in "the gym." and no end of chaff and fun when, on the Wednesday morning following the meeting, these young men came sullenly to the commandant and were successively interrogated as to how and why they had failed to obey the president's instructions of the previous September.

One of them produced an old catalogue in which appeared a rule that members of the sophomore and freshmen classes *must* attend drill, and claimed that, being a "special student," he was exempt. "Special students" were those who were allowed to select each year any three studies they desired to pursue instead of going through the prescribed "curriculum" of the "Ancient Classical," the "Modern Classical," or the "Scientific" divisions of the regular classes. If this interpretation of the rules had been sustained by the Faculty, every student had it in his power, if he tired of the monotony or chafed under the discipline of the drills, to withdraw from the regular classes, select three studies, and call himself a "special." Many had done so during the fall term, but were now brought to time, and were remanded to the charge of half a dozen lively young sergeants and corporals for instruction in setting up, salutings, and facings. As they had been jeering at the uniformed students for two months past, you can imagine with what gusto those drills were conducted.

Of course, on many a specious plea, the "drafted" men sought to get out of it, and, one after another, professors and instructors came to Mr. X. to ask that he would make an exception in this case or that. Professor B—— wanted Mr. Smith excused from drills because he was studying hard for "honors" in Latin and the drill-hour broke in upon his work. Mr. X. asked if this was the only student striving for "honors" in Latin. No. There were more: two of them faithful soldiers in the battalion. Mr. X. promptly declined; he did not for a moment admit the justice of excusing one student from military duty that he might use the time in defeating competitors for "honors" who were serving their time in the ranks. Another instructor came to plead for Mr. Jones, who was to represent the "Athenians" in the coming oratorical contest with "Acropolitans," and practiced each day under professional supervision at this particular hour. Mr. X. thought that if the representatives of the other societies were to be excused for

a similar purpose for a day or two it might be arranged. This was early in January. "When does the contest come off?" he asked the professor. "Well—er—not until some time next spring; the date is not yet fixed, but they always begin their preparations months ahead," and X. was so bull-headed and hard-hearted that he said "No," and Mr. Jones, to the delight of six-score young soldiers, abandoned for the time being the daily practice—at that hour—of the gestures and attitudes of Demosthenes for the enforced rigidity of the position of the soldier.

Other professors interposed in favor of other students, but, so long as the young man was physically sound, Mr. X. declined to make exceptions. The professor and the student not infrequently flew to the president to have the decision reversed, but for the time being the head of the 'varsity had agreed to leave the decision of all such cases to the head of the battalion, and Mr. X. took the burden on his shoulders and said "No" to all such applications, and the decision stood. Presently, however, the boys sprung a new scheme on "Prex" which led to endless comical complications, but that must come in its own order. There were other odd experiences in the mean time.

By mid-January Mr. X. found that he had six of the Faculty whom he could count upon as allies in the interests of discipline. A new ally—a new professor—was an old acquaintance, a graduate of West Point, and a man reared in the shades of the strictest of scientific schools outside the national academy. "What manner of youth have you to deal with here?" was the first question he asked Mr. X. a few days after his arrival and before he entered on his new duties. "I was talking with one of the regents last night at the hotel. A young man with his hat on the back of his head, a cigar between his teeth, and his hands in his trousers pockets strolled up, leaned against a pillar close beside us, and lounged there listening to our talk. I made a move to go away, when the regent said, 'Ah, professor, let me introduce you to my son; he's a student and will doubtless be in your classes.' I was a little taken aback at the form of introduction, but bowed civilly to the young fellow, and he, languidly withdrawing one hand from his pocket, but in no other wise changing his position, patronizingly extended it to me and queried, 'Well, professor, what do you think of the university so far?'"

X. did not even ask the name; he knew instantly who the "young fellow" must be, and burst out laughing at the comical fatality that had presented to the most punctilious of professors the opportunity of meeting first, of all the undergraduates, the young man whom most of his fellows called "that consummate ass." However, it was an ill wind that blew good into the cause of the military department. The new addition to the Faculty proved a valuable ally in the discussions that enlivened the spring term.

But, before they began, Mr. X. had his first experience with Western legislative methods and with the devices brought to bear upon the Solons of the State to influence their action. It will be remembered that in the April number it was recorded that the president of the university had only two points to urge upon the new instructor of "tactics and discipline:" one was that he should endeavor to get along "without friction;" the other that he should get the university battalion into the State militia, for the reason that there each member received an annual allowance of five dollars to help keep him in uniform. That, as members of the State force, the students might be called upon to perform grave duties, and be ordered on active service in case of riot or tumult, was a contingency too remote to be worthy of his consideration, perhaps. At all events he again urged the matter on Mr. X. in the fall, and many of the students themselves (the enthusiastic soldiers especially) came to say it was almost the unanimous wish of the one hundred members of the battalion. So Mr. X. called upon the governor and ask him to recommend in his annual message to the Legislature the passage of an act increasing the State force by two companies, to be composed of students of the university, with all the allowances, etc., of the regularly-mustered militia. The governor consulted the adjutant-general, who favored the project; promised, and kept his promise. The adjutant-general drafted the bill and the bill was regularly introduced, accompanied by a letter from Mr. X. setting forth the reasons and stating that it was the desire of a large majority of the members of the battalion to be regularly enrolled in the service of the State. The bill and the letter were read to the battalion before going to the capitol. There was demur on the part of some twenty students, who either wanted to "argue the question" or to take time to think over it. Mr. X. had been led to suppose that there was hardly any opposition to the move, and promptly notified these young men that no one would have to enlist who did not desire to do so, but, as over seventy-five per cent. of those present favored the passage of the act, the bill would go in. "Prex" was much surprised at the news of opposition. "I thought you told me the boys all wanted it," he said.

"Not at all, sir! The suggestion came from you in the first place, and I told *you* that the students told *me* almost every man was in favor of it."

"Well, it ought to become a law. It will benefit the largest number," was the reply.

Then began the students' meetings. They were always ready to hold mass-meetings, and the big assembly-room of the 'varsity was generally at their service. Fiery and impassioned was the oratory on such occasions, and not a little eloquence was developed. Needless to say the soldiers of the schools were not the successful talkers. Not content with their own representatives, the opponents of the

measure called on the prominent speakers of the senior and junior classes. Furious were the denunciations hurled at the bill and its projectors. "Military despotism," "enforced conscription," "damnable blow at our freedom," were the mildest terms applied to the measure itself, while "pipe-clayed martinet," "military satrap," etc., were the descriptives lavishly heaped upon the catspaw, Mr. X., who had been dragged into the thing against his better judgment through the superior strategy of "Prex." The university papers and the local press took up the cry, and then, one memorable day, up rose the Hon. Mr. Somebody in the Legislature with an immense petition. As a consequence of the mass-meetings and the fiery eloquence aforementioned, a large number of students, who had originally backed the bill, had weakened and gone to the other side. In no mild terms did the representative of the people characterize the statement of the Professor of Military Tactics "that it was the wish of a large majority of the members of the battalion to see the bill become a law."

"At the greatest estimate," said he, "not more than one hundred and forty names can be rightfully placed on the rolls of this so-called battalion. Here in my hand I hold a paper protesting in most vehement terms against that statement and against the passage of this most obnoxious and iniquitous bill. Judge for yourselves, gentlemen, judge for yourselves, for it is signed by no less than one hundred and forty-six names, all students, who would be compelled to take the oath of enlistment if this bill were to become a law."

Thunder and Mars! but didn't that create a sensation? The bill had been referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, and there came to Mr. X. a message to the effect that the sooner he could get to the capitol and explain the very awkward position in which he was placed the better it would be for his reputation. X. went, mad as a hornet, but determined to hold his tongue and his temper. An impressive, an awe-inspiring, body was this solemn-faced committee when X. strode in and the chairman handed him the petition and asked him, "What have you to say to that?"

Here at his side as he writes to-day is the copy accurately made then and there of the petition and its imposing array of signatures. The whole thing was explained at a glance. So far from its being signed by seven-score students who would have to "bear arms," the boys, in their determination to create a feeling against the bill, had resorted to the old, old trick of ringing in any and every name they could control, and the eminent legislator, eager to pose in a sensational scene, had lent himself to it. Here on the paper were indeed sixty names of young men who were members of the battalion, and most of whom had originally endorsed the letter stating that the bill "was the wish of the large majority." But now, to discredit that statement, all was fish that came to their net, and the leaders of the

opposition had procured the signatures of thirteen students who were physically disqualified and had been excused from all duty by Mr. X., and whose names were not on the rolls of the battalion; of five young men who were exempt from duty by a decision of the president; of ten so-called "sub-freshmen," not yet matriculated, and of course not in the battalion; of nine seniors who had long since served their time and had no earthly business interfering now; of *thirty-five* juniors, also no longer required to perform military duty; of one member of the law class who never came near the 'varsity except to stir up the coals at some such mass-meeting as this; of four names of men as mythical as Sairy Gamp's Mrs. Harris,—men whose names were not on the 'varsity books at all; and finally, to make the list cover the possible total of the battalion,—one hundred and forty-six, and being just three short,—three patriotic young men were easily induced to sign a second time, and their triumphant representative in the "House" was enabled to make his damaging assault on the statement of Mr. X.

It took but a short time to point out the details of the trick to the Military Committee and receive their assurance of entire satisfaction and sympathy. It took much longer, however, for Mr. X. to cool down and consider the language in which he should ask of the president redress for the wrong done him before the Legislature of the State by a body of students acting in mass-meeting under his, the president's, verbal sanction. When sure of his self-control, Mr. X. took the big sheet on which the petition and signatures were copied, laid it before the head of the 'varsity, briefly and coolly told him of the false position in which he had been placed and the humiliation that had been forced upon him of "explaining" to the committee, and ended by saying that he considered it a matter of sufficient gravity to call for the action of the president and Faculty.

The head of the college, cold, stolid, imperturbable as ever, glanced over the list of names, noted the facts to which his attention had been called, and then coldly pushed it back, picked up his pen, and remarked,—

"I don't see that I can do anything in the matter. You appear to be somewhat sensitive. *You must expect things of this kind here.*"

And so ended the second lesson. The third came speedily.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING,
U.S.A.

(To be continued.)

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of "The United Service" are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

THE editor of THE UNITED SERVICE has great pleasure in announcing that Medical Director Edward Shippen, U.S.N., will, beginning with the July number, furnish each month a ten-page *résumé* of the more important articles appearing in the service journals of England and the Continent.

That this series of papers will be exceedingly interesting and important is most certain, and we heartily congratulate our readers upon the fact that Dr. Shippen has undertaken their preparation.

Some Military Dogs.

WE often hear quoted the aphorism, from Ecclesiastes, that "there is no new thing under the sun," which in these latter days of electric and other discovery and application may not be exactly true; but it is so nearly true that the exceptions may be said to prove the rule.

It is certainly true in regard to the military employment of *Canis familiaris*, now quite in vogue again, after an interregnum.

That faithful and unswerving friend of man (whether descended from jackal or wolf does not now matter, and will never be decided), that faithful friend, with his incorruptible fidelity, his forbearing and enduring affections, and his inexhaustible diligence, ardor, and obedience to the master to whom he attached himself, has, from the earliest period, assisted that master in resisting the attacks of enemies whether men or brutes. Not only has he always done this, but he has uniformly assisted his master in procuring sustenance by the chase, in the ages when agriculture was unknown and man himself was purely a hunting animal. As for the origin and breeds of dogs, what do we know? The Egyptian monuments and picture-writings show that, five thousand years ago, they had hound and greyhound, the mastiff-like watch-dog, and the turn-spit.

The Assyrian dogs, seen on the bass-reliefs, must have been huge fellows, trained not only to hunting the lion, but for human warfare, and the best authorities think they were the same as the great Thibetan mastiff quite recently imported by the Persian nobility: the same noble animals which, in the great Himalayan heights, guard the flocks from the attacks of leopards, wearing spiked collars as defensive armor for their necks.

The city of Corinth was saved from assault by its war-dogs; and we have records of their use in an aggressive way, as in the case of the King of Lydia, who fought the Cimmerians with regularly-trained bands of dogs of great size. The Magnesians fought the Ephesians with dogs; and instances might be multiplied of their use in ancient times either for the direct attack, throwing the ranks into disorder, or for the exposure of ambuscades. The soldiers of the Roman legions, under iron discipline, dreaded the war-dogs of the Cimbri.

The elder Pliny was a great admirer of war-dogs, and says that when once engaged they never loosened their grip, and, unlike their human comrades, never asked to have their pay raised.

Pliny was the first to write of the great war-dogs of the Guanches, the aborigines of the Canary Islands; which

were named from the multitude of great dogs there. In the early part of the fifteenth century these dogs rendered valuable assistance in repulsing the invasion of Jean de Bethencourt, as well as valiantly resisting the Spanish conquerors who succeeded him.

The Guanches, especially those of Teneriffe and Gran Canaria, embalmed the bodies of these canine warriors, as they did their own, and often placed them in the same cave.

We know that the war-dogs of ancient Greece and Rome were not only trained to fight human enemies, but were furnished, sometimes, with spiked collars and even coats of mail.

Vasco Nuñez had a regiment of dogs, which regiment was said to have hunted down and killed more than 2000 of the unfortunate Indian inhabitants of what is now Spanish America, while the dogs in the army of Pizarro were so useful, in the same way, that a regular allowance was made for them. One Spanish war-dog we read of,—by name Barecillo,—which had a pension of two reals a day, as a veteran of many combats.

To come down to more modern times, we find that Henry VIII. sent four hundred English fighting dogs with the force which was to assist Charles V. against Francis I. The Earl of Essex had eight hundred of them at one time with his army in Ireland. These, like the bloodhounds used in the Border Wars of Scotland, and in the West Indies, and elsewhere unnecessary to specify, were more for the purpose of tracking fugitives than for the combat with serried masses of men. The "fine smell" of the hound was relied upon for this.

We come down later still. The principal night garrison of picturesque St. Michel, at one period, were the savage dogs turned out to watch the possible coming of the English; and the same guardians were in use at St. Malo, until, in 1770, a French naval officer of rank, landing at night, was nearly killed by these faithful sentinels, who did not care for either watchword or countersign. After this event their use was discontinued.

During the wars of Austria with the Turks, dogs bore rather a conspicuous part. At the siege of Dubritza, in 1788, the dogs of a Turkish post defended themselves successfully against an Austrian patrol.

The French have used dogs a good deal, especially in desultory warfare, not always with happy results, for in their expedition against San Domingo, the savage animals, no doubt untrained or insufficiently trained, instead of pursuing the negro enemy, after a bloody encounter, fell upon the wounded French soldiers, and actually ate some of them up. It is so reported on French authority.

Then, in Algeria, in 1856, or thereabouts, dogs were regularly used by the French, to give notice of the approach of their wily foes. In this case, however, the duties of the dogs seem to have been limited to "aboiements," or barkings, at the sight of a "bournous." It does not appear that they would have given the alarm if Kabyles had approached disguised in French uniform.

The only conspicuous failure of dogs; as sentinels, was in the case of the Roman watch-dogs, which slept when the Gauls attacked the sacred city. On this occasion the geese displayed the vigilance we have heard so much about. On the anniversary of the day, as every school-boy knows, dogs were publicly empaled, crucified, and flogged, while a silver goose, mounted on a splendid cushion, was carried in triumphal procession.

The Knights of Rhodes used dogs to assist their sentinels during their fearful sieges. We may mention another instance of the use of war-dogs, in the wars between Charles the Bold and the Swiss, each having numbers of canine allies. At Grandson such a dog-fight ensued as has probably never been seen before or since. The fierce brutes nearly exterminated each other, but the Swiss dogs got the best of it.

To come down to our own day, and the employment of dogs in military operations, we must notice the employment of these animals by the French, in their Tunisian campaign, as the first very modern instance. Here they are said to have done good service on outpost duty against wily enemies.

But, to-day, several European armies are in the possession of dog corps for military purposes; the object being to enlist the intelligence of *trained* dogs in recognizing the stealthy approach of an enemy, and also to employ them to convey prompt notice of such approach to a main picket-line. The results of their use in Tunis was such that the French Ministry of War has made the employment of dogs in the army the subject of a code of special regulations; and a lieutenant of the Thirty-second Regiment of the Line has written and published a book upon the subject of "Military Dogs in the French Army," his argument being that, while it is desirable to retain all other methods of watchfulness, as well as means of signaling to the rear, the canine intelligence can be very advantageously used to supplement that of the human being.

Last year the dogs trained by this Lieutenant Jupin took part in the autumn manœuvres of the Ninth French Army Corps, and with excellent results. It is reported that they never failed to detect any movement of strangers within a radius of three hundred yards. Not a single dispatch or report intrusted to their care, mostly put in little leather wallets, slung around their necks, either miscarried or was delayed in transmission; thus keeping up perfect communication between the outpost and the main guard.

There are now several corps of dogs in training, and a part of their education consists in being taught never to bark. Of course, it requires much time and great pains to effect this. The dogs are not allowed to kennel together. Each one is put in charge of a soldier who is fond of dogs, who draws a ration for his pet. If dogs kennel together nothing in the world will prevent their barking and howling; but, under the system of complete and exclusive human companionship, this disposition is said to be easily suppressed, and soon it becomes the habit of the dog to be silent.

And now comes in a remarkable point. The French shepherd dogs are said to be the best in all Europe,—far superior, on the whole, to the Scotch collies; but if only this, or some other single breed, was trained for war purposes, all animals of that kind would be marked by an invading foe and at once shot. For this reason sharp dogs of every and any breed are selected. They may be of any sex or size; poodles, retrievers, collies, fox-hounds, terriers, or even greyhounds.

The Italian army officers prefer females for their outpost service, as having keener scent and more sense; but they find, as others do, that one of the hardest things, in the training of military dogs, is to teach them silence. Most dogs will whine or howl at bugle-calls,—let alone the music of a band,—unless well trained not to do so.

Of course, the Germans, with their application to everything having the most remote bearing upon military success, also have their schools for military dogs. They are in many different garrisons, but generally with the Jäger battalions, so apt to be upon the fore-post. They are trained to silence, watchfulness, and to deliver dispatches. The dogs come to know the uniform of a corps, and generally will obey any one in that uniform.

In order to insure a proper abhorrence of national foes,—or those likely to become so,—it is said that the Germans furnish the trainers of their dogs with Russian and French uniforms; and that the French, in return, propose to furnish their trainers with German uniforms. It appears that these are to be worn by certain men who represent the foe. As the dog ranges about they are to come out of ambush, and endeavor to beat him, or drive him off, thus rousing the hatred of the animal for the uniform.

The dogs thus trained are never allowed to associate with civilians; in fact, are taught not to allow persons in civilian's dress, or in a strange uniform, to come near them. Especially is this the case when they have on the little leather wallets in which they carry notes or dispatches.

The Russians, some years ago, trained dogs for use in their desultory warfare with the Turcomans, whose unexpected moves and insidious approaches it was otherwise almost impossible to baffle.

The Austrians have trained dogs in

their army, and it is quite probable that other nations have followed the example of the French. The Austrians are said to train the Dalmatian dog, which one would suppose to be too conspicuous.

It has been proposed to train the animals to bring canteens of water, food, or ammunition to skirmishers, or outlying pickets. This seems a capital idea; for, beside the ability of an active four-footed animal to traverse a space swept by the fire of an enemy more successfully than a man could, experiments have proved that they are, as a rule, superior as carriers of messages to bicyclers or horsemen. This must be meant to apply to very short distances, for, upon a long run, dogs left to their own devices will stop to drink at any pool or stream they may encounter.

The military use of dogs at present seems to be about as follows: 1st, as sentinels, or auxiliaries to sentinels; 2dly, as scouts, to prevent surprise; and 3dly, as messengers from the front, having the ability to thread their way where an armed man could not go; to swim streams which are unbridged; and to avoid any strangers much more easily than a man could do, especially a soldier in uniform and accoutrements.

It will fully repay any one interested in the matter to read the article in the *Edinburgh Review*—of last year—by that stanch sportsman and traveler, Gordon Cumming, whose books have delighted so many readers, not only in his own country, but in ours.

His article is not exclusively upon "Military Dogs" (a title which seems to remind one of Charles Lever), but has a much wider scope, and is entitled "Professions for Dogs." In the military part of his essay he gives an extract from a French paper, which is worth copying, as it gives a good many points about the dogs in actual use, enabling one to realize what they are like even better than a scientific description would do. As will be noticed by the reader, no breed is given in connection with any of the animals.

1. "Diane, gentille bête à la tête fine et pointue, l'œil vif et doux, robe noire, les quatre pattes fauve.

2. "Comtesse, chienne noir, de grande taille, naseau court: intrepide galopeuse.

3. "Zite, au poil fauve, de force moyenne, très bien coiffée; ardente, marchant nez au point." (We should fancy that "Zite" would be called, in our country, just "a yaller dog.")

"Fanchette, de petite taille, poil noir." (Evidently just a little black slut.)

"Miss, grande chienne, au naseau noir, poil fauve, les oreilles droites et assez longues.

"Enfin Fox, chien de haute taille, l'œil mauvais, caractère peu sociable, mais plein d'ardeur, ayant du flair.

"N'oublions pas deux tout jeunes élèves, noir et blanc, qui regardent leurs aînés au travail. Ci sont les futures estafettes de nos avant-postes. Silencieuses toujours, on croirait que ces bêtes sont aphones; jamais un aboiement, jamais un grognement."

It will be noticed that, except the puppies,—the sex of which is not given,—five of the six animals, described by the French reporter, are females. This appears to bear out the Italian theory.

That the dogs entered with spirit into their calling was proved by the energy with which the resolute "Fox" scrambled some distance up a tree, in pursuit of a soldier disguised as a foe; while a foolish onlooker, who had wantonly struck another dog with his cane, was seized by his clothing and dragged off to the lieutenant in charge. In addition to daily drill in the open, in the woods, and in crossing streams, these dogs were twice a week taken out for night work, so as to accustom them to work in the dark.

In another part of the interesting paper of Gordon Cumming is a description of the elaborate training which the dogs receive before being employed by the smugglers between France and Belgium. Immense quantities of tobacco, lace, coffee, and other commodities are carried over by these dogs, whose operations have often been described by other writers; but Mr. Cumming gives us something new in the statement that only about one per cent. of the smuggling dogs are captured by the custom-

house officers, although the latter have their trained dogs also.

Napoleon, with his instinct for things military, fully realized how important a *rôle* dogs of war might fill. In 1799 he wrote to Marmont: "There should be at Alexandria a large number of dogs, which you ought to be able to employ by massing them in groups at a short distance from the walls." "The marvel is that, after so plain an expression on the subject from such an authority in the art of war, the employment of dogs should not have become a matter of course, instead of which eighty-nine years later it is still regarded as a tentative measure."

Probably no dog, not even the veteran Barecillo (already mentioned as a Spanish pensioner), has ever rendered such signal military service, or been so honorably recognized, as the celebrated "Caniche" Moustache, who shared the victorious fortunes of the French army during most of the wars of the Consulate and Empire. He won special honors at Marengo, and was decorated upon the battle-field of Austerlitz, by Marshal Lannes, as a reward for having rescued his regimental standard from an Austrian soldier when in the act of snatching it from the standard-bearer, as he fell mortally wounded. The plucky poodle drove off the assailant, and then, seizing the tattered colors in his teeth, dragged them after him until he reached his own company.

The story is also related of the dog of General de Mélac, who was besieged in Landau, in 1702. He not only escorted his master in every sortie, but also continued to ascertain all the mining proceedings of the besiegers, and to reveal them to the general, his master, who thus, thanks to the dog's sagacity, was able, again and again, to ward off impending danger.

French dogs being the first to be used in this modern military fashion, lead to the remark that the value of the canines of that nation is not fully appreciated by us, who are apt to suppose that carefully-bred English dogs must be of the highest value. If any one is curious upon the subject he may find a most exhaustive article upon the dog in Larousse's well-known Cyclopedia, together with many facts and anecdotes new to English and American readers.

EDWARD SHIPPEN, *U.S.N.*

Brave Men Stand Together.

AN ENGLISH TRIBUTE TO THE GALLANT AMERICAN SAILORS.

(*From the London Telegraph.*)

CONSIDER the scene and the matchless heroism and generosity of this Yankee crew. Almost sure of instant death themselves, they could see the Queen's ship, at her utmost steam-pressure fighting, fathom by fathom, her way to life and safety; could appreciate the gallantry of the effort, cheer the brave, handsome ship defying the hurricane, and finally see her glide past, overcoming the roll of the sea and the savage wind with the generous pleasure of true mariners, glad of a smart and daring deed. We do not know in all naval records any sound which makes a finer music upon the ear than that cheer of the "Trenton's" men. It was distressed manhood greeting triumphant manhood; the doomed saluting the saved; it was pluckier and more human than any cry ever raised upon the deck of a victorious line-of-battle ship; it never can be forgotten, and never must be forgotten by Englishmen speaking of Americans.

Sure we are that the echo of that noble "Huzza!" must have made every man on board the "Calliope" long to lay hold of the "Trenton" and give her a "cast-out" at any cost beyond the dreadful reef. It was, however, all she could do to clear her American consort; to have towed behind even a gig or dingey would have certainly lost the battle she was waging foot by foot against the hurricane. Her mighty engines, pressed to their utmost, saved her at last; little by little she struggled out to the sea-gate, and, once free of the reef, a bit of head-sail flung her bow to the wind, which soon aided the panting engines to drive her far away to seaward, out of all danger. But let landsmen realize how that success was won. Let them think of the stokers toiling in the tossing engine-room, urging the fierce furnaces; of the

engineers driving up the steam-gauge, risking deadly explosion to save life and ship; of the officers and crew on deck, hardly sure that the vessel stole forward an inch upon the reef, hardly able to see or speak or stand, but doing their duty perfectly to the Queen, and with breath and heart enough to answer that noble "God-speed" of the Yankee flagship. Since seafaring began there never was a wilder sight than Apia harbor that 17th of March, nor any nearer touch-and-go escape than the skillful start of the "Calliope," nor any more gallant, generous, and unselfish demonstration than the cheer which the "Trenton" gave the Queen's cruiser as she forged ahead out of that death-trap of storm and ruin between the reef and the town.

Altogether, one hundred and forty-three lives were lost in this most disastrous tempest, and at least four good ships of war, besides many merchantmen. Yet greater and more majestic than any hurricane, than any death or disaster, is once more proved to be the spirit of man, which, in a scene of such dreadful tumult of nature, where strong vessels were helpless as chips, and the stoutest skill was useless, could raise above the whirlwind that dauntless cheer to the "Calliope," the expression of an immortal courage,—a cry, all things considered, of such indomitable Anglo-Saxon pluck as to ring finer than any which has ever echoed under the flag of victory or in the happiest hours of security and success.

Beath's History of the Grand Army of the Republic.

THE Grand Army of the Republic is to-day one of the most active and powerful organizations in existence. Its growth has been phenomenal. It has a membership of nearly half a million of men, each of whom must have an honorable discharge from service in the Union army. Its benefactions are immense. The amount of its charities is incalculable. Its influence towards the elevation of our citizenship has been great.

And yet how few even of its own membership really know the history of the Order, the circumstances of its inception and organization, the difficulties and obstacles which it had to contend with and overcome, before it attained its present proud position of usefulness! How fortunate for the Order that, of all its membership, he who was most competent was willing to assume the arduous duties of its historian! Past Commander-in-Chief R. B. Beath, of this city, who was so well fitted for the work by experience, ability, and painstaking research, has, in the work recently published by Bryen, Taylor & Co., of New York, given us a most excellent and interesting History of the Grand Army of the Republic.

At the close of the war there were in the Union army a million of soldiers. The armies had participated in more than two thousand engagements, many of them of minor importance, while many of them were mighty battles, which strained all the resources and tested the fullest powers of endurance of great opposing armies. The navy of one hundred and twenty-two thousand had borne an equally important and heroic part. It is almost impossible to realize how these men, who, by their intelligence, devotion, and valor, had proved themselves the most magnificent soldiery of the world, and who had become so inured to adventure and peril, to hardship and sacrifice, so readily and eagerly resumed their places in the peaceful avocations of life, and by their thrift and energy so greatly contributed to the rapid development of our great industries and material resources of the country.

Speaking of the Grand Review in Washington at the close of the war, the author says, "Never before had such a pageant been witnessed at the capital of any nation,—the passage of an army of citizen soldiers, who, having by their valor saved the nation, were now present only that the necessary details might be completed which would enable them to take their places in the ranks of peaceful citizens. With worn uniforms and tattered flags, telling eloquently of service in the field, these men were only anxious to return to their homes and loved ones. . . . As they passed the reviewing stand, where representative men were assembled in their honor, the marching soldiers missed, above all others, that rugged,

homely face which now would have been lit with a halo of glory. The great patient heart that for four years had borne such a fearful strain was now stilled. In all the land no one was nearer the soldier's heart than Abraham Lincoln. Others, leaders of corps and armies, were missing, but the thoughts of the soldiers were not then so much with the absent leaders as with the more familiar forms of comrades numbered with the dead. Perhaps they had been playmates in school-days and bosom friends in maturer years. Together they had responded to the call of our imperiled country, together had faced the dangers of the service. In camp and bivouac they had slept under the same blanket and shared the contents of their haversacks and canteens. These, their comrades, had not lived to hear the joyful shouts of victory, were not to receive the embraces of their loved ones. They formed the grand army of the dead of 350,000. The fond affection cherished for the dead but stimulated the ties of sympathy and love for the comrades living. They were soon to part, each in his own way to fight the battle of life, to form new ties, new friendships; but never could they forget the sacred bond of comradeship, welded in the fire of battle, that, in after-years, was to be their stimulus to take upon themselves the work confided to the people by President Lincoln, 'to bind up the nation's wounds,' 'to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphans.'"

Before parting at their places of final discharge, but few regiments failed to arrange for future meetings, that the friendships formed might be maintained and important events in the history of the regiment be commemorated.

But these men were destined to find a still broader field for the cultivation of their fraternity in the organization that embraces all who on land or sea honorably served their country,—THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

It appears that during Sherman's expedition to Meridian, in February, 1864, Chaplain William J. Rutledge, of the Fourteenth Illinois Regiment, suggested to his tent-mate, Surgeon B. F. Stephenson, that the soldiers so closely allied in the fellowship of suffering would, when mustered out, mutually desire some form of organization that would preserve the memories of their common trials and dangers, and they agreed, if spared, to together work out some such project. After their discharge they corresponded upon the subject until March, 1866, when Chaplain Rutledge met Dr. Stephenson, by appointment, in Springfield, Illinois, and spent some time in preparing a ritual. A dozen other soldiers of the place, whose names are given, took part in the conferences, and the ritual was finally completed and taken by Captain Phelps to Decatur, to be printed by the Decatur *Tribune*, whose proprietors and compositors were all old soldiers, and all of whom were obliged to secrecy. They with others formed the first Post of the Grand Army, which was mustered at Decatur, April 6, 1866. Post No. 2 was organized at Springfield, and, with Dr. Stephenson acting as Department Commander, other Posts were soon organized, and July 12 the first Department Encampment met at Springfield. Other Departments rapidly organized, and November 20, 1866, the first National Encampment convened in Indianapolis, the second being in Philadelphia, January 15, 1868. The Order grew rapidly, and within a year had extended into all the Northern States. But in reading Beath's book we can understand the embarrassments it contended with; how the public misunderstood its objects; how it was confounded with the "Boys in Blue" and other political organizations of soldiers. These and other causes aided in the almost total disruption of the Order; and in the West, where it was first organized and grew so rapidly, it almost ceased to exist. In the Middle and New England States it was still maintained through many discouragements, by the fidelity of a few.

During the last ten years it has grown rapidly not only in the Northern States but in several of the Southern States, to which Union soldiers have removed. And yet, in examining the interesting records contained in this work, it is really surprising to notice how few of its present immense membership have remained constant and active in the Order, from the first, and to their untiring devotion the Order owes much.

Pennsylvania seems to have led in many things for the advancement and discipline of the Order, being the first to uniform and the first to institute summer encampments under canvas, Grand Army days in various parts of the State, and other movements to awaken an interest among old soldiers. But of the forty thousand members in this State, there are hardly a score whose names can be found in all the Encampments, and who have never ceased to be active in the advancement of the Order and its influence. Like Massachusetts, Pennsylvania has had but few assistant adjutant-generals, upon whose work and experience so much depends, and she has been fortunate in her selections. Comrades Beath, J. M. Vanderslice, and Thomas J. Stewart have together served seventeen years in this position, and the records show how much of the Department's prosperity is due to their ability and energy.

Comrade Beath's work has been carefully done and it has been well done, and the book is one that should be highly prized, especially by the Grand Army, of which it is so complete a history.

L. W. ROBINSON, *U.S.N.*

An Incident of the Capture of Lookout Mountain.

IT was near sundown when General T. J. Wood, whose conduct all through the three days' battle marked him as one of the ablest leaders of the national armies, rode along the lines of his superb division. Loud shouts of enthusiasm everywhere greeted his appearance, until at last his feelings, no longer controllable, broke out in a speech.

"Brave men," said he, "you were ordered to go forward and take the rebel rifle-pits at the foot of these hills; you did so; and then, by the Eternal, without orders, you pushed forward and took all the enemy's works on top! Here is a fine chance for having you all court-martialed; and I myself will appear as the principal witness against you, unless you promise me one thing."

"What is it? What is it?" laughingly inquired his men.

"It is," resumed the general, "that, as you are now in possession of these works, you will continue, against all opposition of Bragg, Johnston, Jeff. Davis, and the devil, steadfastly to hold them."

At the conclusion of this speech the enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds. They left the ranks and crowded around their general.

"We promise! We promise!" they cried. And amid such exclamations as "Of course we'll hold them!" "Let any one try to take them from us!" "Bully for you!" "Three cheers for old Wood!" the gallant officer rode off the field.

A. W. LOWE.

Conscious of a Good Deed.

(*From the Washington Post.*)

A BIG man walked down Fourteenth Street at about five o'clock in the afternoon. He was faultlessly dressed, with a flower in his coat-lapel and a gold-headed cane in his hand. His moustache was gray and his face a little flushed. He looked to be about fifty years old, and has been taken for a prosperous New Yorker. He was extremely dignified. Nobody would have suspected from his walk that he was drunk. His inebriety was of the sort which does not extend below the neck. His legs were perfectly sober, but he removed his hat and made a stately bow to an old darky who was passing in a coal-cart. A red handkerchief about the colored man's neck had apparently led him to believe that an elegantly-attired lady was going by in a landau.

Just above G Street a poor, measly cur dog lay on the pavement in the sun. The big man stopped and looked at him. The dog feebly wagged his tail, but was either too poor or too lazy to get up. A sympathetic and benevolent look came into the big man's face. Out from his trousers' pocket he pulled a roll of bills. It was three inches thick. There were tens and twenties, and there must have been hundreds of dollars in the roll. Carefully picking out a dollar bill he laid it on the pavement just by the dog's nose.

"Here, poor doggie," said he, "go buy yourself a bone," and as he passed on down the street his face was radiant with the consciousness of a good deed done.

The Transportation that Costs.

FOR those were the days in Arizona when the lately-joined Eastern recruit going to the post-trader's frontier store to buy a needle bethought himself of first inquiring the price.

"Fifty cents," replied the trader.

"Fifty cents! for a needle?" repeated the panic-struck recruit, at thirteen dollars a month and a ration.

"Why, man!" exclaimed the trader, impatient at an astonishment and dismay that he could not understand, having grown up with the country, "what are you staring at with your mouth wide open? It's not the needle that costs; it's the transportation."—COLONEL TASSIN in April *Overland*.

WHILE stationed on the guard-boat off Alexandria during the last year of the war, I became intimately acquainted with one of the very few loyal families in the place, and was a frequent visitor at their home. They had for a cook an old auntie, who was a treasure in her way, and a very devout Methodist; yet she never found grace sufficient to enable her to keep her hands away from the hen-roosts at times. The family were having a fine large goose fattened for some particular festivity soon to occur. They were surprised one morning to learn that the goose was missing. Soon suspicion rested upon Sarah; but she protested her innocence. During the day, however, her mistress thought she would examine Sarah's room a little carefully, and, sure enough, hidden away under her bed were the feathers of the missing goose. Of course there was a little unpleasantness; but Sarah was such a good servant otherwise that the matter was quickly overlooked. The next Sunday, however, she appeared before her mistress and asked permission to go to communion that afternoon. "What!" said the mistress, "you are not going to communion the first Sunday after stealing that goose, are you, Sarah?"

"Lar, missus!" said Sarah, "I hope you don' t'ink I'se goin' to let dat ole goose come 'tween me and my Savior."

MASTER.

Is not the following an example of perfect heroism?

At the siege of Tortona an Irish officer named Carew was called upon by the commander of the investing forces to take a detachment of his men and occupy a certain position. Whispered the general to his subordinate, as he issued his directions, "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man, and I have, therefore, put you upon this duty. I tell you in confidence that it involves *certain death* to you all; I am directing you to that position in order to compel the enemy to spring a mine they have laid there."

Carew thanked the general for the compliment he had paid him in selecting him for such an onerous duty. Then he bowed and withdrew from his commander's presence to carry out the orders he had received. With a dauntless air, not a line in his countenance betraying the awful and fateful responsibility of his mission, the chivalrous Irishman led his little band to their post in "the valley of the shadow of death."

Having reached the spot under which was laid the mine, Carew took out of his pocket a flask of wine and, smiling as he spoke, gave as a toast, "Here I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle!" He expected the cold hand of Death would snatch the cup from his lips. But at this very moment the garrison of Tortona capitulated, and the cruel fate so bravely awaited, so nobly accepted, was averted from the head of the courageous Carew.

P. H. B. S.

THERE is an astonishing example of cool humor in the conduct of the officer referred to below. He was in the French army, and had been badly wounded in the thigh in a battle. For some three or four days the surgeons attending him were hard at work probing the wound; and having caused the patient terrible pain by their fruitless operations, they at last gave up their search in utter despair. "What, in heaven's name, have you been about, gentlemen?" asked the tormented officer. "Trying to find the bullet," answered the puzzled doctors. "*Mon Dieu!*" ejaculated the victim. "Why did you not tell me at first? *I have the bullet in my waistcoat pocket.*"

NOT very long ago a royal mail steamer trading in the far East had as passengers a number of missionaries and chaplains of three or four different denominations. When they sat down to dinner, on the first day out, the captain requested the nearest one (who happened to be a Presbyterian) to say grace, intending to ask the others in turn. Upon doing so he was remonstrated with by those of the Established Church, who argued that on board of a royal mail steamer clergymen of the Established Church should alone be recognized.

"Well, d—n it!" said the bluff old skipper, "if you make such a fuss about it, I'll say it myself!" And so he did for the rest of the passage, with a table full of parsons. E. S.

As neither Webster's nor Worcester's dictionary give a good definition of the word "Discipline," we quote from General Huidekoper's "Manual of Service, 1879," as follows:

"Discipline, in its military sense, is that condition of things among troops which insures,—

"1. Unhesitating obedience to orders.

"2. The strict enforcement of orders.

"3. The proper observance of military etiquette.

"4. The health and comfort of the troops.

"5. Care of military property.

"6. Uniformity in matters of detail and correspondence. Neglect in applying the means which may attain these ends is breach of discipline."

IN reply to one who asked the great Condé whether he had thought of death during the progress of a battle in which he had performed prodigies of valor, the famous hero said, "I have learnt from the history of my ancestors that the *most glorious life* is that which is terminated at the gaining of a victory, and that, as we possess this jewel for but a short period, we ought to render it as brilliant as possible."

WE congratulate our sprightly New York contemporary, *Truth*, upon the great success it has attained during the two years of its existence. *Truth* deserves success; it is admirably edited, always lively and entertaining, never coarse or vulgar.

IT has recently been demonstrated that some articles of merchandise, which have been before the public of England for the last half-century, are nine times more used there than all other principal patent medicines put together. We refer to BEECHAM'S PILLS, which, in order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America. We believe this shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that they "are worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for but twenty-five cents. These pills are round and will therefore roll. They have already rolled into every English-speaking country in the world, and they are still rolling. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach; but should they find, upon inquiry, that their druggist does not keep BEECHAM'S PILLS, they can send twenty-five cents to the General Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen & Co., 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will promptly mail them to any address.

DRINK THAT IS HEALTHFUL.—Use by the public for one hundred years, with ever-widening popularity, ought to be sufficient proof of the excellence of an article of food. Such is the testimonial submitted to the good sense of housekeepers by the proprietors of Walter Baker & Co.'s cocoa. Of the legion who cannot drink tea or coffee steadily without deleterious effects, probably nearly all have tried this article, and thousands have from choice substituted it permanently at the table for the less nutritious drinks. It is a healthful, refreshing, and delicious beverage. Its vastly-increased consumption has enabled its proprietors to place it upon the market at a lower price than ever before, while guaranteeing that its established reputation for absolute purity shall remain unimpaired.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE following-named gentlemen have been elected Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion:

Pennsylvania Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 1, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.— Aaron T. Gregg, Capt. U.S.V.; Walter A. Barrows, Capt. U.S.V.; Samuel Canby, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Thomas H. Challenger, Capt. U.S.V.; Frederick H. Collier, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; James M. Craig, Capt. U.S.V.; John Ewing, Bvt. Col. U.S.V.; Thomas W. Fitch, Passed Asst. Eng'r. U.S.N.; Theodore L. Flood, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Abraham P. Frick, Maj. U.S.V.; Frank Furness, Capt. U.S.V.; George F. Harris, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Hartley Howard, Bvt. Maj. U.S.V.; John B. Landis, Capt. U.S.V.; John J. Lawrence, Col. U.S.V.; Benjamin F. Lee, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Hiram Long, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Martin Van B. McIntyre, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; George M. Middleton, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Algernon S. M. Morgan, Col. U.S.V.; James B. Murdoch, Maj. U.S.V.; Levi Quier, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Samuel C. Schoyer, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; William F. Speer, Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Alexander M. Speer, Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Robert E. Stewart, Maj. U.S.V.; Edward S. Wright, Capt. U.S.V.; Thomas B. Wright, 1st Lt. U.S.V. Frank K. Biggs, Harry LaMotte, Howard L. McIlvain, William H. Patterson (by inheritance).

TO THE SECOND CLASS.—Herbert A. Davis, Daniel S. Rittenhouse, Howard V. Sickel.

New York Commandery.

Stated meeting held April 8, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—1st Lt. Edward R. Merrill, U.S.V.; Mr. Charles H. Murray (hereditary); 1st Lt. and R. Q. M. James M. Baldwin, U.S.V.; Lt.-Col. Frank C. Loveland, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. Charles R. Hickox, late U.S.A.; Bvt. Maj. Ira H. Evans, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. Augustus P. Day, U.S.V.; Surgeon Cornelius N. Hoagland, U.S.V.; Col. Vincent M. Wilcox, U.S.V.; Surgeon Job Corbin, late U.S.N.; Post Chaplain Michael J. Cramer, late U.S.A.; Bvt. Maj. William H. Appleton, U.S.V.; Bvt. Maj. Charles G. Hutton, U.S.V.; Bvt. Maj. William S. Hubbell, U.S.V.; Mr. William H. Pinkney (succession); Mr. William A. Hamilton (succession); Mr. Otis A. Dennis (hereditary); Mr. Joseph J. Dimock (hereditary); 1st Lt. John McClellan, U.S.A. (hereditary); Mr. Elliot T. Barrows (hereditary).

Maine Commandery.

Stated meeting held April 8, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—Thomas Jefferson Woodward, late Acting Vol. Lt. U.S.N.

Massachusetts Commandery.

Stated meeting held April 8, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.— Alpheus Wooster Baker, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; George Hamilton Brodhead (by inheritance); James Forsaith Grimes, Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.A.; Charles Carroll Howland, Capt. U.S.V.; Charles Thacher Hubbard, Asst. Surgeon, U.S.N.; Paul Henry Hendricken, Acting 2d Asst. Eng'r, late U.S.N.; Henry Cogswell Pease, Capt. U.S.V.; John Lombard Robinson, Capt. U.S.V.

Illinois Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 14, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—Bvt. Capt. James B. Goodman, U.S.V.; Bvt. Maj. William A. James, U.S.V.; Bvt. Lt.-Col. Horace Wardner, U.S.V.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Stated meeting held April 8, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—Lt. Robert Frank Hill, U.S.V.; Lt. Philip Eugene

Chapin, U.S.V.; Lt. Watson Henry Cook, U.S.V.; Lt. Noble Harwood Creager, U.S.V.; Brig.-Gen. William Alexander Hammond, U.S.A.; Col. William Butler Remey, U.S.M.C. Mr. Charles Henry Poor, late U.S.N. (by inheritance).

Ohio Commandery.

Stated meeting held April 9, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Roeliff Brinkerhoff, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; Robert Henry Bentley, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; Robert Kirkup, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Davis Miles Clark, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; George Montieth, Bvt. Maj. U.S.V.; James De Wolfe, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Theodoric Grandison Keller, Capt. U.S.V.; Frederick F. Wiehl, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; John Wise, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Edward Hayes, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; John Ewing Patterson, Asst. Surgeon U.S.V.; Edward Warren Goodnow, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; William Stephen Parker, Maj. U.S.V.; Daniel J. Chandler, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Calvin Pierce, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Daniel B. Stambaugh, Capt. U.S.V.; Henry Frederic Temple, Capt. U.S.V.; George Worts, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Isaac B. Potts, Capt. U.S.V.; Edward Ashton Abbott, Capt. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—Jerome Smith Burrows, Harrison Dexter Emerson (by inheritance).

Michigan Commandery.

Stated meeting held April 3, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Nathaniel B. Hall, Maj. U.S.V.; Julius Hess, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; James W. Wood, Capt. U.S.V.; A. Schuyler Montgomery, Bvt. Maj. U.S.V.; Robert Miller, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Francis H. Blackman, U.S.V.; Charles C. Chadwick, Capt. U.S.V.;

To THE SECOND CLASS.—Matthew Gray Bailey (by inheritance).

Minnesota Commandery.

Stated meeting held April 3, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Monroe Nichols (by inheritance).

To THE SECOND CLASS.—Herbert Clinton Braden.

Missouri Commandery.

Stated meeting held April 6, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—James Overton Broadhead, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Samuel James Wilson, Maj. U.S.V.

Kansas Commandery.

Stated meeting held April 3, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—William Henry Harrison Kelley, Capt. U.S.V.; Hiram Coombs Whitley, Maj. U.S.V.; William Clifford Whitney, Capt. U.S.V.; Justin William Allen, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Samuel Lewis Wilson, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Ansel D. Brown, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

Iowa Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 12, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Thomas Milton Fee, Capt. U.S.V.; Thomas Beale Wales, Capt. U.S.V.

Indiana Commandery.

Stated meeting held March 14, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—David W. Chambers, Capt. U.S.V.; George W. Parker, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; James L. Hildreth, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Charles G. Conn, Capt. U.S.V.; Ben L. Smith, Capt. U.S.V.; David Wilson, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Jacob D. Leighty, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; James B. Lafford, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

TRANSFERS.

Pennsylvania Commandery.

1st Asst. Eng'r Orleans Longacre, late U.S.N., and Bvt. Brig-Gen. Joseph Karge, U.S.V., to the New York Commandery; Lt.-Col. Horace Jewett, U.S.A., to the Minnesota Commandery; Brig.-Gen. John R. Brooke, U.S.A., to the Nebraska Commandery.

New York Commandery.

Lt.-Col. George H. Weeks, U.S.A., to California Commandery.

NECROLOGY.

Wisconsin Commandery.

2d Lt. Orlando Thompson Sowle, U.S.V., March 28, 1889.

Michigan Commandery.

1st Lt. Royal Alphonso Remick, U.S.V.

Kansas Commandery.

Hon. John P. Usher, third class, at Philadelphia, April 18, 1889.

SOLDIERS OF THE LOYAL LEGION RECALL DAYS OF GLORY.

Sixth Annual Banquet of the Ohio Commandery at the Gibson House.

(*From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, April* 15, 1889.)

THE sixth annual dinner of the Ohio Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, which took place at the Gibson House last evening, brilliant in itself, took on added lustre from the fact that it was in honor of the Sixth Quadrennial Congress of the Order now in session here.

Not only was the banquet-hall of the hotel superbly decorated in the national colors,—banner, flag, and streamer,—but the offices and corridors were gay with the red and white and blue. Even a stranger just arrived need not have asked, amid the gathering guests, between seven and eight o'clock, what manner of men were they. "Soldier" was more or less eloquently spoken in bearing, tread, and eye, while "Veteran" was written on most faces in iron or in gray, here and there emphasized by a missing arm or a wooden leg.

The music was not all martial, however, being rendered by an excellent string orchestra, the Germania, and the selections including dances and love-songs. Soul-stirring enough for all purposes, however, were the war-songs of "the boys," when the metaphorical "hard-tack" had been disposed of and the Companions settled around the camp-fire — represented by champagne and cigars—to live their campaigns over again. Fully three hundred answered to "assembly-call," and at "dinner-call" gathered around the beautifully-appointed, flower-decorated tables. The bugle's third summons was for "church," and Chaplain Geo. A. Thayer opened proceedings with prayer. Then the roll-call followed, the list showing many a name famous in the history of the battles and of the counsels of the nation.

The "Welcome to the Congress of the Order," which was to have been delivered by Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Dawes, who was suddenly called from the city yesterday, was read by Colonel C. Cadle, Jr., who presided, with General Rutherford B. Hayes, Commander-in-Chief, at his right, and the famous Major-General George Crook at his left. General A. McD. McCook, U.S.A., sat to the right of General Hayes, and General J. D. Cox to the left of General Crook. Others at the President's table were Major E. W. Hinks, of Boston; Major Wm. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia; Lieutenant Jas. L. High, of Chicago; General E. F. Noyes; Colonel W. R. Smedberg, U.S.A.; General L. A. Grant, of Minneapolis; U. S. Senator Charles F. Manderson; Colonel Alex. G. Hawes, Commander of California Commandery; Captain Robert Hunter; General Albert Ordway, U.S.A.; General John Cochrane, of New York; Recorder-in-Chief Nicholson; Captain Keyser, of Philadelphia, and Chaplain Thayer.

The souvenir menu cards were exquisite specimens of engraving in neutral tints. The frontispiece bore a spirited cut of a bugler, surrounded by national emblems, with battle-pictures in perspective on the one hand and vistas of peaceful scenes on the other.

At half-past ten o'clock the speaking began.

Colonel C. Cadle, Jr., Junior Vice-Commander of the Ohio Commandery, arising, expressed to the company his regret at Major Dawes's absence, and then read the address prepared by Major Dawes.

General Hayes was the first regular speaker of the evening, responding to the address of welcome.

Hayes's Tribute to Matthews.

"COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS,—Among our most cherished associations we have come to know that comradeship in the Union army holds a place in the

very front rank. It has given us a host of army societies, great and small. It has given us reunions, camp-fires, processions, prodigious assemblages, and permanent organizations. No one can even name all of them, but every faithful soldier can find a welcome in many of them, and all soldiers understand the merits of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion and of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"For us, and for those who are nearest and dearest to us, what an addition the war for the Union has contributed to the attractiveness of our American society! Strike out from each of our lives, since the grand review at Washington in May, 1865, all entertainments whose chief satisfaction, happiness, and glory can be fairly traced to the comradeship of the war, and who does not see how meagre and barren those years would become? The interest which the war has imported into our lives is not to be measured by the contemplation merely of assemblages that are marked by the turmoil and blare of multitudes marching with banners, and gathered by music and cannon, but we must reckon also the ever-recurring hours of domestic and other quiet scenes when in narrow and noiseless circles the tremendous events of our recent history, with their countless incidents, sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic and pathetic, are recalled, and pass and repass before us in never-ending review. The pictures on our walls, the books we read with most delight, the magazines and newspapers, the collections of mementos and relics gathered in those golden years, all do their part to keep in fresh remembrance the good old times when we were comrades, and almost all seemed, and were, true and brave.

"It is often said that outside of the family no tie is stronger, more tender, and more lasting than that of comradeship. This is not the time nor the place to compare, as critics or philosophers, the various sorts of friendship which grow up between men, according to occupation and other circumstances. The fact we do know, and rejoice to know, is, that to meet our old commander or the brave, good men we commanded—or the trusted comrade of many a camp and march and battle—is always like good news from home, and fills the heart to overflowing with happiness which no words can fully tell.

"These reflections are general and vague, and need illustration. If the example I introduce seems aside from the aim of the remarks I have thus far made, you will, I trust, pardon the lack of unity in my discourse, in view of the limitations under which we all speak to-night.

"Since the last meeting of this Commandery, a month ago, one of the illustrious members of our Order, not a member of our Commandery, but well known to almost all of us, has gone to his reward. Stanley Matthews was a man of wonderful gifts, of rare and versatile powers, of the best culture, and had a courage, an ambition, and an ability promptly to act and write and speak which made him in every circle of scholars, lawyers, judges, statesmen, soldiers, or seekers after knowledge or pleasure the peer of any with whom he ever stood; and from his earliest manhood he was always found with the best and ablest of our land.

"My acquaintance with him began when he and I were boys at Kenyon College in the thirties, more than fifty years ago. Our relations with each other from that time until his death, on the twenty-second of last month, were always cordial, and when circumstances, such as residence and employment, permitted, they were close and intimate. It so happened that in many of the most affecting scenes of our respective lives we were side by side. In college the opportunity came to me to share with him and to aid him in an affair where the merit of what I did and its importance to him, measured by his generous and grateful spirit, were never forgotten and often recalled by him, so enhanced that the bond between us retained more of the school-boy cast than is commonly found in the companionship of men of mature years. Alluding to our friendship in a letter when he was confirmed as a judge of the Supreme Court, after a critical contest, he said, 'In the midst of it all I have been encouraged and sustained by the unswerving devotion of many friends, who, at no little sacrifice to themselves, have

shown much interest in my personal cause. I shall never forget that among them I have at all times had your constant and deepest sympathy. The recollection of all the circumstances of our friendship from our college days, in our professional life, in our closer intimacy as comrades in the Union army, and our personal and political connection through the exciting electoral campaign of 1876–77, and during your administration, will always furnish material for pleasant meditation.' Let me add another sentence from that letter which shows the sterling quality of Companion Matthews's character: 'I bear no resentment against any who felt it to be their duty to vote against me, and the only revenge I shall study will be to make good the conquest of their favorable opinion by my judicial career.' His judicial life on the bench of the Supreme Court was barely seven years, but it was ample to complete the conquest of the good opinion which he so desired, and which he so well deserved.

"The intellectual growth of our late companion, to the last year of his life, was not more marked and extraordinary than his early maturity. I recall him at the age of fourteen in the junior class at college. He was then a boy in years, but gifted to a degree that was marvelous, with a precocity that often distinguishes uncommon genius. He graduated when he had passed the age of sixteen by only a few days, and he was, as a writer, as a speaker, and in ability to master every difficult task, the ablest man in college. It is a notable fact in his intellectual history that his powers came to him earlier by far than they usually come to men of our race, and that at sixty-five years of age their vigorous growth had not yet ceased. Such early maturity, with such vigor of growth in later years, must be almost without a parallel.

"At the beginning of the war, in 1861, he made his arrangements to enter the army with the true spirit of the time. In our first conference together on the subject we talked as bosom cronies. When I said to him 'It is a just and necessary war, and I would rather go into it, if I knew I would die in the course of it, than to live through and after it without taking part in it,' he replied instantly: 'That is it exactly,—that is my feeling about it,—we will go in somehow, and we will go in together.'

"All wars educate. Our war was a wonderful educator. But, of course, it could not create new faculties, nor change character. But it seemed almost to do both. It taught men to know themselves and to know each other, and this knowledge was often of a sort not dreamed of before. I knew Matthews intimately before we tented together. I knew he was not 'that human monster,—a man with no faults.' But we had not passed ninety days together amid the vicissitudes of army life before we discovered that all previous self-knowledge, and especially all knowledge of others, was defective, and the gratifying part of it was that in him, as with the better brethren in general, more new virtues than new defects were constantly discovered. True comradeship—the comradeship of war—is based on qualities unknown and uncalled for 'in the piping times of peace.' Men who were cold and unsympathetic in ordinary life could be so no longer. They found themselves touching elbows with men who were cheerfully but earnestly sacrificing ease, comfort, health, and risking life itself, from motives which, however mixed with baser matter, were in the main as pure and high and noble as they were exciting,—men who resolutely meant, with eyes open, to make sacrifices and face perils until either life was lost or the good cause was triumphant. In such a school as this the best of the social and manly virtues could not but thrive. The experiences of war uncover the best traits of character,—not merely the heroic, but the brotherly traits also. Courage, fortitude, generosity, gratitude, fidelity, loyal devotion to duty, are all heroic traits, but they are tempered in war with fraternal feeling and tenderness,—

'The tenderest are the bravest,'—

and all of them are essential alike to manhood and the comradeship of war.

"At the beginning of the war Matthews found his previous habits and train-

ing were as foreign to the requirements of soldier-life as those of any man among us. But he gave night and day to the study and the practice of his new profession, with all the energy and enthusiasm of his nature. Its principles, laws, and rules as laid down in books, and its unwritten work and usages, were mastered by him with such thoroughness and accuracy that in six months he was unsurpassed as an authority on the strategy, the law, and tactics of military theorists, and lacked only experience and opportunity to fit him for high and important command.

"Hawthorne says in substance that it is a misfortune for a man of practical affairs to see with both eyes. A man of action must not see fully all sides of the question. A man who sees only half of a problem is ready, bold, and prompt. Says Hawthorne, 'If McClellan had been able to shut his left eye his right eye would have taken him into Richmond.'

"This is perhaps true of the ordinary man. To be effective he must see but one side. But the truly great man does not lose his head by knowing too much. In the intellectual make-up of Matthews the amplest knowledge was linked to courage, decision, and force. No fair estimate of Stanley Matthews as a soldier can leave out the rare social gifts which made him such a charming companion in the camp, the bivouac, and the march. Stimulated by the new life and the strange scenes around him, his conversation was delightful. He was witty, humorous, genial, instructive, and sympathetic. He was just and kind,—friendly and thoughtful in all his dealings and intercourse with officers and men. I shall always think of him in his soldier-life as possessed of every needed talent, virtue, and trait of character to be recalled and hailed as the ideal comrade and the beloved companion."

General Hayes's tender tribute to Stanley Matthews, who was a member of the Ohio Commandery, was cheered enthusiastically. When General Hayes concluded his eloquent speech, Major-General J. D. Cox was called upon by Colonel Cadle to respond to the third regular toast on the programme,—

Our Future Army and Navy.

"The arms are fair
When the intent of bearing them is just."

General Cox was cheered when he arose to speak. He said, "When we try to think of the army and navy of the future we must start from our own experience. The world is studying problems of military and naval progress. I'll not stop to review that progress, but will seek to tell you of what we've done in America. One question is, What use will the United States have for an army and navy in the future? We are not to seek strife. We are to seek peace with the world. We are net rivals of the great powers in desire for conquests. We desire to show them how we can live in peace in the midst of foreign strife. But we must look for contingencies, and therefore we must have an army and a navy. I believe in the future. The safety of our institutions, our country, and our government will be based on our getting into the service, or in close relations to it, all that is best in the community, as we did in '61, when the colleges of the land turned out their classes to fill the ranks of the regiments. I believe we ought to make our people believe that our militia system is a reality, and not a form; that it should be the instruction of the people everywhere, so that the freemen in the country could be ready at any time to send educated battalions to the front if the nation's peril came. What ought the regular army to be? The Indian question is no longer a danger, thanks to General Crook. I fancy if we could embody our experience in the volunteer service with that of the regulars; if we could induce our young men, as a cadet corps or otherwise, to go into the army, so that those who preserved the peace of the nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific should be the class of men that enlisted in April, 1861, having an estate in the land, pride in its character and ambition themselves to rise,—I believe we might make a brief service in the army very valuable, and of such a nature that it would not unfit a man for any employment in life, but would add to their value as citizens everywhere."

General Cox maintained that our army and navy of the future should be of the class of men of that which filled these branches of the service from 1861 to 1865, and with battalions and squadrons containing men of this type the country need fear nothing should any foreign power frown, threaten, or even attack America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"Old Vermont Brigade."

"Souls as true as ever battle tried" composed the "Old Vermont Brigade," of which General L. A. Grant, of Minneapolis, told in an eloquent speech. General Grant said, after describing the composition of the "Old Vermont Brigade," and eulogizing the manly and soldierly qualities of the regimental commander, "The brigade first met the enemy at Lee's Mills, where it drove them away. In front of Richmond they were at Gaines' Mill, and then crossed the Chickahominy. At South Mountain the brigade was separated from the corps, but held their own and marched to Antietam, where they charged over the bloody corn-field, which was filled with the dead and wounded of the two previous charges.

"On July 2, 1863, the brigade marched thirty-two miles and entered battle just as the sun set. At the battle of the Wilderness the brigade did noble work, and in the memorable 'bloody angle' it won an enviable record. At Cold Harbor for twelve days the brigade held the front line in the face of a terrific fire." General Grant closed with a charming tribute to the officers and men of the brave old brigade who "to-night keep the bivouac of the dead," and spoke of the value of the training and experience which the service in the brigade gave the men who came safely through the war,—a training and experience that were helpful in placing the survivors in the highest places in the citizen life after the war.

The Loyal Legion.

Major W. H. Lambert, of Pennsylvania, rose to speak to the third toast, "The Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States," after the spirited singing of "John Brown's Body." He said he had on frequent occasions observed with wonder the ubiquity of the man from Ohio, but was surprised to find such a gathering as that before him, especially as so many diplomatic positions remained to be filled. After this and a little more fun at the expense of the Ohio man, Major Lambert, who looks the orator all over, and whose resonant voice soon brought the company into quiet attention, took up his subject proper. The Loyal Legion, he insisted, represented the sentiment of the war. [Cheers.] It was the representative, the protector, of the rights of the citizen soldier. The other organization had completely filled its special object, leaving no room for the less numerous body. "Why, then, does the Loyal Legion exist?" It was an association formed to cherish the associations and friendships created during the war, and to transmit to future generations the memory of the four years of war, not for self-glorification, but that the past might truthfully teach the duty of the future. [Cheers.] The men of the war should stand as a monument to unborn generations. This was Major Lambert's main thought, beautifully expressed in a twenty minutes' ringing speech, full of fine rhetoric, to which only a verbatim report or manuscript would do justice. He was the oratorical treat of the evening, and was cheered again and again.

Massachusetts in Ohio.

Brevet Major-General Hincks spoke to the fifth regular toast, "Massachusetts in Ohio."

"The ordinance of 1787, so potent in the early history of Ohio, was written," said the speaker, "by a Massachusetts man, General Cutler. General Putnam, another factor in early Ohio, was also Massachusetts born. And so, from the earliest days, Massachusetts and Ohio have been closely allied in the defense of the principles of civil liberty set forth in the Declaration of Independence and engrafted on the Constitution. In 1812 it was a handful of artisans from New England and Pennsylvania, farmers from Ohio and riflemen from Kentucky, who created and manned at Put-in Bay the fleet which won the victory which Perry

announced in the famous laconic message, 'We have met the enemy and they are ours.' Again, when the firing on Fort Sumter inaugurated the war, the men of Ohio and Massachusetts were found shoulder to shoulder. On land and on sea, the battle and the victory, the sufferings, the cries of the wounded, and the memory of the dead have tended to cement the minds of survivors on the importance of the idea breathed in the immortal sentence of the most renowned son of Massachusetts, 'Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever.'" [Cheers.] General Hincks spoke with the earnestness of the true soldier which his bearing spoke him to be, and made a marked impression.

Baby Commanderies.

"The Baby Commanderies of the last Quadrennial. Heaven lies about us in our infancy" was the toast to which Colonel W. R. Smedberg, of San Francisco, responded. Colonel Smedberg said, among other good things, "The older Commanderies speak for themselves. 'Heaven *lies* about us in our infancy,' but the able Ohio men have to lie about their own Commanderies. [Laughter.] At the Congress of April, 1885, there were nine old Commanderies and one infant Commandery,—that of Michigan. Including Michigan, since '85 the Loyal Legion has increased by nine Commanderies during the past four years.

"Then there were three thousand Companions. Now there are seven thousand. We have in these four years doubled our Commanderies and more than doubled our Companions. In twenty years of organization but three thousand members wore the tri-colored button of the Legion, but during the past four years we've made as much progress as in the twenty years preceding. This is what the infant Commanderies have done for the Legion. Heaven cannot 'lie' about that. [Laughter.] In conclusion, I only want to say 'God bless our infants.'"

Soldier and Citizen.

"In peace the thoughts of war he could remove." Response by Lieutenant James L. High, of the Illinois Commandery, Chicago.

"Mr. Commander and Companions, —When the great Cromwell died, and his army of fifty thousand veterans came to be disbanded, it was feared that a greater danger menaced the liberties of England than any which had been experienced from that army when led by its commander. Those sturdy Ironsides who, under the leadership of the Protector, had driven the Stuarts from the throne, and had ruled England with an iron hand, were to be scattered among the people, and thoughtful men trembled with apprehension at the result. Their fears proved groundless. Quietly and peaceably, without violence and without lawlessness, the veterans of that army which had never known defeat resumed their places in civil life. And thereafter, when one was especially distinguished for the virtues which make up the sum of good citizenship, it was said that he too had been a soldier of Cromwell.

"Two centuries later the same problem was to be repeated in another world and upon a grander scale. A million of armed men, who had wrought through four historic years for the perpetuity of the Union, their work at last accomplished, were to be disbanded. Foreign critics of our institutions were swift to predict the danger which must, as they feared, inevitably follow; and there were not wanting among our own people many who shared such apprehensions. The result proved that they little knew or understood the real Anglo-Saxon character and the respect for law and order which prevailed among the citizen soldiery of the republic. That grand army, invincible in war, dissolved without a single recorded act of lawlessness. As quickly as they had sprung to arms in 1861, so quickly did they return to civil life. For the last time their banners were furled, the artillery was parked, the drums were muffled, and the transition from soldier to citizen was complete.

"Next to the one central purpose and result of the war in establishing the perpetuity of the Union, I count it as the greatest of its lessons that it taught ourselves and taught the world that the instinct of American citizenship, with its respect for order and for law, was never

for one moment obliterated during all the years of the war. Soldiers only from a stern necessity, the members of that army were above all citizens of a free country. And when they had fought the good fight to the end, they gladly renounced the pomp and circumstance and trappings of war to return to the peaceful pursuits of civil life, in which they might enjoy the full fruition of that citizenship which their heroic valor had made possible.

"A quarter of a century has passed since the great struggle ended. A new generation has come upon the stage, with whom the war is but a tradition. To them and to those who shall follow them the stability of our institutions and the priceless heritage of a government of the people, by the people and for the people, are and will be accepted as of course, with little thought of their fearful cost in blood and treasure. Only they who bore the burden of those historic years may fully estimate or fitly prize the results accomplished.

"Is it too much, then, to say, that upon the survivors of that army whose valor preserved the Union there rests, if possible, a deeper obligation to maintain the highest standards of American citizenship than upon those who had no share in the sacrifices which were so cheerfully borne for the sake of the great cause? And is it not true that they who bore all and endured all for the sake of the Union, by reason of that very endurance may better prize the results achieved, and, by precept and example, may better inculcate the necessity of eternal and unswerving loyalty to the Union?

"As citizen soldiers we are met tonight, in the beautiful words of the Constitution of our own Order, 'to cherish the memories and associations of the war waged in defense of the unity and indivisibility of the republic and to strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship and sympathy formed by companionship in arms.' It is well that we should thus meet, and in this and kindred organizations, with thinning ranks as the years come and go, as we approach the last roll-call and final muster-out, that we should revive the comradeship born of common privations shared in a common cause.

"But let us not make the mistake,—the terrible mistake,—in this era of good fellowship, of forgetting for one moment that the cause for which we fought was eternally right, the other eternally wrong. And above and beyond all other functions of our Order, may it be our loyal duty here and now and everywhere and always to perpetuate the world-wide difference between treason and loyalty, and the distance—the immeasurable distance—which forever separates Abraham Lincoln from Jefferson Davis."

The Battle-Field.

Major-General M. T. McMahon, of New York, was on the programme to respond to the toast, "The Battle-Field,—Fling Me a Picture of the Fight." General McMahon was detained in New York at the last moment, and was unable to be present. Chairman Cadle at once pressed Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, into service, knowing, as well he did, that the soldier senator is never at a loss for words to describe a battle-field, for it was on just such fields that he won the stars of a general. As a brilliant after-dinner speaker in after-years he won his spurs as an orator.

General Manderson was cheered as he arose to speak at one o'clock. He was brief but—as he is always—happy. General Manderson said,—

"It is a matter of deep regret to me that I'll have to interrupt the general conversation [laughter], but you know I'm only a substitute. I'm a straggler behind the column. I'm a volunteer, true, but I'm a drafted man and forced to volunteer. [Laughter.] 'The battle-field.' My thoughts go back twenty-seven years ago this month, and I recall a place where the waters of the Tennessee roll on to the Mississippi; I recall that the vernal spring was on, and under the Southern sun, late in March, there were indications of the coming summer. A few days later the scene was changed. From everywhere came the tented camp of the soldier. All was quiet still, but soon, on a sunny Sunday morning,—a day of peace,—the hosts of battle arrayed

themselves to fight over a field that thereafter forever should be historic. It was Shiloh. My memory goes back to another peaceful day, near a peaceful hamlet, Gettysburg, where was soon fought a battle that is now as historic as Waterloo. Was it because these fields were fields of battle that we recall them? No; it was because thereon men struggled for principle. [Applause.] Looking at the programme, I see I am to fling a picture of a battle. The brush of a Meissonier or a Fetaille never depicted a battle-field. No pen, from Cæsar's to Kinglake's, has described one, but you men who fought in them know what they are. Ay, you never can forget them, for with flash of musket and blaze of battery they were burned into your memory never to be erased."

Then General Manderson, with marvelous impressiveness and wonderful word-coloring, flung to his hearers a picture of the fight at Chickamauga,—a picture that was touched as with the brush of a Meissonier and the color of a Neuville. It was a picture drawn by a man who "was there" with sword unsheathed, and fighting under the stars and stripes that fluttered at the forefront of battle as the men in blue charged up the rebel-infested slopes. General Manderson recalled graphically the fight on Mission Ridge and Orchard Knob, and described brilliantly the scenes as they might have been witnessed by a painter perched with palette and easel on the beetling brow of the cliff of Lookout Mountain that overlooks the horseshoe curves of the Tennessee. General Manderson closed with an eloquent plea for the preservation of the noted fields of battle of the war. He urged the dedication of the field of Chickamauga to the public as the field of Gettysburg was dedicated. His suggestion was rapturously applauded.

General Manderson's speech was the most brilliant of the evening. When he began the hall was filled with all the noises of midnight at a public dinner. When he reached his glowing peroration, the rattle of a fork, dropping on the marble floor, startled his hearers, so intently were they listening to the graphic sentences of the orator of the evening.

Volunteer Toasts.

General Alexander McDowell McCook, Commandant of Fort Leavenworth, was then called up and made a brief speech, in which he indorsed the soldier organizations of the country and urged their preservation.

General Manderson's speech closed the regular programme. Then there followed a half-dozen "volunteer toasts." At two o'clock the banquet-hall was deserted.

End of the Loyal Legion Congress.

(*From the Cincinnati Commercial, April* 12.)

THE CONGRESS.—The Sixth Quadrennial Congress of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion was called to order at 10.30 A.M. April 10, in the assembly-room of the head-quarters of the Legion, at 57 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, by Commander-in-Chief, Rutherford B. Hayes. Recorder-in-Chief Nicholson was Secretary, aided by Stenographer Matt Day. The morning hours were spent in discussing the Constitution and the various amendments proposed by the various commanders.

After a noon recess of an hour the Congress spent the remainder of the afternoon at work. At six o'clock the Congress adjourned until the next morning at ten o'clock.

General R. B. Hayes called the delegates to order at eleven o'clock.

On the morning of the 11th, General Hayes said to a reporter about the work of the Congress,—

"The special matter before the Congress is the revision of the Constitution, in no vital particular, however. So far as I could judge, I was quite willing to adopt the proposed amended Constitution without reading. The Constitution has not been altered since its adoption, nearly twenty-five years ago. It contains some crudities, and this is a sort of trimming up into harmonious shape, grammatically and otherwise. Where there are so many there must be considerable talking, and the most of it is done by one of the new Commanderies. No amendment is proposed of special interest to the Legion or the public."

Before the Congress adjourned, Major Hoyt Sherman offered the following, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved. That the thanks of this Congress be voted to the Commandery of the State of Ohio, its officers and members, for its thoughtful and complete arrangements made for our sessions, and the hospitable entertainment of the Congress at its annual banquet."

The next Congress will meet in St. Paul in April, 1893. There were efforts made by the delegates to have the Congress meet in various other cities, but the Northwestern delegates were for St. Paul, and St. Paul was selected.

LOYAL LEGION NOTES.

THE head-quarters of the New York Commandery have been established at No. 202 Broadway, in a new and larger room (No. 11), and will be open daily for the use of the library and inspection of the Commandery album, relics, etc.

The album of members of this Commandery is now an institution already embracing nine volumes, which will be added to from time to time, as material accumulates. Any incompleteness is due *solely* to the inattention of Companions in failing to respond to *repeated requests* for their photographs, which should be forwarded *at once* (cabinet size), accompanied by autograph on the slip furnished, to Major Ivan Tailof, U.S.V., No. 54 Worth Street, who has the matter in charge.

THE head-quarters room of Massachusetts Commandery is at 19 Milk Street, Room 25, Boston. Companions visiting head-quarters can obtain the key at the Recorder's office, in the same building.

THE head-quarters of the Iowa Commandery and Recorder's office are on the first floor of Flynn Block, corner of Locust and Seventh Streets, Des Moines, Iowa. Companions changing their residence or post-office address should at once notify the Recorder of the same, and also of failure to receive circulars.

AT the meeting of the Pennsylvania Commandery, held Wednesday evening, May 1, a resolution was passed appropriating one thousand dollars towards defraying the expenses of a *Grand Celebration at the Academy of Music* on April 15, 1890, in honor of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Order, and authorizing the appointment of a committee of thirty by the Commander for carrying out this purpose.

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